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THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.



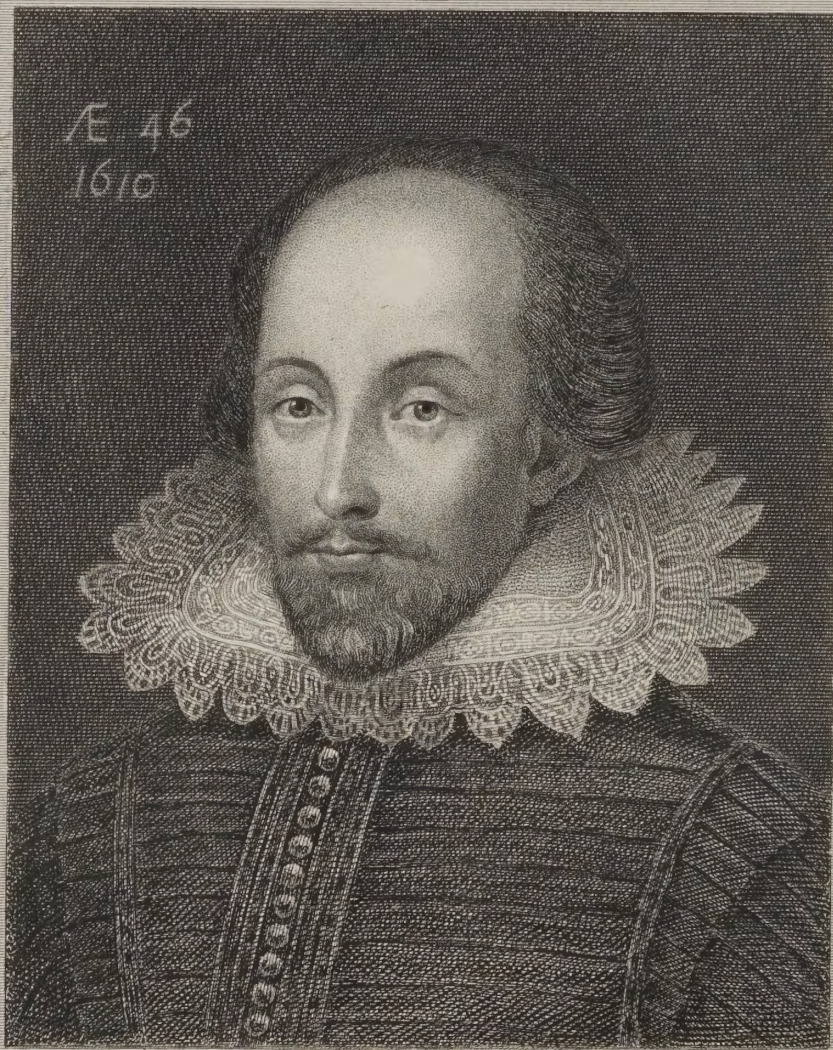






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Willm<sup>e</sup> Shakspeare.



Plans  
of  
William Shakespeare



PERCIVAL SKELTON del

J GODFREY, sculp

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN:  
LONDON. PARIS & NEW YORK.





*W. E. W. Bulwer 1884*

THE PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY*

CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SELOUS.

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THE COMEDIES.

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CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN:

*LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.*





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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE first Volume of this Edition of SHAKESPEARE consists of the COMEDIES; the HISTORICAL PLAYS occupy the second; and the third contains the TRAGEDIES, together with the Editor's Preface and the Life of Shakespeare.





## CONTENTS.

|                                        |      |
|----------------------------------------|------|
|                                        | PAGE |
| THE TEMPEST ... ..                     | 1    |
| THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA ... ..     | 43   |
| THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR ... ..      | 83   |
| MEASURE FOR MEASURE ... ..             | 131  |
| THE COMEDY OF ERRORS ... ..            | 179  |
| MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING ... ..          | 213  |
| LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST ... ..            | 263  |
| A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM ... ..       | 319  |
| THE MERCHANT OF VENICE ... ..          | 361  |
| AS YOU LIKE IT ... ..                  | 415  |
| THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ... ..         | 471  |
| ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL ... ..       | 527  |
| TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL... .. | 593  |
| THE WINTER'S TALE ... ..               | 649  |







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
SEBASTIAN, his brother.  
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.  
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.  
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.  
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
ADRIAN, } Lords.  
FRANCISCO, }  
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
TRINCULO, a Jester.  
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
Master of a Ship.  
Boatswain.  
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
IRIS, }  
CERES, } Spirits.  
JUNO, }  
Nymphs, }  
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*The Sea, with a ship: afterwards an  
uninhabited Island.*





# THE TEMPEST.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,<sup>2</sup> or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the top-sail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!<sup>3</sup>

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?  
*Play the men.<sup>4</sup>*

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,<sup>5</sup> we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.<sup>6</sup> *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office—

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you rascally, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

(1) The earliest printed copy known of "THE TEMPEST" is that in the Folio published by Shakespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in 1623, seven years after the poet's death. The first performance of this play is believed to have taken place on "Hallowmas Night" (1st November), 1611. This gives confirmation to the internal evidence of the style—mature in beauty and rich fancy—that this play was one of the last-written productions of its author. The source of the plot was supposed to have been derived from an Italian novel, translated into English in 1588, and since thought to be traced to a German play, called "The Beautiful Sidea;" while some of the circumstances recorded in the life of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, a patron of Petrarch, the founder of Milan Cathedral, and a man much addicted to books and studious retirement at one period of his life, seem

to have suggested to Shakespeare the germ of his character of Prospero.

(2) *Yarely.* Alertly, promptly.

(3) *If room enough.* Good authorities on marine technicalities have pronounced the sea orders given throughout this scene to be strictly correct. Lord Mulgrave, Sir Henry Manwaring, and Captain Glasscock, have all shown how thoroughly the poet was versed in the subject he here treated.

(4) *Play the men.* Behave yourselves with manly spirit and courage.

(5) *Present.* Present time.

(6) *To try with main-course.* In Smith's "Sea Grammar," 1627, this is explained—"To hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."



*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning;<sup>7</sup> though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wound.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses:<sup>8</sup> off to sea again; lay her off.

*Re-enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*]

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"

"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]



*Boatswain.* What care these roarers for the name of king?

*Act I. Scene I.*

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,  
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely<sup>9</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides! [*Exit Boatswain.*]

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut<sup>10</sup> him.

[*A confused noise within: "Mercy on us!"*]

SCENE II.—*The Island; before the cell of PROSPERO.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,<sup>11</sup>  
Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.  
Had I been any god of power, I would

(7) For *drowning*. "For" was often used for "from."

(8) *Two courses*. These "courses" are two of the three largest and lowest sails; and to "lay her a-hold" is to bring the ship to lie as near the wind as she can.

(9) *Merely*. Absolutely.

(10) *Glut*. To swallow up, englut. French, *engloutir*.

(11) *Welkin's cheek*. "Welkin" (Saxon, *pealcen*, to roll; or *pelcen*, clouds) is an old word for the region of air; and Shakespeare has "cheeks of heaven," "cheeks o' the air," in other passages, for poetical allusion to the sky.





*Miranda.* Oh, woe the day!  
*Prospero.* No harm.  
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—  
Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter.

*Act I. Scene II.*





Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The fraughting<sup>12</sup> souls within her.

*Pros.* Be collected :  
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

*Mir.* Oh, woe the day !

*Pros.* No harm.  
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—  
Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter,—who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better<sup>13</sup>  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :  
[Lays down his robe.]  
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have  
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as a hair  
Betid<sup>14</sup> to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.  
Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

*Mir.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless<sup>15</sup> inquisition,  
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came into this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.<sup>16</sup>

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of anything the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off,  
And rather like a dream, than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me ?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how  
is it  
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm<sup>17</sup> of time ?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year  
since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir  
A princess,—no worse issu'd.

*Mir.* Oh, the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?  
Or blessed was't we did ?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl :  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;  
But blessedly help<sup>18</sup> hither.

*Mir.* Oh, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen<sup>19</sup> that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

*Pros.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,  
Through all the signories it was the first  
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity), and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, whom t'advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping,<sup>20</sup> new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed them,  
Or else new formed them : having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st  
not.

*Mir.* Oh, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans<sup>21</sup> bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

(12) *Fraughting*. An old form of freighting. The word is here used to express those who form the freight of the vessel, and thronged or filled her.

(13) *More better*. A double comparative was formerly in use, and frequent instances are found in Shakespeare.

(14) *Betid*. Betided, befallen, happened.

(15) *Bootless*. Fruitless, unsuccessful.

(16) *Out three years old*. "Out" for "completely," "quite." Afterwards in this play, we have "Be a boy right out." Act iv., sc. 1.

(17) *Abysm*. Abyss. From the old French *abisme*.

(18) *Help*. Old form of helped.

(19) *Teen*. Trouble, grief. Saxon, *teonan*, injuries ; Flemish, *tenen*, to vex. "Turn'd you to" is an expression that we meet with again in "Coriolanus," iii. 1 ("Shall turn you to no farther harm") ; equivalent to "occasioned you," "caused you."

(20) *Trash for over-topping*. These are sporting terms, the former meaning to check, stop, or correct a hound ; the latter, out-running the rest of the pack. Shakespeare often metaphorises thus, using technicalities in a figurative sense. He frequently, too, makes a nominative serve, un-repeated, through a long sentence ; as in this speech, "thy uncle" (named in Prospero's previous speech) serves to govern the whole narration.

(21) *Sans*. French, without.

But what my power might else exact,—like one,<sup>22</sup>  
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—  
Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he  
play'd,

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,<sup>23</sup> my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates<sup>24</sup>  
(So dry<sup>25</sup> he was for sway) with the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas! poor Milan—  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O, the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition, and th' event; then  
tell me

If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin

To think but<sup>26</sup> nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o'<sup>27</sup> the premises,—  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me, and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint<sup>28</sup>  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.* Hear a little farther,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench:

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst  
not,—

So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few,<sup>29</sup> they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it:<sup>30</sup> there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

*Pros.* Oh, a cherubin

Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea<sup>31</sup> with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach,<sup>32</sup> to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity (who being then appointed  
Master of this design) did give us; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might

But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise:—

[Puts on his robe again.]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princess'<sup>33</sup> can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray  
you, sir,—

For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—  
Now my dear lady<sup>34</sup>—hath mine enemies

(22) *Like one, who having, unto truth, &c.* This phrase, somewhat obscurely expressed, seems to mean, "One who, having long repeated a lie, sins against truth by forgetting it and believing his own falsehood instead."

(23) *Me, poor man, &c.* Here "for" is understood before "me;" as in a similar passage in "Timon of Athens," v. 1:—"Whose thankless natures, not all the whips of heaven are large enough;" where "for" is understood before "whose."

(24) *Confederates.* Rarely now used as a verb.

(25) *So dry he was for sway.* "Dry" is a homely word for "thirsty."

(26) *To think but nobly.* "But" is here used exceptively, and means "any other than," or "otherwise than."

(27) *In lieu o' the.* "In lieu of" here has not its usual signification of "instead of," or "in place of," but means "in exchange for," "as an equivalent for."

(28) *Hint.* Used for "suggested ground;" and again in the first speech at the beginning of the next Act we find "our hint of woe," for "the ground or subject of our woe."

(29) *In few.* For "briefly," "in few words."

(30) *Have quit it.* The old writers sometimes used "have" for "had," and also "quit" for "quitted," especially where the rhythm required the abbreviated form. As in Ariel's third speech, "plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel."

(31) *Deck'd the sea.* To "deck," or "deg," is a provincial term for "to sprinkle."

(32) *An undergoing stomach.* An enduring fortitude or courage. Shakespeare often uses "stomach" in the sense of valour; sometimes in that of pride or haughtiness, and sometimes in that of wrath or choler, according to the original Latin word, *stomachus*. The classical reader will remember—

"Nec gravem  
Pelidæ stomachum," &c.

in Horace's Ode VI. to Agrippa.

(33) *Princess'.* For "princesses." A form of plural to be found in old writers, where it suited the rhythm.

(34) *Now my dear lady.* Now propitious to me.



Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,<sup>37</sup>  
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege,<sup>38</sup> and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.*

My brave spirit!



*Prospero.* What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

*Act I. Scene II.*

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:  
Approach, my Ariel, come!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel, and all his quality.<sup>35</sup>

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point<sup>36</sup> the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement: sometimes I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil<sup>39</sup>  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,

(35) *Quality.* Gift, qualification.

(36) *To point.* Exactly, punctiliously.

(37) *Distinctly.* Separately.

(38) *Seem to besiege.* It is not unusual with Shakespeare to

deviate into present tense, while relating an event that has occurred, and it gives great vivacity and force to the effect.

(39) *Coil.* Used here for "noise," "tumult."



In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.<sup>40</sup>

*Pros.* Of the king's ship  
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,<sup>41</sup> there she's hid:  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;  
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,<sup>42</sup>  
Bound sadly home for Naples;  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.  
What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least two glasses.<sup>43</sup> The time 'twixt  
six and now  
Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give  
me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now! moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari.* I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumbings: thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread  
the ooze  
Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou  
forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she born?  
speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.<sup>44</sup>

*Pros.* Oh, was she so? I must,  
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This curs'd witch, Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed<sup>45</sup> hag was hither brought  
with child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests,<sup>46</sup> she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban, her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment  
To lay upon the doom'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent<sup>47</sup> to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea:  
be subject  
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

(40) *His arms in this sad knot.* Shakespeare, like a true dramatist, gives by a touch a hint to his performers and a picture to his audience. Here, the tricky sprite Ariel wreathing his arms in mimicry of the sad young prince he is describing, is indicated by the single word "this."

(41) *The still-vex'd Bermoothes.* The poet's epithet, "still-vex'd," is exquisitely chosen to convey the idea of the ever-troubled sea that chafes and beats round the rocky shore of the Bermuda Islands. This passage suffices to show that Bermuda is not the scene of this play (as some commentators have tried to prove it is); since Ariel is sent to fetch dew from thence. We believe the island of "THE TEMPEST" to be not Bermuda, or Lampedusa, or any other known and real island; but purely an island of Shakespeare's imagination,—a type of poetical islands *per se*.

(42) *The Mediterranean flote.* A poetic name for sea, as collective waves; from French, *flot*, a wave.

(43) *Glasses.* The hour-glass, the instrument for measuring time, is here used for time itself; "two glasses" meaning "two hours."

(44) *Argier.* The old name for Algiers.

(45) *Blue-eyed.* This epithet, as applied by Shakespeare, is far from being commendatory, as at present. He uses it here to describe the dull, bleared, neutral colour seen in the eyes of old crones; and he uses "a blue eye" ("As You Like It," iii. 2) to represent an eye that is hollow, heavy, void of brightness and animation.

(46) *Hests.* Behests, mandates.

(47) *Correspondent.* Answerably submissive; obediently adapted.



And hither come in't; go, hence with diligence.—

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mir.* [Waking] The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on;  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him:<sup>48</sup> he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices  
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou!<sup>49</sup> speak.

*Cal.* [Within] There's wood enough within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say; there's other business  
for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?<sup>50</sup>

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a water nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew<sup>51</sup> as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins<sup>52</sup>  
Shall, for that vast of night<sup>53</sup> that they may work,  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst  
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:  
Cursèd be I that did so!—All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king;<sup>54</sup> and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd  
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* Oh, ho, oh, ho! would it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes  
With words that made them known: but thy vile  
race,<sup>55</sup>

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good  
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,<sup>56</sup>  
For learning me your language!<sup>57</sup>

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,<sup>58</sup>  
Fill all thy bones with achès,<sup>59</sup> make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—  
[Aside] I must obey, his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,<sup>60</sup>  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;  
FERDINAND following.*

*ARIEL'S song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have and kissed,<sup>61</sup>  
The wild waves whist,—

(48) *We cannot miss him.* We cannot do without him; an expression still in provincial use.

(49) *Thou earth, thou!* The terms in which Caliban is summoned suffice to proclaim the essence of his being. He is earthiness itself, grossly material; in elemental and entire contrast to Ariel.

(50) *When?* An exclamation denoting impatience.

(51) *Wicked dew.* "Wicked" is here used by Shakespeare as Spenser uses it in his expression "wicked weed," for baneful or harmful property. So, on the contrary, we still say the "virtues," or "virtuous" qualities in medicinal herbs and plants.

(52) *Urchins.* An old name for hedgehogs; and also for evil sprites and mischievous fairies.

(53) *Vast of night.* That dark space of night when vastness and solitude are mainly suggested. So in "Hamlet:"—"The dead vast and middle of the night."

(54) *Which first was mine own king.* "Which" used here for "who."

(55) *Thy vile race.* "Race" is here used for original stock, descent.

(56) *The red plague rid you.* The "red plague" was an old name for erysipelas; and to "rid" is used by Shakespeare for "destroy" here and in "3 Henry VI.," v. 5:—"As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!"

(57) *Learning me your language.* To "learn" is often misused for to "teach," and has thus a characteristic effect in Caliban's mouth.

(58) *Old cramps.* "Old" is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of excessive abounding: as, "old abusing," "old coil," "old utis," &c.

(59) *Achès.* This word was formerly pronounced as a dissyllable, especially where the rhythm demanded it. When used as a verb, it was generally spelt with a "k," and sounded hard, as a monosyllable.

(60) *Setebos.* The name found in books of travel, in Shakespeare's time, for a demon-deity.

(61) *Court'sied when you have and kiss'd.* Both these pleasant observances were customary at the commencement of dances, in "the good old times of merry England." The next line seems to mean—"The waves hush'd to silence the while."

Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark, hark!  
*Burden [dispersedly].* Bowgh, wowgh.  
The watch-dogs bark:  
*Burden [dispersedly].* Bowgh, wowgh.  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' th' air or  
th' earth?—

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.—  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made;<sup>62</sup>  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
*Burden: Ding-dong.*  
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.  
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes:<sup>63</sup>—I hear it now above me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond'.

*Mir.* What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath  
such senses  
As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest,  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call  
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is,—oh, you wonder!—  
If you be maid, or no?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king, my father, wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of  
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter, could control<sup>64</sup> thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight  
They have changed eyes—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong:<sup>65</sup> a word.

*Mir.* [*Aside*] Why speaks my father so ungently?  
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* Oh! if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir; one word more.—

[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this  
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.—[*To Fer.*] One word more: I  
charge thee,

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a  
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.* Follow me.—

[*To Mir.*] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—

[*To Fer.*] Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No;

I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

*Mir.* Oh, dear father!  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.<sup>66</sup>

(62) *Of his bones are coral made.* The false grammatical concord in this line is one of many that we shall have to notice, where the preceding noun ends with "s." Such licence was, in Shakespeare's time, allowable.

(63) *The earth owes.* "Owe" was formerly used for own, possess. See "the name thou ow'st not," a few speeches farther on.

(64) *Control.* Confute; bring a contrary account. Bacon uses the word in precisely this sense.

(65) *Done yourself some wrong.* Shakespeare, in his thorough

gentility of mind, uses this expression here and elsewhere when the speaker taxes another with uttering an untruth.

(66) *He's gentle, and not fearful.* Though Shakespeare sometimes uses "fearful" in the sense of "formidable," "to be feared" (in which case Miranda's words would mean—"He's mild, and not to be dreaded"), we think, from the context of the whole passage, that she is intended to say—"He's of a noble nature, and not timid;" "gentle" being often used to express good blood, good birth, exalted quality.





*Ariel (sings).* Full fathom five thy father lies. . . .  
*Ferdinand.* The ditty does remember my drown'd  
father.  
This is no mortal business.

*Act I. Scene II.*





*Pros.* What! I say:  
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-  
science  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;<sup>67</sup>  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,<sup>68</sup>  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father!

*Pros.* Hence! hang not on my garments.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity:  
I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an impostor? hush!  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mir.* My affections  
Are, then, most humble: I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* [To *Fer.*] Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [Aside] It works.—[To *Fer.*]  
Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To *Fer.*] Follow  
me.—

[To *Ari.*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort:  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain-winds; but then, exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pros.* [To *Fer.*] Come, follow.—[To *Mir.*] Speak  
not for him. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others.

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,<sup>1</sup>  
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;  
by-and-by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One: tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's  
offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have  
spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant  
you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: but yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian,<sup>2</sup> for a good wager,  
first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha!<sup>3</sup>

*Seb.* So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and  
delicate temperance.<sup>4</sup>

(67) *Ward.* Posture of defence.

(68) *This stick.* Prospero's magic wand.

(1) *Some merchant, and the merchant.* "Merchant" in this line is used, the first time for a merchant vessel (as we now say merchantman), and the second time for the merchant himself.

(2) *Which, of he or Adrian.* This form of phrase is found again in "Midsummer Night's Dream," iii. 2:—"Whose right, of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

(3) *Ha, ha, ha!* } In the Folio, the prefixes to these two speeches were transposed. Antonio laughs in triumph, and Sebastian retorts:—"You are paid the proposed stake,—'a laughter.'"

(4) *Temperance.* Used here for temperature. There is also allusion to one of the Christian names given to girls in Puritan times: Prudence, Hope, Faith, Charity, Temperance, &c.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush<sup>5</sup> and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye<sup>6</sup> of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, freshened in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since Widow Dido's<sup>7</sup> time.

*Ant.* Widow? a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said, Widower Æneas, too? Good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? You make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.<sup>8</sup>

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* [To *Adr.*] Ay.<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* [To *Alon.*] Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.

*Ant.* Oh! Widow Dido; ay, Widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate,<sup>10</sup> she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. Oh, thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no; he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.<sup>11</sup>

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,

By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd,<sup>12</sup> between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them, of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.<sup>13</sup>

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,

(5) *Lush*. Luxuriant, full of sap.

(6) *Eye*. Frequently used for a touch of colour, a tint, a slight hue.

(7) *Widow Dido*. Elissa, surnamed *Dido*, stabbed herself in preference to marrying again, after having vowed fidelity to her murdered husband Sichæus. Gonzalo alludes to her when she founded Carthage, and became its queen. Sebastian refers to her, as recorded by Virgil, in love with the wandering Trojan, whom he scoffingly calls "Widower Æneas."

(8) *The miraculous harp*. Amphion's harp, the sound of which was said to have built Thebes.

(9) *Ay*. We take this to be said by Gonzalo, in confirmation of his assurance to Adrian, of Tunis being Carthage. The speakers are to be supposed as arranged in two separate groups; Gonzalo

engaged with King Alonso and the rest, while Sebastian and Antonio remain apart together, commenting sneeringly on the others.

(10) *In my rate*. According to my reckoning, or belief.

(11) *Who hath cause to wet the grief on't*. "Who" has been explained here to refer to "eye," as writers of Shakespeare's time often used "who" for "which," and "which" for "who." But we take "who" here to refer to "she," and the meaning of the passage to be this:—"She is banish'd who hath cause to weep the grief of this marriage."

(12) *Weigh'd, &c.* Debated, sway'd alternately by aversion from the match and filial duty, which way she would decide.

(13) *Dearest of the loss*. "Dear" and "dearest" were sometimes used for "dire" and "direst."





*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.  
*Gen.* Now, good angels,  
 Preserve the king! *[They wake.]*  
*Act II. Scene I.*





When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.<sup>14</sup>

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather!

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth<sup>15</sup> I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth,<sup>16</sup> vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all;  
And women too, but innocent and pure;  
No sovereignty;—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison,<sup>17</sup> all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle; sluts and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir?

*Alon.* Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing  
to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it  
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of  
such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always  
use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am  
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh  
at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you  
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.*<sup>18</sup>

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.<sup>19</sup>

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure  
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,  
for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except *Aton.*, *Seb.*, and *Ant.*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian?—Oh, what might?—No more:—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely,

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st

While thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me;<sup>20</sup> which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* Oh,

(14) *Chirurgeonly*. Surgeon-like. French, *chirurgien*.

(15) *I' the commonwealth*, &c. There is a remarkably parallel passage to this speech in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, a book belonging to Shakespeare, and containing his autograph.

(16) *Tilth*. Used both for tillage and for tilled land.

(17) *Foison*. Plenty, abundance. The word is repeated by Ceres, Act iv., sc. 1.

(18) *Playing solemn music*. This is in accordance with the original stage direction, and with Ariel's "playing and singing" when he enters with Ferdinand in the previous scene.

(19) *Bat-fowling*. Catching birds at night by beating the bushes, to make them fly towards the light of torches or fires prepared for the purpose.

(20) *If heed me*. For "If you heed me;" the previous "you" is understood, Shakespeare often making a word do double service in a sentence. By "trebles thee o'er," Antonio means, 'will make thee thrice as great as thou wert before;' and then he goes on to humour Sebastian's metaphor of being as inactive as "standing water," by telling him he "will teach him how to flow" on to greatness, and saying that his hearer unconsciously symbolises the intended proposal while mocking it.

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on:  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,<sup>(21)</sup> this  
(Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded  
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive,—  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* Oh, out of that 'no hope'  
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—  
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable; she from whom<sup>(22)</sup>  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;<sup>(23)</sup>  
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this! How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!" Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough<sup>(24)</sup> of as deep chat. Oh, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater<sup>(25)</sup> than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience,—

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,<sup>(26)</sup>  
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,<sup>(27)</sup>  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,—  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,—  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion<sup>(28)</sup> as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
And I, the king, shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* Oh, but one word. [They talk apart.]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the  
danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—  
For else his project dies,—to keep thee living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-ey'd conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake! awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.  
*Gon.* Now, good angels,  
Preserve the king! [They wake.]

(21) *This lord of weak remembrance.* A parenthetical speech, the meaning of which is much involved; but its sense seems to be—'Though this lord, who, when he is buried, shall leave as little memory behind him as he himself now possesses, has almost persuaded (for he has a spirit of persuasion that only professes to persuade) the king his son's alive, yet 'tis as impossible,' &c.

(22) *She from whom.* "Coming" is understood between "she" and "from." Shakespeare's style is full of this kind of ellipsis. He is so condensed a writer, that we have constantly to bear this in mind, while gathering the full sense of his concise passages.

(23) *Some cast again.* In the poet's way of combining varied senses in one expression, he here uses the word in its meaning of cast up after swallowing, of cast ashore, of cast (or thrown) in wrestling, and of cast for a part in a play. The latter is confirmed by the words "to perform an act," "prologue," and "discharge."

The commentators, who differ about the sense in which some of Shakespeare's terms are to be taken, seldom seem to perceive his large-minded way of assembling several significances in one concentrated word.

(24) *Chough.* A sea-side crow; a bird with a chattering note.

(25) *Feater.* More well-fittedly; more neatly.

(26) *Kibe.* A chilblain in the heel. The word occurs again in "Hamlet:"—"The toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe."

(27) *Candied be they.* Possibly a play on the word "candid" may lurk here; and the meaning seems to be—'Twenty consciences might be candied hard, and melt into softness again, ere they would trouble or soften me.'

(28) *Suggestion.* Often used for temptation, incitement to wrong. Here it means not only this, but prompting to bear any amount of false witness.



*Alon.* Why, how now! ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?<sup>29</sup>  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose, Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* Oh, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear, To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Alon.* Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*]  
*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him



*Trinculo.* If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head.

*Act II. Scene II.*

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise, That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make farther search  
For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

By inch-meal<sup>30</sup> a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with urchin-shows,<sup>31</sup> pitch me i' the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me: Sometime like apes, that moe<sup>32</sup> and chatter at me, And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount Their pricks<sup>33</sup> at my footfall: sometime am I All wound<sup>34</sup> with adders, who with cloven tongues

(29) *Why are you drawn?* Wherefore are your swords drawn?

(30) *Inch-meal.* From the Saxon *meal*, a portion. Used (as we now say, "piecemeal") for an inch at a time.

(31) *Urchin-shows.* See Note 52, Act i.

(32) *Moe.* Spelt also "mow." To make mouths.

(33) *Pricks.* The old word for prickles, or bristles.

(34) *All wound with.* Wound round or encircled by.



Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!  
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;  
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Enter TRINCULO.*

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard<sup>35</sup> that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.<sup>36</sup> A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit<sup>37</sup> to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;<sup>38</sup> there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber,<sup>39</sup> the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:  
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune, too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me: oh!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper<sup>40</sup> a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: oh!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:<sup>41</sup> now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. Oh! defend me.

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen!<sup>42</sup> I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.<sup>43</sup>

*Trin.* Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How can'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?<sup>44</sup> can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped?

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.

(35) *Bombard.* A huge leather drinking vessel.

(36) *Poor-John.* A common name for the fish called hake, when salted and dried.

(37) *Doit.* A small coin, value the eighth part of a penny. Dutch, *duyt.* French, *d'huit.*

(38) *Gaberdine.* A coarse, loose over-garment.

(39) *Swabber.* The sweeper of a deck.

(40) *Proper.* Comely, well-proportioned.

(41) *I know it by thy trembling.* Those who were possessed by an evil spirit were supposed to tremble.

(42) *Amen!* Stephano's hint to Caliban that he should finish his draught.

(43) *I have no long spoon.* In allusion to the old proverb:—"He who eats with the devil hath need of a long spoon." We meet with it again in the "Comedy of Errors," iv. 3.

(44) *Siege of this moon-calf?* "Siege" was often used for "seat;" and "moon-calf" is said to be a lumpish, shapeless mass, mentioned by Pliny, and made the subject of a poem by Drayton.







FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

*MIRANDA. — You shall not leave me  
To live your life like the white  
Plumets of the world.*

*THE TEMPEST. ACT IV. SCENE I.*



*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano! hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?<sup>45</sup>

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.<sup>46</sup>

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—A very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—A most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this

puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee

To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young sea-mells from the rock.<sup>47</sup> Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—[*To Cal.*]

Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster!

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master:—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* Oh, brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: oh, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness Had never like executor. I forget:

(45) *Dropp'd from heaven?* It is recorded that the Indians of the Island of St. Salvador, when first discovered, asked Columbus and his companions by signs whether they were not come down from heaven.

(46) *Thy dog, and thy bush.* The man in the moon has been said to be "Cain with his thorn-bush;" and an Italian once pointed out to the Editors the figure of a dog in the full moon.

(47) *Young sea-mells from the rock.* In the Folio this word is printed "scamels," and has occasioned endless differences among the commentators; some of whom retain "scamels" in the text, even while owning that they do not comprehend what it means. When we find such obvious misprints (among scores and scores of others) in the Folio, as "Barlet" for "martlet," "Paconcies" for "pansies," &c., we need hardly hesitate to suspect a similar error

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;  
Most busy, least when I do it.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.* Alas! now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.  
Pray, set it down,<sup>2</sup> and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* Oh, most dear mistress!  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pros.* [*Aside*] Poor worm! thou art infected;  
This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with  
me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name?

*Mir.* Miranda.—Oh, my father!  
I have broke your hest to say so.

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed, the top of admiration;<sup>3</sup> worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,<sup>4</sup>  
And put it to the foil: but you, oh, you!  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

here. We have the expression "haggards of the rock," in "Much Ado," iii. 1, where "haggards" mean untrained hawks; and this brings us to the probability that the word here means some kind of bird. In Chapman's translation of Homer's "Odyssey" (a book most likely well-known to Shakespeare), there is mention of the "sea-mew in her fishing flight," and of men "tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swam about;" therefore that was a sea-bird likely to present itself to our poet's mind. The spelling of "scamels" is very near to that of sea-mews, sea-malls, or sea-mells, which are said to be other forms of the same word. In more than one work of authority, young sea-birds have been affirmed to be delicate food. All these arguments appear to us conclusive in favour of the reading here adopted, and which was first proposed by Theobald.

(1) *Most busy, least when I do it.* This passage appears in the Folio:—"Most busie lest, when I doe it;" and has been variously altered, Pope reading, 'Least busy when I do it;' Theobald, 'Most busyless when I do it;' Mr. Holt White, 'Most busiest when I do it;' Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, 'Most busy,—blest when I do it;' and Mr. Staunton printing, 'Most busy felt, when I do it,' while suggesting, 'Most busy still, when I do it.' The reading we have adopted is from the 2nd Folio of 1632, and we take its meaning to

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty  
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery, than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me?  
*Fer.* Oh, heaven! oh, earth! bear witness to  
this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else<sup>5</sup> i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.  
*Pros.* [*Aside*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?  
*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow<sup>6</sup>  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.<sup>7</sup>

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest!  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then?

be (in Shakespeare's elliptical style of sometimes making "it" refer to a plural noun):—"These sweet thoughts refresh my labours, and make me most busy when I least work."

(2) *Pray, set it down.* The "it" in this sentence affords an instance of Shakespeare's way of making that word refer back to something named plurally. Here "it" means one of those "logs" mentioned in the previous line.

(3) *Top of admiration.* In his use of so small and insignificant a word as "top," we have an instance of Shakespeare's way of giving dignity to slight and familiar expressions. "Top" here, and elsewhere in his plays, has the force of highest point, crowning pre-eminence. It is worthy of remark, too, how characteristic the entire speech is of Ferdinand, with his fervid imagination and generous promptitude of belief in good; forming an admirable counterpart to Miranda's artless warmth of impulse.

(4) *Ow'd.* See Note 63, Act i.

(5) *What else.* For whatever else.

(6) *Your fellow.* Your equal, your chosen companion.

(7) *Whether you will or no.* This was formerly in use (and is so still, with those who write a slipshod style) for the more correct "whether you will or not."





*Ariel.* Thou liest.  
*Stephano* Do I so? Take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]  
*Act III. Scene II.*





*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.<sup>8</sup>  
*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now  
farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!  
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*]

*Pros.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN (with a bottle), STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

*Ste.* Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will  
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,  
and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* 'Servant-monster?' the folly of this island!  
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three  
of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state  
totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were  
a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue  
in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I  
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty  
leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my  
lieutenant, monster, or my standard.<sup>9</sup>

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no stan-  
dard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;  
and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou  
beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am  
in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed<sup>10</sup>  
fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath  
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell  
a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a  
monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,  
my lord?

*Trin.* 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should  
be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head:  
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree.—The poor

monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer in-  
dignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be  
pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made  
to thee?

*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will  
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a  
tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated  
me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey,  
thou;

I would my valiant master would destroy thee:  
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in  
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your  
teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more.—[To *Cal.*] Pro-  
ceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,  
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st;  
But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst  
thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy  
patch!<sup>11</sup>—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes<sup>12</sup> are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no farther danger: in-  
terrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this  
hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make  
a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go  
farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As  
you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits,  
and hearing too? A plague o' your bottle! this can  
sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster,  
and the devil take your fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. — Prithee,  
stand farther off.

(8) *Here's my hand.* Shakespeare alludes to the old custom of  
ratifying a contract by clasping hands; but with what poet's and  
lover's gusto has he done so here!

(9) *Standard.* This word was used for a standard-bearer, as well  
as for the ensign he bore. There is a play on the word here, allud-  
ing to the "poor monster's" being too much intoxicated to stand  
upright.

(10) *Deboshed.* Debauched, degraded, corrupted by intemper-

ance. There is much humour in Trinculo's twitting Caliban with  
being overcome by drink, while himself boasting of being valorous  
by its means.

(11) *What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!* "Pied" is in  
allusion to the parti-coloured clothes which Trinculo, as a jester,  
professionally wears. "Patch" is fool, from the Italian *pazzo*.

(12) *Quick freshes.* "Freshes," or freshets, are fresh-water  
springs, "running brooks."

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,  
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain  
him,

Having first seized his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter  
and I will be king and queen,—save our Graces!—  
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost  
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat  
thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in  
thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch<sup>13</sup>  
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,  
any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by  
the picture of Nobody.<sup>14</sup>

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy  
likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* Oh, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—  
Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt  
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again.<sup>15</sup>

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me,  
where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by-and-by: I remember the  
story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away; let's follow it,  
and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could  
see this taborer! he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By'r la'kin,<sup>16</sup> I can go no farther, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders!<sup>17</sup> By your  
patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's  
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.<sup>18</sup>

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this?—My good friends,  
hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

(13) *Troll the catch.* To "troll" is partly derived from the Saxon *tralla*, to sing; partly from the Dutch *trollen*, to roll, or move circularly. A "catch" being a piece of music where each singer takes his part round and round in succession, the verb "troll" is peculiarly applicable.

(14) *Picture of Nobody.* This was a grotesque figure formerly common as an alchouse sign; and there is a woodcut representing the same "Nobody" prefixed to an old play entitled "Nobody and Somebody."

(15) *Cried to dream again.* The poet has marked the difference

between the natural savage and the clods of the civilised earth by making Caliban speak in blank verse, while the butler and the jester talk plainest prose.

(16) *By'r la'kin.* A contraction of "By our ladykin," the diminutive of our lady, and was a subterfuge oath for avoiding the more direct adjuration.

(17) *Through forth-rights and meanders!* The allusion is to the paths of a "maze," or labyrinth, which were sometimes made in straight lines, sometimes in waving or circular lines.

(18) *Thoroughly.* A form of "thoroughly."



*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

*Seb.* A living drollery.<sup>19</sup> Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne;<sup>20</sup> one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [Aside] Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present, Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse, Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—

Although they want the use of tongue—a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.



*Ferdinand.* To think these spirits?

*Prospero.* I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies.

May I be bold

Spirits, which by mine art

*Act IV. Scene I.*

And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie, Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say, I saw such islanders,— For, certes,<sup>21</sup> these are people of the island,—

*Pros.* [Aside] Praise in departing.<sup>22</sup>

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.* Not I.

(19) *A living drollery.* "Drollery" was a name for a puppet-show; and by "living" is meant one played not by puppets, or wooden figures, but by living beings.

(20) *One tree, the phoenix' throne.* This and those mentioned in Gonzalo's speech, where he speaks of "mountaineers dew-lapped

like bulls," were among the travellers' wonders recounted by home-returned voyagers in Shakespeare's time.

(21) *Certes.* An antique form of "certainly."

(22) *Praise in departing.* A proverbial expression, signifying 'Stay till the close of your entertainment ere you commend it.'

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,  
Each putter-out of five for one<sup>23</sup> will bring us  
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

*[Seeing Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.]*  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom<sup>24</sup> your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle<sup>25</sup> that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—  
For that's my business to you,—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,  
Lingering perdition—worse than any death  
Can be at once—shall step by step attend

(23) *Each putter-out of five for one.* We must understand "on" here for "of," it being often used thus in Shakespeare's time. The allusion is a satire upon those travellers who used to "put out" (or, as we should now say, "lay out") a certain sum, for which they were to receive the exorbitant return of payment at the rate of "five for one," if they came safely back. So much practised was this kind of gambling at one time, that persons undertook long and dangerous journeys on speculation, for the sake of what they were to make by their "put out" money; and in case they never came back, those who had risked paying the "five for one" gained the invested sum.

(24) *The elements, of whom, &c.* The old writers frequently used "who" or "whom" for "which."

You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow  
And a clear life<sup>26</sup> ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

Pros. *[Aside to Ari.]* Bravely the figure of this  
harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life  
And observation strange,<sup>27</sup> my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms  
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—  
And his and my lov'd darling. *[Exit above.]*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why  
stand you  
In this strange stare?

Alon. Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

*[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great  
guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy<sup>28</sup>  
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *[Exeunt.]*

(25) *Dowle.* The downy fibre of a feather.

(26) *Clear life.* Pure, sinless life. The meaning of the passage seems to be: 'From the wrath of the powers of Fate, nothing can guard you henceforth but sorrowing repentance, and a reformed life.'

(27) *So, with good life and observation strange, &c.* We take this to mean: 'Also, with life-like enactment and curious (or punctilious) observance of my wish, my inferior sprites have performed their several parts.' We find "strangely" used also in an approving sense at the commencement of Act iv., where Prospero says, "Thou hast strangely stood the test;" that is, 'wonderfully well.'

(28) *Ecstasy.* Shakespeare uses this word for a sudden emotion, disturbance, or even aberration of mind.



## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S cell.

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,<sup>1</sup>  
Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion<sup>2</sup> shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest<sup>3</sup> den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st sugges-  
tion<sup>4</sup>

Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.  
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—  
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

(1) *Thread of mine own life.* "Thread" is printed "third" in the Folio; which is probably a misprint for "thrid," an old way of spelling "thread." Although some support might be derived from a passage in "Antony and Cleopatra" (iii. 2), for supposing that "third" is possibly right, yet, taking into consideration the different speakers (which should always be remembered in judging Shakespeare's uniformly characteristic diction), the parallel does not hold good. The cold, measured Octavius Cæsar, even when speaking upon a point where his affections are strongly engaged—the giving his sister Octavia to Mark Antony in marriage—says, "You take from me a great part of myself," which seems somewhat like "a third of mine own life." But it is more in consonance with Prospero's enthusiastic and tender manner, when his only daughter Miranda is in question, to believe that "a thread of mine own life"—a fibre, an actual piece of the fabric of his own existence—was what the poet here intended to make him say. And then, how earnestly and paternally do those concluding lines come in; followed up by the sequent injunction in the next speech. The mingled fondness for his child, with solemnity of appeal to him to whose future love and care he commits her, form an epitome of all those anxious thoughts that stir a father's heart on such an occasion.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:  
Incite them to quick motion; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art:<sup>5</sup> it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?<sup>6</sup>

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'  
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. *[Exit.]*

*Pros.* Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow!

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir;  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.<sup>7</sup>

*Pros.* Well.—  
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,<sup>8</sup>  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.<sup>9</sup>—  
No tongue, all eyes; be silent.<sup>10</sup> *[Soft music.]*

*A masque. Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat mead thatch'd with stover,<sup>11</sup> them to keep;

(2) *Aspersion.* Shakespeare, according to a frequent mode of his, uses this word in its original meaning, "sprinkling."

(3) *Murkiest.* Darkest.

(4) *Suggestion.* Temptation, evil incitement.

(5) *Vanity of mine art.* "Vanity" is here used in a sense it formerly bore—illusion, magic show, or vision.

(6) *Presently.* Here used for immediately, now, at present.

(7) *Ardour of my liver.* The ancients supposed the liver to be the seat of the passions.

(8) *Corollary.* A surplus, a crowning number or quantity. It means, "Bring more than enough, rather than need one."

(9) *Pertly.* Alertly, briskly.

(10) *No tongue, all eyes; be silent.* Speech was forbidden to those who were present at an incantation. Afterwards, Prospero again enjoins silence; and says, "Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd." In other plays of Shakespeare we meet with allusion to the same circumstance; as, in "Macbeth," when the Witch summons the apparition of the armed head, she says to Macbeth, "Hear his speech, but say thou naught."

(11) *Stover.* Hay made of rank grass; used as fodder for cattle, and also as thatch. "Estovers" is the old law term for hay, straw, &c., from the old French *estouvier*.

Thy banks with peonied and lilled brims,<sup>12</sup>  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns: and thy broom-groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn;<sup>13</sup> thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres<sup>14</sup> and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid: I met her Deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty;  
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and

Harmonious charmingly.<sup>15</sup> May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever:  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife,<sup>16</sup>  
Make this place Paradise.

*[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris  
on employment.]*

*Pros.* Sweet now, silence!  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels,<sup>17</sup> and on this green land  
Answer your summons: Juno does command.  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love: be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:  
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with  
the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end  
whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after  
which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they  
heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* *[Aside]* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life: the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—*[To the Spirits]* Well done;—  
Avoid,—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some  
passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

(12) *Peonied and lilled brims.* In the Folio this is printed "pioned and twilled brims," which has been interpreted to mean "dug and begrimed," or "dug and ridged." Steevens suggested that it was a misprint for "peonied and lilled;" which reading presents a poetical picture of brilliant colouring that we have often heard both Keats and Leigh Hunt warmly admire. Some commentators have asserted that April is too early for peonies and lilies to bloom; but in Lord Bacon's Essay (published in 1597) "Of Gardens," where he gives a list of "things of beauty that may be then in season," and flowers that blossom in successive months, he says, "In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures, rosemary flower, the tulip, the double piony, the pale daffodil, &c." It may be passing-ly remarked that Bacon spells the word *pony*, which is one form of "peony." Then, the line—"To make cold nymphs chaste crowns," seems to demand previous mention of flowers; and the epithet "chaste" applies to the peculiar flowers in question, as is evidenced by the following points. Lyte, in his "Herbal," says, "One kind of *peonie* is called by some *maiden*, or *virgin peonie*." Pliny mentions the water-lily as a preserver of chastity; and Edward

Fenton, in his "Secret Wonders of Nature" (1569), says, "The water-lily mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality, and defends from unchaste thoughts." For these citations in support of our creed as to the right reading in this beautiful passage, we gladly avow our obligation to Mr. Hudson, in his note to the Boston edition of Shakespeare.

(13) *Lass-lorn.* Left by his lass.

(14) *Bosky acres.* "Bosky" is woody; from the Latin *boscos*, and the Italian *bosco*, or *boschetto*, a little wood.

(15) *Harmonious charmingly.* "Charmingly" here, besides its usual acceptation of delightfully, means magically, as a witching spell, or charm.

(16) *So rare a wonder'd father and a wife.* "Wonder'd" means wondrously gifted. "Wife" is printed "wise" in the Folio; where the long "s" in the word might easily have been put by mistake for *f*.

(17) *Crisp channels.* "Crisp" is curled; from the Latin *crispus*. This epithet, besides referring to the serpentine course of the rivulet, pictures the curl of the wave raised by a light wind. But the epithet "ever-harmless," in the previous line, applied to the "looks" of the river-nymphs, transcends all praise.





*Ariel.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!  
*Prospero.* Fury, fury! there, Tyrant, there!  
hark, hark!

*Act IV. Scene I.*





Yea, all which it inherit,<sup>18</sup> shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.<sup>19</sup> We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of,<sup>20</sup> and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd :  
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

*Pros.* Come with a thought.—[*To them*] I thank you.<sup>21</sup>—Ariel, come!

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Pros.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with<sup>22</sup> Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,<sup>23</sup>

I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where did'st thou leave these varlets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking :

So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces : beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

(18) *All which it inherit.* "Inherit" was often used simply for "to possess," without reference to "inheritance," as we now use that word. Here, "inherit" is used in its strictly classical sense, from the Latin *inherere*, to cleave to, belong to, adhere to. The meaning, therefore, of the passage is, 'The great globe itself, yea, all which adheres or belongs to it, shall dissolve.'

(19) *Leave not a rack behind.* "Racke" is the word in the Folio ; yet it has been altered to "wreck" by several editors, thereby impairing the poet's image. The word used by Shakespeare is explained by Lord Bacon, where he says, "The winds which wave the clouds above, which we call the rack," &c. In two other passages, Shakespeare himself uses the word precisely in this sense. In "Antony and Cleopatra," iv. 12, Antony says :—

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air : . . .  
That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water."

And in "Hamlet," ii. 2, we find :—

"But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless," &c.

Thus Shakespeare illustrates his own passage here ; and, were farther confirmation needful, observe how the word "rack"—the light scudding cloud of the upper region—accords with the words a few lines previously, "into air, into thin air." The same image

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :  
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.<sup>24</sup>

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

[*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c*]

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain unseen. *Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
may not

Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack<sup>25</sup> with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-pool ; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine.—Do you hear, monster ? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good, my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak  
softly ;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting ; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

is continued on ; and "the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," are presented to the mind with a processional grandeur of succession, like the massive structure-shaped clouds that move across the firmament until they gradually disperse and melt into the thin vaporous scud of upper air—the "rack."

(20) *As dreams are made of.* "Of" is printed "on" in the Folio ; and one word was often substituted for the other in old writing. But it seems a pity to spoil the effect of a fine passage for the mere sake of retaining an antiquated form, which is now almost a vulgarism ; especially as "on" may have been a misprint for "of" here.

(21) *I thank you.* This, which seems to be Prospero's reply to his children's affectionate valediction, is printed in the Folio, "I thank thee." But "thee" was often printed in mistake for "ye" or "you," and was even occasionally used for a plural address.

(22) *To meet with* was formerly used for counteract, or defeat by opposing measures. In "Cynthia's Revenge," 1613, we have :—

"You may meet  
With her abusive malice, and exempt  
Yourself from the suspicion of revenge."

(23) *When I presented Ceres.* To "present" was formerly used for "to represent," "to enact ;" therefore we here learn that Ariel performed the part of Ceres in the "vision" with which Prospero regaled the eyes of Ferdinand and Miranda.

(24) *For stale to catch these thieves.* "Stale" is a fowling term, meaning a decoy, lure, or bait.

(25) *Played the Jack.* To "play the Jack" was a phrase for playing the rogue, or knave. There is also probable allusion to the Jack o' lantern, Will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O King Stephano! O peer!<sup>26</sup> O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* Oh, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.<sup>27</sup>—O King Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy Grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line,<sup>28</sup> is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turned to barnacles,<sup>29</sup> or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard.<sup>30</sup> Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pros.* Fury, fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.<sup>31</sup>

*Ari.* Hark! they roar.

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,

Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Before the cell of Prospero.

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time Goes upright with his carriage.<sup>1</sup> How's the day?

(26) O King Stephano! O peer! This alludes to the old ballad, of which Iago sings a couple of stanzas in "Othello," ii. 3; where this royal gentleman's anxious economy in the article of wearing-apparel is stated.

(27) A frippery was a shop where old clothes were sold. The vendor was called a "fripper;" and the reader who remembers the frippier in chap. xv. of Le Sage's "Gil Blas," will perceive that our word was derived from the French. Moreover, recollecting that worthy's protest ("I alone am the sole fripper in the world who has any moral conscience; I limit myself to a moderate charge, and content myself with a profit of tenpence in a penny—that is, a penny in tenpence") we are inclined to think frippier and fripon (spelt of old frippon, a scoundrel) are nearly allied in fact, if not in derivation.

(28) Mistress line. This "line" may either mean a cord or a lime-tree; as we find that Prospero's cell is situated in a "line-grove," or lime-grove. The play on the word, "We steal by line and level," seems to make for its being a cord; but the punning allusion to "lime," or bird-lime, immediately after, indicates a lime-tree. Probably there is a jumble of all the allusions; as "like to lose your hair" is a quibble on the loss of hair sometimes befalling those who go to hot climates near the equinoctial line, and the hair of which clothes-lines were sometimes made.

(29) Barnacles. There was an ancient supposition that the shell-fish which infest the bottom of ships, when broken off, become transformed into barnacle-geese. Other old superstitions affirm that

*Ari.* On the sixth hour;<sup>2</sup> at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so, When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and's followers?

there was a certain tree, whereon grew shell-fish, which, falling into the water, become fowls called barnacles, or tree-geese—

"And from the most refin'd of saints,  
As naturally grow miscreants,  
As barnacles turn Soland geese  
In th' islands of the Orcades." *Butler's Hudibras.*

(30) A noise of hunters heard. The legendary belief in spectral hunters seems to have been prevalent in various countries. We find it alluded to in an impressive story told by Boccaccio (the 8th of the 5th Day in the Decameron); it takes shape in the Black Huntsman and his aerial train of hounds, horses, and horsemen, in Germany; it appears in "Arthur's Chase," the scene of which is believed to be France, where "a kennel of black dogs are followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it were a very hunting of some wild beast;" and there are traces of it in ancient British superstitions.

(31) Pard or cat o' mountain. "Pard" is a poetic abbreviation for leopard; and "cat o' mountain" is a name for the wild cat, or fierce animal of the feline species.

(1) With his carriage. With that which he carries. Time bears on bravely the burden of events which Prospero's charms have wrought and laid upon him.

(2) How's the day?—On the sixth hour. We shall have frequent



*Ari.* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;<sup>3</sup>  
They cannot budge till your release.<sup>4</sup> The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.  
*Pros.* And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch,<sup>5</sup> a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they,<sup>6</sup> be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the  
quick,



*Ariel.* On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer, merrily.

*Act V. Scene I.*

Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,  
Gonzalo:"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works  
them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part. The rarer action is  
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown farther. Go, release them, Ariel.  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

occasion to notice in these plays the systematic ingenuity with which Shakespeare conveys the time of his dramas. In an early scene of this play Prospero, by a similar inquiry, and by rejoining "at least two glasses," when Ariel says that it is "past the mid season," fixes the then time to be about two o'clock in the afternoon. Prospero continues:—"The time 'twixt six and now must by us both be spent most precious," which appropriates four hours for the working of his spells and carrying out of his plans. Here, at the commencement of the fifth Act, the dramatist takes occasion to mark that the interval has elapsed, by the words—"On the sixth hour;" thus bringing Prospero's schemes to the eve of their final accomplishment.

(3) *The line-grove which weather-fends your cell.* "Line" is lime, or linden. See Note 28 of Act iv. To "weather-fend" is to defend or protect from the weather.

(4) *Till your release;* that is, till you release them.

(5) *A touch.* A perceptive sense, a susceptibility of being touched by.

(6) *That relish all as sharply, passion as they.* Stopped thus, "passion" is a verb; and is often so used by Shakespeare, to mean feel acutely, emotionally, intensely. But some editors omit the comma after "sharply," by which stopping, "passion" would become a noun, and the very involved sense of the passage would be this:—"That relish passion all as sharply as they do."



*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,  
and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that  
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets<sup>7</sup> make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be<sup>8</sup>—I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs<sup>9</sup> pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,  
For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
Holy Gonzalo,<sup>10</sup> honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly<sup>11</sup> drops.—The charm dissolves apace;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces

(7) *Green-sour ringlets.* The greener circles on the grass that are supposed to mark where the fairies have danced round hand-in-hand; and which are believed to be thereby so soured that the sheep will not eat them.

(8) *By whose aid—weak masters though ye be.* Prospero means that these inferior spirits (whose qualities he so poetically describes) are sufficiently powerful to "aid" him as ministers, but would be weak as rulers. According to the proverbial saying, "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master."

(9) *Spurs.* The longest and largest roots of trees.

(10) *Holy Gonzalo.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "holy" for righteous, virtuous, of good character and blameless life.

(11) *Fellowly.* Sympathetic; full of fellow-feeling.

(12) *Remorse and nature;* that is, pity and natural feeling, or affection. Shakespeare often uses "remorse" in this sense. We still employ the word thus, when we say "without remorse," or "remorseless," meaning without pity, or pitiless. But besides the older meaning of tenderness, pity, compassion, in the word "remorse," Shakespeare has here also blended with it the more modern acceptance of a sense of guilt, or regret for guilt.

(13) *On the bat's back I do fly after summer, merrily.* There has been much commentatorial disquisition as to whether Ariel could "fly after summer on a bat's back," when it is well known that the

Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
Thy brother was a fartherer in the act;—  
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature;<sup>12</sup> who, with Sebastian,—

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding  
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—

[Exit Ariel.]

I will discase me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

*Ari.* Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer, merrily.<sup>13</sup>  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.<sup>14</sup>

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so,—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me,<sup>15</sup> and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.]

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,  
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*Pros.* [Presenting himself] Behold, sir king,  
The wrong'd Duke of Milan, Prospero.  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

bat is torpid in the winter! But to us it seems that "summer" here is an embodiment of that luxurious twilight heat after which the bat himself seems to be eagerly flitting, as he swiftly circles round and round of a warm evening.

(14) *Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.* That this is not mere poetic imagery on Shakespeare's part, there is confirmation pointed out by Holt White in "Virgil," and by Singer in Fairfax's "Tasso," book iv., stanza 18:—

"The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,  
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountains hore,  
And under everie trembling leafe they sit."

(15) *I drink the air before me.* It would be difficult to parallel this little speech with one conveying an equal impression of swift motion. Shakespeare himself has matched it in his Puck's "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes;" and, "I go, I go, look how I go; swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow," where the words seem to dart out with the speed and light leaps of Robin Goodfellow himself. Even in such minute points as this, how eminently characteristic Shakespeare is. Examine severally Ariel's, Puck's, and an ordinary mortal's mode of describing a rapid rider; where Travers, in the opening of "2 Henry IV.," says, "He seem'd in running to devour the way."



And to thee and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whe'r<sup>16</sup> thou be'st he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle<sup>17</sup> to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave—  
An if this be at all—a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should  
Prospero  
Be living, and be here?

*Pros.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pros.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties<sup>18</sup> o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—  
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords,  
were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors: at this time  
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

*Pros.* No.—  
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee,<sup>19</sup> which, perforce, I know  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation;  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have  
lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am woe for't,<sup>20</sup> sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and Patience  
Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.* I rather think,  
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss?

*Pros.* As great to me, as late; and, supportable  
To make the dear loss,<sup>21</sup> have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter?  
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your  
daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,<sup>22</sup>  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth<sup>23</sup> of Milan; who most  
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers  
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,  
I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
wrangle,<sup>24</sup>  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision<sup>25</sup> of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

&c., from Jeremy Taylor: "In man there is nothing admirable but his ignorance and weakness."

(23) *That very duke which was thrust forth.* "Which" used for "who."

(24) *You should wrangle.* To "wrangle" was a term in the game of tennis, to which there is allusion in that passage from Henry V. where he desires the ambassadors to tell the Dauphin—

"He hath made a match with such a wrangler  
That all the courts of France shall be disturb'd  
With chases."

Used thus, to "wrangle" means to run back, and yet not cease to contend. "Wrangling" is also a term in logic, for disputation, altercation. In the playful dissension between the lovers here, over their game of chess, Miranda tells Ferdinand that the stake shall be merely "kingdoms," instead of his gaged "world," and that he might dispute or contend as unfairly as he chose, yet she would allow it to be "fair play."

(25) *If this prove a vision, &c.* One of the commentators remarking that "the sense of this passage is not altogether clear," and proposing to read "not" after "prove," we give what we take to be the meaning of the speech as it stands: 'If this prove to be one of the many illusions I have beheld on this island, that which seems to be my living son will be thus again lost to me, as he was before by my believing him to be drowned.'

(16) *Whe'r.* An old abbreviated form of "whether."

(17) *Some enchanted trifle.* "Trifle" was sometimes used by writers of Shakespeare's time for phantasm, or illusion.

(18) *Taste some subtilties.* "Subtilties" was a name formerly given to certain dishes of quaint device, when our ancestors took delight in dragons, castles, and trees formed of sugar. Curious confectionery, and whimsical shapes in cookery, were a feature at great feasts; and we hear of "the red herring o' horseback," where the likeness of a rider galloping through a green field was represented in salad. Prospero figuratively uses the word "subtilties" for the strange magical devices of which he has given them a "taste," or specimen.

(19) *Require my dukedom of thee.* Prospero here demands from Antonio the usurped Duchy of Milan, which his treachery had made feudatory to the crown of Naples; and which Alonso promises to release from all claim of sovereignty on his part, in the previous words, "Thy dukedom I resign."

(20) *I am woe for't.* An old form of our present phrase, "I am sorry for it."

(21) *The dear loss.* Shakespeare here uses "dear" in its combined senses of dearly prized and direly felt. See Note 13, Act ii.

(22) *So much admire.* "Admire" was formerly used to express simply wonder, without its additional modern sense of wondering with approval. A pertinent example of this is cited by Dean Trench in his valuable little book, "A Select Glossary of English Words,"

*Seb.* A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :  
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to Alon.*]

*Alon.* Now, all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mir.* Oh, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beautiful mankind is ! Oh, brave new world,  
That has such people in't !

*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast  
at play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal ;  
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine ;  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers.  
But, oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness.

*Pros.* There, sir, stop :  
Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept,<sup>26</sup>  
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you  
gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his  
issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? Oh ! rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves  
When no man was his own.<sup>27</sup>

*Alon.* [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gon.* Be it so : Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

Oh, look ! sir, look, sir ! here are more of us.  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely  
found

Our king and company : the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since,<sup>28</sup> we gave out split—  
Is tight and yare,<sup>29</sup> and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit !

*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they  
strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you  
hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd ; straightway, at liberty :  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master  
Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done ?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence !  
Thou shalt be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct<sup>30</sup> of : some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on<sup>31</sup>  
The strangeness of this business : at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
(Which to you shall seem probable<sup>32</sup>) of every  
These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful,

(26) *I have inly wept.* Shakespeare uses "inly" both as an adverb and an adjective. Here, as the former, it means inwardly, in my heart, in secret.

(27) *When no man was his own.* When no man was rightly himself, or had possession of his senses. In this speech, be it noted, is an instance of Shakespeare's way of making one word do multiplied service in a continuous sentence: "found" before "a wife," is also understood before "his dukedom," and before "ourselves."

(28) *Three glasses since.* Here again Shakespeare marks the time of his drama; as also in Alonso's twice mentioning "three hours" in the course of this scene. It has been observed that the unity of time is most rigidly observed in this play; and that from the very particular care he has taken to point out the circumstance, it would seem as if the poet wished to show the strict observers of the unities, that he could conform to established laws and rules as closely as the most pedantic among playwrights, when he chose, and when it suited his own dramatic purpose.

(29) *Yare.* Here used for ready, prepared.

(30) *Conduct.* Frequently used by Shakespeare for "conductor."

(31) *Your mind with beating on, &c.* "Beating" has been illustrated by citing the modern vulgarism, "still hammering at it;" but Shakespeare has before in this play associated the word with the "mind." Both here and in the previous passage, "A turn or two I'll walk, to still my beating mind," he seems to indicate (with his usual force of condensed epithet) that dull, throbbing action of a perplexed mind familiar to those who have been oppressed by troublous thought.

(32) *Which to you shall seem probable.* This, taken in connection with the context to which it is parenthetical, appears to mean, "I will alone and simply explain to you—which explanation shall then seem probable to you—these occurrences which now seem strange." Shakespeare often uses "single" in the sense of "simple," "plain." In an early speech of Ferdinand's (Act i. sc. ii.) it is so used, where he replies (to Prospero's inquiry—"What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?"), "A single thing, as I am now," &c. He means that if his father still lived to hear him speak, he is but a simple individual; whereas, if his father be dead, he himself would then be King of Naples.



And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:  
Set Caliban and his companions free;  
Unite the spell.—[*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no

*Seb.*

Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy them?

*Ant.*

Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish,<sup>33</sup> and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true.<sup>34</sup> This mis-shapen knave—  
His mother was a witch; and one so strong<sup>35</sup>  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command, without her power.<sup>36</sup>



*Alonso.* This is a strange thing as e'er I looked upon. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Prospero.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape.

*Act V. Scene I.*

man take for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio!  
bully-monster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my  
head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—  
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.*

I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

(33) *One of them is a plain fish*; that is, plainly, or evidently, a fish. We find that Caliban strikes those who see him at first sight as being wonderfully like a fish. *Vide* Trinculo's commencing speech, Act ii., s. 2.

(34) *True.* Sometimes used for honest. "Badges" is in allusion to the "trumpery" they have stolen, and now wear.

(35) *A witch; and one so strong, &c.* "Strong" was a commonly-applied term to wretched old women when witchcraft was believed

in. And it was supposed that one of the privileges of witches was to be able to pull down the moon by enchantment.

(36) *Deal in her command, without her power.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "without" in the sense of "beyond;" therefore the meaning of this line seems to be 'deal in the moon's command, or influences, beyond her (the moon's) own power to use it unswayed by witchcraft.'

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?<sup>37</sup>—  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?<sup>38</sup>

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw  
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:  
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* Oh, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but  
a cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one, then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er<sup>39</sup> I looked  
upon. [*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
Take with you your companions: as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

*Pros.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where  
you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away: the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by,  
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belovèd solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,—  
chick,—

That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,—  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island, by your spell;  
But release me from my bands<sup>40</sup>  
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

(37) *Grand liquor that hath gilded them.* "Gilded" was an old cant term for being drunk; and there is moreover an allusion to the alchemist's elixir, which was a preparation of gold.

(38) *In this pickle.* "Pickle," in the question here, is used in the

sense of "mess;" in the answer, in the sense of brine, or preserving meat from being fly-blown.

(39) *This is a strange thing as e'er, &c.* An old form of the phrase we at present use:—"This is as strange a thing as e'er," &c.

(40) *Release me from my bands.* "Bands" was formerly used for "bonds;" and here the rhyme demands that form.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DUKE OF MILAN, father to SILVIA.  
ANTONIO, father to PROTEUS.  
PROTEUS, } the Two Gentlemen.  
VALENTINE, }  
THURIO, a foolish rival to VALENTINE.  
EGLAMOUR, agent for SILVIA in her escape.  
SPEED, servant to VALENTINE.  
LAUNCE, clownish servant to PROTEUS.  
PANTHINO, servant to ANTONIO.  
Host, where JULIA lodges.  
Outlaws, with VALENTINE.  
  
SILVIA, daughter to the Duke, beloved of VALENTINE.  
JULIA, beloved of PROTEUS.  
LUCETTA, her waiting-woman.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—*Sometimes in Verona ; sometimes in Milan ,  
and on the frontiers of Mantua.*





## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.<sup>1</sup>

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—VERONA. *An open place in the city.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:<sup>2</sup>  
Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.  
Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,  
adieu!  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy bead's-man,<sup>3</sup> Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.<sup>4</sup>

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with  
groans;  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's  
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
However,<sup>5</sup> but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquish'd.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance,<sup>6</sup> you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll  
prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you:  
And he that is so yok'd by a fool,  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

(1) This play was first printed in the 1623 Folio; and is supposed by Malone to have been written somewhere about the year 1591. From its internal evidence of style; its youthful exuberance of romance, of prodigal friendship, of extemporaneous falling in love; its robbers, its adventures, its sudden vicissitudes of story, there can be little doubt of "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" having been one of Shakespeare's earliest productions. There has been traced considerable resemblance between portions of its plot and an episode (Felismena) in a Spanish romance ("Diana") translated into English early enough to have met Shakespeare's eye in manuscript, although not published until 1598. As the original romance was very popular in its own country, it is not impossible that some particulars of its narrative may have reached England, and have become known to Shakespeare when quite a lad; and as he was of those who, once hearing points of a story, make them their own, so he may have conceived this play—even though he may not have written it out—before he left Stratford for London. This would be an argument in favour of a cherished theory of ours, that Shakespeare had certain early plays of his in his head, if not in actual manuscript, when he first went up to town, a young fellow of two-and-twenty, in the year 1586.

(2) *Proteus*. This name is throughout spelt *Protheus* in the Folio; but it was not unusual formerly to introduce a superfluous *h* into certain names, as Anthony for Antony. To the fickle, unstable, changeable character thus designated, we have always felt a certain propriety in the poet's assigning the name of Proteus; a sea-deity, whose power of changing his shape has become proverbial as a type of changeableness.

(3) *Bead's-man*. One who prays on behalf of another; *bead*, in Anglo-Saxon, meaning a prayer. The strung or linked grains or small balls, sometimes called a chaplet or rosary, used in the Catholic Church for keeping count when repeating an appointed number of prayers, came to be called 'beads;' and the act—'telling one's beads.' Hence the designation of the common ornament known familiarly as 'beads.'

(4) *Give me not the boots*. A proverbial expression equivalent to 'Don't mock me.' "It boots thee not," means 'it avails thee not,' 'is of no advantage to thee.'

(5) *However*. Elliptically used for 'however resulting,' whether "won" or "lost."

(6) *By your circumstance*. In the first line used for argumentative statement; in the second, for actual state or condition.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker<sup>7</sup> dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
Thou art a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu! my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our  
leave.

To Milan<sup>8</sup> let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell.  
[Exit.]

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love:  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my  
master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for  
Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd  
already,  
And I have play'd the sheep<sup>9</sup> in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shep-  
herd, then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why, then, my horns are his horns,  
whether I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not  
the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and  
my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,  
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for  
wages followest thy master, thy master for wages  
follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry  
"baa."

*Pro.* But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter  
to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter  
to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton,  
gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store  
of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were  
best tether her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best  
pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve  
me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and  
over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your  
lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? [*Speed nods.*] Did  
she nod?

*Speed.* I.<sup>10</sup>

*Pro.* Nod, I; why that's noddly.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod;  
and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together, is—noddly.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it  
together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no; you shall have it for bearing the  
letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear  
with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having  
nothing but the word "noddly" for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow  
purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief:  
what said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the  
matter may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains. [*Giving  
him money.*] What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why, couldst thou perceive so much from  
her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from  
her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your  
letter: and being so hard to me that brought your  
mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling  
your mind.<sup>11</sup> Give her no token but stones; for  
she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as "Take this for thy  
pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you  
have testerned me;<sup>12</sup> in requital whereof, henceforth

(7) *Canker.* A noxious creature that infests flowers, and destroys their tenderest buds. Shakespeare has several allusions to it; none more beautiful than the one in "King John," where Constance, thinking of her boy's rosy cheek, figuratively says—"Now will canker sorrow eat my bud," &c.

(8) *To Milan.* Some editions alter this to "At Milan;" but the line implies—"Let me hear from thee by letters sent to Milan."

(9) *Sheep.* Pronounced 'ship' in Warwickshire and some other English counties.

(10) *I.* The mode in which 'ay' was formerly often written and printed. This explains the quibble here.

(11) *In telling your mind.* Meaning, 'When you tell her your mind.'

(12) *Testerned me.* That is, 'given me sixpence, or a tester;' originally called a testern, from its being a French coin and bearing



carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore. [*Ex. SPEED.*  
I must go send some better messenger:  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—VERONA. *The garden of JULIA's house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheed-fully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle<sup>13</sup> encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you repeat their names, I'll show  
my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?<sup>14</sup>

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure<sup>15</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire<sup>16</sup> that's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* Oh, they love least that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam. [*Gives a letter.*

*Jul.* [*Reads*] "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!<sup>17</sup>

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will you be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she,<sup>18</sup> that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.—

What, ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would it were;  
That you might kill your stomach<sup>19</sup> on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is that you took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

a head, *teste*, or *tête*. It is worthy of remark, that Speed's flippancy exceeds the licensed pertness of a jester, and degenerates into impertinence when speaking with Proteus; thus subtly conveying the dramatist's intention in the character itself. Had Proteus not been the mean, unworthy man he is, as gentleman and lover, Speed had not dared to twit him so broadly with his niggard and reluctant recompence, or to speak in such free terms of the lady Proteus addresses.

(13) *Parle*. Talk; from French *parler*. We have still a form of the word in 'parley'.

(14) *Sir Eglamour*. The gentleman here alluded to is, of course, not the same with his namesake who appears in a subsequent part of the play. We are to suppose the one a Veronese, the other a Milanese.

(15) *Censure*. This word was formerly often used without involving blame or ill-opinion; it merely signified to judge or criticise.

(16) *Fire*. Here pronounced as a dissyllable. It was used either thus or monosyllabically at the pleasure of former writers, according as the need of their rhythm demanded.

(17) *Broker*. Used for a match-maker, a go-between; and sometimes with the utmost degradation and infamy attaching to such agents.

(18) *What fool is she*. A form of phraseology formerly used, where we should now say—'What a fool is she.'

(19) *Stomach*. Here used in the combined sense of 'anger' and 'hunger.'

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in  
rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.<sup>20</sup>

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible.  
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."<sup>21</sup>

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you  
sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song. [*Taking the letter.*]  
How now, minion!

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it  
out:

And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:<sup>22</sup>  
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
Here is a coil<sup>23</sup> with protestation!—[*Tears the letter.*]  
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange; but she would be  
best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the  
same!<sup>24</sup>

Oh, hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ—"Kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ—"Love-wounded Proteus:"  
Poor wounded name!—my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down:—  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!—  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one upon another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales  
here?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.<sup>25</sup>

*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind<sup>26</sup> to them.

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you  
see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.<sup>27</sup>

*Jul.* Come, come; will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—VERONA. A room in ANTONIO's house.

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad<sup>28</sup> talk was  
that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

*Pan.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him?

*Pan.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus your son was meet,

(20) *Set.* Said, in the sense of setting words to music; taken, in the sense of setting store by, prizing, or valuing.

(21) *Light o' Love.* The name of a then popular song; and more than once alluded to by Shakespeare.

(22) *Descant.* A musical term, signifying what we now call 'a variation.' By "a mean," Lucetta intends to say a tenor voice; and she afterwards plays on the word "base," which applies to a voice of low register, and to a period in the game called 'prison-base,' when one player runs, challenging another to pursue. This introduction of quibbles upon musical terms, shows that they were not unfamiliar to the general audience; while the indication that, among other accomplishments, Julia was sufficient mistress of musical composition to set verses to music, gives evidence of the state of cultivation of the art by ladies at that time.

(23) *Coil.* Turmoil, uproar; in familiar parlance, fuss.

(24) *Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!* One of the best modern editors thinks this should form part of Lucetta's speech; adding—"In the mouth of her mistress it seems senseless and absurd." But is it not natural that Julia, overhearing Lucetta's parting muttered fling, should reply by a confession, the moment she is alone, that she would fain be so angered (that is, pre-

tendedly) by the very same letter which she soon flies to, picks up, and eagerly reads? We can fancy her, after this confession, coyly eyeing the torn letter for a few seconds, then—with a shy, furtive glance around, lest she be observed—speeding to the spot where it lies, gathering up the fragments, devouring their contents, and pressing the "loving words" to her lips and bosom. Without this line as its introduction, the speech would come abruptly; and there would be nothing to explain that Julia's previous aversion was assumed.

(25) *For catching cold.* An elliptical mode of expressing, 'for fear of catching cold.'

(26) *A month's mind.* This expression, which passed into familiar use as signifying an earnest wish or longing for anything, is said to have originated in a much more solemn application,—the periodical celebration of mass for the souls of deceased persons, called 'a month's mind.' It probably arose from the strong yearning and devout desire supposed to possess those who offered these obsequial observances on behalf of departed friends.

(27) *Wink.* Shakespeare almost always uses this word to express closing the eyes to the exclusion of sight.

(28) *Sad.* Serious, sedate, grave.





*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee  
in Milan!  
*Valentine.* As much to you at home! and so,  
farewell.  
*Act I. Scene I.*





And did request me to importune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment<sup>29</sup> to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pan.* I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.<sup>30</sup>

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent  
him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-  
phonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
And,—in good time:<sup>31</sup>—now will we break with him.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.  
Oh, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents!  
Oh, heavenly Julia!

*Ant.* How now! what letter are you reading  
there?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or  
two

(29) *Impeachment.* Used here in the sense of imputation, ground of reproach; and in the sense of hindrance, drawback, detriment, as in the French word, *empêchement*. Shakespeare's felicity in employing words that bear varied senses can hardly be too much insisted on, or pointed out. Until his epithets are duly weighed and examined in all their relations to the context, their excellence is hardly sufficiently estimated; and the more they are studied, appreciated, and adopted, the more will be produced largely good effect upon English style.

(30) *The emperor in his royal court.* Some of the early German

Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord; but that he  
writes,

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,  
And daily grac'd by the emperor;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition<sup>32</sup> thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after  
thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of  
burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth<sup>33</sup>

The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,  
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[*Exeunt.*

emperors held their court at Milan, as the capital of their Italian dominions; while the Dukes of Milan were not then sovereign princes, but merely viceroys under the imperial sway.

(31) *In good time.* Appositely; in time fitted to the purpose. Equivalent to the French phrase, *à propos*. The father seeing his son approach, means to say—'Here he comes, just opportunely; and I will break the matter to him at once.'

(32) *Like exhibition.* Similar allowance of money. "Exhibition" is still used in the universities for a stipend.

(33) *Resembleth.* Pronounced here as a four syllable word.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *A room in the Duke's palace.**Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.**Speed.* Sir, your glove.*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.<sup>1</sup>*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!  
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!*Speed [calling].* Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!*Val.* How now, sirrah!*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.*Val.* Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Sylvia?*Speed.* She that your worship loves?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;<sup>2</sup> to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling,<sup>3</sup> like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?*Speed.* They are all perceived without<sup>4</sup> ye.*Val.* Without me! they cannot.*Speed.* Without you! nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would:<sup>5</sup> but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in a vial, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Sylvia?*Speed.* She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, sir?*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.*Val.* What dost thou know?*Speed.* That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.<sup>6</sup>*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.*Val.* Why?*Speed.* Because Love is blind. Oh, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered?<sup>7</sup>*Val.* What should I see then?*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.<sup>8</sup>*Val.* Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.*Speed.* I would you were set;<sup>9</sup> so your affection would cease.*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.*Speed.* And have you?

(1) *But one.* Speed quibbles on the words "on" and "one," which were formerly sounded alike; and sometimes even written so.

(2) *Takes diet.* Observes a regimen for the recovery of health.

(3) *Speak puling.* Talk in a whining voice, or whimperingly. Hallowmas is a name for the feast of All-Hallows, or All-Saints, the 1st November; All-Souls being on the 2nd; at which period it was a custom in the olden time for beggars to go about from house to house collecting alms, in return for which bounty they undertook to pray for the souls of the donors' departed friends.

(4) *Without.* The word is played on here in its various sense of 'outside,' of 'being absent,' and of 'unless.'

(5) *None else would.* Johnson explains this to mean, 'none else would be so simple.' But does it not rather mean, 'unless you

were so simple as to let your love-tokens exteriorly appear, no one would perceive them but myself?

(6) *Account of her beauty.* Appreciate, esteem, value her beauty.

(7) *Ungartered.* A carelessness in attire much affected by enamoured swains in Shakespeare's time; and playfully satirised here, as in "As You Like It," iii. 2.

(8) *Cannot see to put on your hose.* It should seem that Sir Valentine has fallen into the lover-like ill-adjustment of apparel which calls forth this gibe from his serving-man, as it is probable that the word 'properly' must be understood after "hose."

(9) *Set.* The punning Speed uses the word here in its sense of 'seated' (as opposed to "stand" in the preceding speech) and of being fixed or attached firmly; as we say 'set your affections upon.'



*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—  
Peace! here she comes.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* [*Aside*] Oh, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.



*Julia.* I would I knew his mind.

*Lucetta.* Peruse this paper, madam.

Act I. Scene II.

Enter SILVIA.

*Speed.* [*Aside*] Oh, excellent motion!<sup>10</sup> Oh, exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant,<sup>11</sup> to you two thousand.

*Speed.* [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

'set your heart upon.' The concluding words, "so your affection would cease," confirm this; as, while they seem to predict the extinction of Valentine's love, they imply only cessation from moving.

(10) *Motion.* The name given to a puppet-show, and to its puppets. The showman was called 'the interpreter.' Speed

seeing the lady approach, his master advance, and their mutual amenities in meeting, alludes to her as a well-dressed figure, a doll, and to his master as the one who will supply her with speech by opening the dialogue.

(11) *Servant.* A name formerly given to a lady's admirers or suitors.



*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very  
clerkly<sup>12</sup> done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much  
pains?

*Val.* No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much:  
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;  
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;—  
And yet take this again—and yet I thank you,  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another  
yet.

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not  
like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly<sup>13</sup> writ;  
But since unwillingly, take them again;  
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*]

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;  
But I will none of them; they are for you:  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.  
*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake read it  
over:

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam! what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your  
labour:

And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

*Speed.* Oh, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a  
steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her  
suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Oh, excellent device! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write  
the letter?

*Val.* How now, sir! what, are you reasoning<sup>14</sup>  
with yourself?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have  
the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself: why, she woos you by a  
figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me.

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made

you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive  
the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, sir. But did  
you perceive her earnest?<sup>15</sup>

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she delivered, and  
there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;  
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print,<sup>16</sup> for in print I found it.—  
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir; though the came-  
leon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am  
nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat.  
Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.<sup>17</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—VERONA. The garden of JULIA's house.

*Enter* PROTEUS and JULIA.

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not,<sup>18</sup> you will return the  
sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*Pro.* Why, then, we'll make exchange; here,  
take you this. [*Gives her another.*]

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;  
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!  
My father stays my coming; answer not;  
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;  
That tide will stay me longer than I should:  
Julia, farewell! [*Exit* JULIA.]

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come.—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*]

(12) *Clerkly.* Like a scholar.

(13) *Quaintly.* This word formerly bore more varied signi-  
fication than it does now. Here it means cleverly, dexterously,  
ingeniously.

(14) *Reasoning.* Sometimes used for talking, conversing, dis-  
cussing; as *ragionare* in Italian.

(15) *Earnest.* Used in opposition to "jest;" and in the sense of  
'pledge,' or token of future and farther bestowal.

(16) *In print.* Literally, exactly. Speed pretends to quote pre-  
cisely some lines he has read.

(17) *Be moved.* Used quibblingly for 'have compassion on my  
hunger,' and for 'move on towards the dinner-table.'

(18) *Turn not.* Turn not from your pledged love and faith.



SCENE III.—VERONA. *A street.**Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind<sup>19</sup> of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worser sole. This shoe is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing!" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—oh, that she could speak now! like a wood woman!<sup>20</sup>—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down.<sup>21</sup> Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Launce.* For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail!

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my

tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Launce.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—MILAN. *A room in the Duke's palace.**Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant,—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress, then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.<sup>22</sup>

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How!

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind ofameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

(19) *Kind.* Used for kindred.(20) *Wood woman.* "Wood" is an old word for crazy, distracted, mad.(21) *Up and down.* An expression formerly in use, meaning something similar to our modern phrase, 'out and out,' or 'beyond

mistake;' it is used here also to express the panting of old Mrs. Launce's "breath."

(22) *Quote it in your jerkin.* "Quote" being formerly often pronounced like *coat*, affords the pun here. To "quote" was sometimes used for to note, to remark, to observe.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news ?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,  
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord ; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well ?

*Val.* I know him as myself ; for from our infancy  
We have convers'd and spent our hours together :  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath Sir Proteus,—for that's his name,—  
Made use and fair advantage of his days :  
His years but young, but his experience old ;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;  
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—  
He is complete in feature<sup>23</sup> and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew<sup>24</sup> me, sir ; but if he make this  
good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates ;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile :  
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been  
he.

*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth.  
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—  
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.  
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*]

*Val.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners  
still.

*Sil.* Nay, then, he should be blind ; and, being  
blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you ?

*Val.* Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself :  
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

*Sil.* Have done, have done ; here comes the  
gentleman.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus !—Mistress, I beseech you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability :—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome ?

*Pro.* That you are worthless.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Madam, my lord your father would speak  
with you.

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Att.*]

Come, Sir Thurio,  
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome :  
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;  
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit SILVIA and THURIO.*]

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you  
came ?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much  
commended.

*Val.* And how do yours ?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady ? and how thrives your  
love ?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you ;  
I know your joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now ;  
I have done penance for contemning Love ;  
Whose high imperious<sup>25</sup> thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
Oh, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,<sup>26</sup>  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth !  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

(23) *Feature.* Often used for general personal appearance as well as for lineament.

(24) *Beshrew.* A minor form of imprecation, equivalent to 'ill betide.' A shrew, or a shrewish woman, was called a curst woman ; and Bacon says that an ant is "a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden," meaning a cursed thing, a mischievous thing.

(25) *Imperious.* Despotic, authoritative, predominant.

(26) *No woe to his correction, &c.* The word 'equal' is understood between "woe" and "to." There is a similar form of elliptical expression in the next line ; and farther on :—"All I can is nothing to her ;" where "to" has the force of 'compared with.' It was by no means an uncommon idiom when Shakespeare wrote.





*Silvia.* Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;  
But since unwillingly, take them again;  
Nay, take them.

*Act II. Scene I.*









THE TWO MEN  
AND THE LADY  
BY J. W. GILBERT



*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* Oh, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality,<sup>27</sup>  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any;  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing:  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine  
own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our  
marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,  
The ladder made of cords; and all the means  
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:  
I must unto the road,<sup>28</sup> to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use;  
And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste?

*Pro.* I will. [Exeunt VALENTINE and SPEED.

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it her mien,<sup>29</sup> or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont:  
Oh, but I love his lady too too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,<sup>30</sup>  
That thus without advice begin to love her!  
'Tis but her picture<sup>31</sup> I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled<sup>32</sup> my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,<sup>33</sup>  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.

#### SCENE V.—MILAN. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to  
Milan.

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for  
I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a  
man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never  
welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid,  
and the hostess say, "Welcome."

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-  
house with you presently; where, for one shot of  
fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.  
But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam  
Julia?

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they  
parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How, then? shall he marry her?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why, then, how stands the matter with  
them?

*Launce.* Marry, thus; when it stands well with  
him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou! I understand  
thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst  
not! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou sayest?

(27) *Principality*. A name assigned to one order of angelic beings. The word is here used by Valentine to express that Silvia is princely and supreme among earthly women, and worthy to rank among angels.

(28) *Road*. Roadstead, harbour, where ships may ride at anchor.

(29) *Is it her mien?* The Folio "It is mine," and other readings, have been proposed; but "mien" accords with "her true perfection," in forming antithesis to "Valentinus' praise" and "false transgression." Moreover, there is a passage in "Merry Wives,"

i. 3, where "the revolt of mine" is probably a misprint for "the revolt of mien."

(30) *Advice*. Used first for 'consideration' in the sense of observing, looking at appreciatingly; secondly, for 'consideration' in the sense of circumspection, care for consequences.

(31) *Her picture*. Her exterior beauty.

(32) *Dazzled*. Must here be sounded as a trisyllable.

(33) *Perfections*. Used here for mental attractions, in contradistinction to the personal attractions he has expressed by the word "picture" just above.



*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian.<sup>34</sup> Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]



*Silvia.* No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Act II. Scene IV.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou perverse ass, thou mistakest me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

(34) *Go to the ale with a Christian.* Launce having used the words "Hebrew," "Jew," and "Christian," chooses to call the alehouse by this abbreviation, that it may humour his whim of confounding it with an "Ale," or "Church-Ale," the names given to certain

SCENE VI.—MILAN. A room in the Duke's palace.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:  
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.  
Oh sweet-suggesting<sup>35</sup> Love, if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;

ecclesiastical festivals where ale-drinking formed part of the holiday merry-making.

(35) *Suggesting.* Tempting, inciting, alluring



And he wants wit, that wants resolvèd will  
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd<sup>36</sup>  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave<sup>37</sup> to love, and yet I do;  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;

Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.  
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;  
Myself in counsel, his competitor.<sup>38</sup>  
Now presently I'll give her father notice  
Of their disguising, and pretended<sup>39</sup> flight;  
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;  
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,



*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail  
and say nothing, it will.

*Act II. Scene V.*

If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,—  
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself;  
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembering that my love to her is dead;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself,

By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—VERONA. *A room in JULIA's house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:  
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—  
Who art the table<sup>40</sup> wherein all my thoughts

(36) *Preferr'd.* Used in its sense of exalted, raised, advanced; as well as in its sense of regarded with preference.

(37) *Leave.* Used for leave off, discontinue.

(38) *In counsel, his competitor.* Admitted to his counsel, as his assistant, or coadjutor. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "competitor" for partner, confederate. Here the sentence is em-

ployed with peculiar effect; Proteus conscious that he is admitted to his friend's counsel as an auxiliary, while he gives him counsel knowing himself to be his rival.

(39) *Pretended.* Purposed, intended. French, *prétendre*.

(40) *Table.* Used for the tablets, made of ivory or slate; and kept in the pocket for noting down memoranda.

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—  
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps:  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly;  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's  
food?

Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch<sup>41</sup> of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot  
fire,  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it  
burns:

The current that with gentle murmur glides  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent  
The rude encounters of assailing men:  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your  
doublet?

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleasèd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances as infinite of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect!  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;  
His heart, as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come  
to him!

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that  
wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:  
Only deserve my love by loving him;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.<sup>42</sup>  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.  
Come, answer not, but to it presently;  
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An ante-room in the Duke's  
palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;  
We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would dis-  
cover

(41) *Inly touch.* Shakespeare uses the word "touch" with varied and powerful meaning. Here—joined with "inly" for inward, or rather innermost—it conveys the idea of that fine and subtle feeling which penetrates to the heart's core.

(42) *Longing journey.* It has been proposed to exchange this

epithet for 'loving.' But could there be a more Shakespearianly comprehensive word used here than "longing?" Julia, who has just talked of having "pinèd," "longing" for the sight of Proteus, now speaks of the journey that she longs to take, that she longs to reach the end of, and longingly hopes to crown by beholding him.



On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;  
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your timeless<sup>1</sup> grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court;  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>2</sup> might err,  
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—  
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,<sup>3</sup>  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly  
That my discovery be not aim'd at;<sup>4</sup>  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.<sup>5</sup>

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenour of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeming<sup>6</sup> such a wife as your fair daughter:  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,  
froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice,<sup>7</sup> hath drawn my love from her;  
And, where<sup>8</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in:  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady in Milano<sup>9</sup> here,  
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,  
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—  
For long ago I have forgot to court;  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,—  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
For why<sup>10</sup> the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets<sup>11</sup> but one may enter at her window?

(1) *Timeless.* Used for untimely, premature.

(2) *Jealous aim.* Suspicion. Shakespeare occasionally uses "aim" and "aimed" thus figuratively for a conjecture pointing at or directed against some object.

(3) *Suggested.* Tempted, enticed, allured.

(4) *Aimed at.* Guessed at.

(5) *Pretence.* Intention, purpose, design.

(6) *Qualities beseeming, &c.* The way in which Valentine here belies his own dignity as a gentleman, and compromises that of his mistress as a lady worthy all excellence in the match she should make, by speaking thus untruly of the husband proposed, affords

one of the many evidences that this play was one of Shakespeare's earliest compositions.

(7) *Upon advice.* On consideration.

(8) *Where.* Often used for whereas.

(9) *Milano.* The Folio prints 'Verona' here by mistake for "Milano;" and there are one or two similar substitutions of one town's name for another in the old copy of this play. Pope made the corrections.

(10) *For why.* An old form of 'because,' 'for this reason that.'

(11) *What lets.* "Let" formerly bore a precisely opposite sense

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why, then, a ladder, quaintly<sup>12</sup> made of  
cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me  
that.

*Duke.* This very night; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may  
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the  
turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

[*Puts open VALENTINE'S cloak.*

What letter is this same? What's here?—"To  
Silvia!"

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:  
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying!  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for<sup>13</sup> they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—  
Why, Phaëton,<sup>14</sup>—for thou art Merops' son,—  
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours  
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living  
torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon:  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,<sup>15</sup>  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:<sup>16</sup>  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

*Launce.* So-ho, so-ho!

*Pro.* What see'st thou?

*Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair<sup>17</sup>  
on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Launce.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I  
strike?

*Pro.* Who would'st thou strike?

*Launce.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Launce.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray  
you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine,  
a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good  
news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
What is your news?

to the one it bears at present: now meaning allow, permit; formerly,  
hinder, prevent.

(12) *Quaintly.* Deftly, neatly, cleverly.

(13) *For.* Used here in the sense of 'because,' 'for that.'

(14) *Phaëton.* The Duke calls Valentine thus for his rash ambi-  
tion; and alludes to Phaëton's claiming to be the son of the god  
Phœbus, while reputed to be the son of the mortal Merops.

(15) *Leave to be.* Cease to exist.

(16) *To fly his deadly doom.* By flying, or in flying, the Duke's  
sentence of death. It is a French idiom; the infinitive mood used  
instead of a participle.

(17) *A hair.* Launce cries "So-ho!" as though he were hunting  
a hare, and then plays on the word.





*Duke.* Be gone ! I will not hear thy vain excuse ;  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.  
*Act III. Scene I.*

L. CHAPON.





*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

*Pro.* That thou art banishèd—oh, that's the news!—

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* Oh, I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,— Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,— A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd; With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxèd pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of biding there.

*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life: If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear, As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence; Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.<sup>18</sup> The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate; And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love-affairs. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy, Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

*Val.* Oh, my dear Silvia!—Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.<sup>19</sup> He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in

love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cat-log of her conditions. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

*Launce.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest; I can.

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Launce.* Oh, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

*Launce.* There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!<sup>20</sup>

*Speed.* [*Reads.*] "Item, She can milk."

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* "Item, She brews good ale."

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* "Item, She can sew."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* "Item, She can knit."

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?<sup>21</sup>

*Speed.* "Item, She can wash and scour."

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* "Item, She can spin."

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard

(18) *Bosom of thy love.* It was formerly the fashion for women's stays to be made with a small pocket, wherein they kept love-letters and love-tokens; hence arose the custom for gallants to address their missives as Hamlet inscribes his to Ophelia:—"In her excellent white bosom, these."

(19) *But one knave.* Possibly Launce means 'but a single knave;' that is, an unmarried one. So long as his master does not crown his knavery by making his friend's intended wife his own, Launce thinks it passable; and while he thus indicates his discovery of

his master's love-secret, proceeds to the discussion of his own. "One knave" may also be meant in contradistinction to 'double-dealer,' which is used by Shakespeare for one who is false to love-vows.

(20) *Saint Nicholas.* The patron saint of children and of scholars. Probably from the link of 'clever fellows,' thieves were called "Saint Nicholas's clerks;" a cant name given to them in "1 Henry IV.," ii. 1.

(21) *Stock.* An old form of stocking.

virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* "Here follow her vices."

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."<sup>22</sup>

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* "Item, She is slow in words."

*Launce.* Oh, villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* "Item, She is proud."

*Launce.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath no teeth."

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* "Item, She is curst."<sup>23</sup>

*Launce.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* "Item, She is too liberal."

*Launce.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Launce.* More hair than wit,—it may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt<sup>24</sup> hides the salt, and therefore it's more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* "And more faults than hairs,"—

*Launce.* That's monstrous: oh, that that were out!

*Speed.* "And more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me!

*Launce.* For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? plague of your love-letters! *[Exit.]*

*Launce.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.—MILAN. A room in the Duke's palace.

*Enter DUKE and THURIO.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenchèd<sup>25</sup> in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

*Enter PROTEUS.*

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—

For thou hast shown some sign of good desert— Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persèvers<sup>26</sup> so. What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,— Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it: Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;

(22) *A sweet mouth.* What is now called 'a sweet tooth;' though Launce takes it in its more usual and literal sense. Shakespeare has here shown his knowledge of the fact, that an inordinate liking for and consumption of sweetmeats leads to injury of the stomach and consequent spoiling of the breath.

(23) *Curst.* Shrewish.

(24) *The cover of the salt.* The saltcellar, in old English days, was

large and covered; forming an important article on the dinner-table, and, placed somewhere near midway, serving as an indication of rank where various classes sat down to meals together. 'Above the salt' were placed those of superior grade; 'below the salt,' their inferiors.

(25) *Trenchèd.* Cut, carved. French, *tranché*.

(26) *Persèvers.* Shakespeare frequently thus accents the word 'persevere.'



'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
Especially against his very<sup>27</sup> friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd my lord: if I can do it  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

You are already Love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect:—



*Thurio Outlaw.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone, these are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Act IV. Scene I.

She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this weed her love<sup>28</sup> from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me;<sup>29</sup>  
Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this  
kind,  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;  
You must lay lime<sup>30</sup> to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred  
poesy.

*Pro.* Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity:<sup>31</sup>

(27) *Very.* True: Latin, *verus*. The title of one of Massinger's plays is 'A very Woman.' In this passage, "his very friend" means his own friend, his particular friend.

(28) *Weed her love.* Shakespeare uses "weed" as we now say 'weed out;' to eradicate, to take away from. "To weed my vice," &c., "Measure for Measure," iii. 2. "To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain," "Love's Labour Lost," v. 2.

(29) *To bottom it on me.* A 'bottom' is a term used by seamstresses for that on which silk or thread is wound.

(30) *Lime.* Birdlime.

(31) *Such integrity.* Used here for integrity of such proceedings as have just been described. By this kind of transposition, Shakespeare sometimes makes a small word like "such" do duty elliptically in relation to a previous topic.



For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet consort;<sup>32</sup> to their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump:<sup>33</sup> the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit<sup>34</sup> her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently,  
To sort<sup>35</sup> some gentlemen well skill'd in music:  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it: I will pardon you.<sup>36</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The frontiers of MANTUA. A forest.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

*First Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

*Sec. Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Third Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone: these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

*First Out.* That's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

*Sec. Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

*Third Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.<sup>1</sup>

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.  
A man I am cross'd with adversity:  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

*Sec. Out.* Whither travel you?

*Val.* To Verona.

*First Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

*Third Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

*Val.* Some sixteen months;<sup>2</sup> and longer might  
have stay'd,  
If crook'd fortune had not thwarted me.

*First Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

*Sec. Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
And yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage or base treachery.

*First Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

*Sec. Out.* Have you the tongues?<sup>3</sup>

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had been miserable.

*Third Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,<sup>4</sup>

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

*First Out.* We'll have him:—sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain!

*Sec. Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*Third Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men:<sup>5</sup>  
Myself was from Verona banish'd  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir,<sup>6</sup> and near allied unto the duke.

(32) *Consort.* Formerly used for a company of musicians. Shakespeare makes Mercutio take the word in this sense, where he says, "Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?"

(33) *Dump.* A mournful ditty, an elegiac strain.

(34) *Inherit.* This word was formerly used to indicate possession, without reference to obtaining by heirship.

(35) *Sort.* Select, choose.

(36) *I will pardon you.* I will excuse your attendance.

(1) *A proper man.* A comely, well-proportioned, finely-made man.

(2) *Some sixteen months.* An instance of Shakespeare's mode of indicating dramatic long time.

(3) *Have you the tongues?* Can you speak different languages?

(4) *Robin Hood's fat friar.* Friar Tuck. That the bold outlaws of Sherwood Forest should be cited by those of the Mantuan

Forest, need hurt no one's sense of appropriateness who recollects that the poet's license includes the right to introduce all that serves to heighten impression; and the introduction of a well-known English outlaw's name before an English popular audience would infallibly impress Shakespeare's hearers with extra vivid consciousness of outlaw presence.

(5) *Awful men.* Men calculated to inspire awe and respect; men of worth, probity, and dignity. There is significance of lawful authority and position included in Shakespeare's use of this word; not only here, but in other passages: such, for instance, as the one in "Taming of the Shrew," "awful rule and right supremacy;" in "2 Henry IV.," iv. 1, "come within our awful banks again;" and v. 2, "pluck down justice from your awful bench."

(6) *A lady, an heir.* "Heir" was used not only for a male inheritor, but for an heiress. The word "near" is misprinted "niece" in the Folio; Theobald made the correction.



*Sec. Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my mood,<sup>7</sup> I stabb'd unto the heart.

*First Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;  
And partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape, and by your own report  
A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
As we do in our quality<sup>8</sup> much want,—

*Sec. Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.  
Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*Third Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of  
our consort?<sup>9</sup>  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:  
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

*First Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

*Sec. Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you,  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly<sup>10</sup> women or poor passengers.

*Third Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,<sup>11</sup>  
And show thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *The court of the Duke's palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer:  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,  
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lov'd:  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,<sup>12</sup>

(7) *Mood.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word for wrath, resentment.

(8) *Quality.* Professional avocation or pursuit.

(9) *Consort.* Band, gang, fellowship.

(10) *Silly.* Innocent, harmless, helpless. Shakespeare has used this word in various places, with its older and more favourable significations; and with its more modern and less advantageous meaning. Archbishop Trench has shown how "silly" has passed into various declensions of signification; from blessed, innocent, harmless, down to weakly, foolish.

(11) *Bring thee to our cave.* This last word was printed "crewes" in the Folio; and though Shakespeare has elsewhere used "crew" for a company, a set of people, yet being in the plural here, it looks very like a misprint. That "cave" is the right word, seems strongly supported by "show thee all the treasure we have got," in the next line; and there is mention of "our captain's cave" in the third scene of the fifth act. The substitution was made by Mr. Collier's MS. corrector.

(12) *Sudden quips.* Sharp retorts, keen fleers and flouts.

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before  
us?<sup>13</sup>

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who? Silvia?<sup>14</sup>

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest;—methinks you're  
allicholy: I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be  
merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you  
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman  
that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.<sup>15</sup>

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark, hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay; but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?—  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness:  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now! are you sadder than you were  
before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

(13) *Crept before us.* It is curious to note how, in slight touches, in mere passing words, as in broad painting, the poet contrives to fill up and keep perpetually before us the distinctive marks of his characters. In that little monosyllable "crept" here introduced,—no less than by the preceding soliloquy and the more manifest passages throughout the play,—the essential meanness that characterises Proteus is delineated. Through the impression produced upon other persons in the drama, Shakespeare often thus subtly conveys the impression he desires to produce on his audience; and in Thurio's expression "crept," we seem to see Proteus as even the obtuse Thurio instinctively sees him,—a cringing, stealthy-stepped, base-souled man.

(14) *Who? Silvia?* Among writers of Shakespeare's time, "who" where we should now write 'whom,' 'she' for 'her,' 'he' for 'him,'—and their respective reverse use,—were not considered blemishes or inaccuracies of style.

(15) *That will be music.* One of those brief but all-eloquent sentences that Shakespeare puts into the mouths of his women, giving a passionate heart-history in four words.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes<sup>16</sup> me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit,—when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.<sup>17</sup>

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry, for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At St. Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO and Musicians.]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass<sup>18</sup> yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish: my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; But she is dead.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it; For I am sure she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him with thy importunacy?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his grave Assure thyself my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence; Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] He heard not that.

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep; For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it, And make it but a shadow, as I am.

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well<sup>19</sup> To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight, That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, and SILVIA above.]

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom,<sup>20</sup> I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

*Jul.* Not so, but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.<sup>21</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* This is the hour that Madam Silvia Entreated me to call and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

SILVIA re-appears above, at her window.

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,<sup>22</sup>

(16) *Likes*. Said in the sense of 'pleases'; answered apparently in the same sense, but really in the sense of 'approves,' 'loves.'

(17) *Out of all nick*. Beyond all means of reckoning. The mark made on wooden tallies, when they were used for keeping accounts by making notches upon them, was called a "nick."

(18) *Compass*. Achieve. Proteus here uses "compass" in the combined senses that Shakespeare has occasionally assigned it; and means to infer that he wishes to gain a knowledge of Silvia's will, that he may perform its behests.

(19) *Become you well*. "Become" is here used for befit; make suitable, render appropriate.

(20) *Halidom*. The terminating syllable is used as in the words 'kingdom,' 'Christendom,' &c.; and the first portion is derived from the Saxon *halig*, sacred, holy.

(21) *Most heaviest*. The double superlative and the double comparative were not unfrequently used in Shakespeare's time, on occasions when peculiar force of emphasis was needful.

(22) *Impose*. Used as a noun for that which is imposed. An





*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry.  
*Julia.* But shall I hear him speak?  
*Host.* Ay, that you shall.  
*Act IV. Scene II.*





I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—  
Valiant, wise, remorseful,<sup>23</sup> well accomplish'd.  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.  
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.<sup>24</sup>  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company, and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances;<sup>25</sup>  
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
I give consent to go along with you;  
Recking<sup>26</sup> as little what betideth me,  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.* At Friar Patrick's cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship.  
Good morrow, gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt EGLAMOUR, and SILVIA above.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the  
cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I  
brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drown-  
ing, when three or four of his blind brothers and  
sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one  
would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I

was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia  
from my master; and I came no sooner into the  
dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,  
and steals her capon's leg. Oh, 'tis a foul thing  
when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I  
would have, as one should say, one that takes upon  
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all  
things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take  
a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had  
been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered  
for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into  
the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs,  
under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless  
the mark!) a snuffing while, but all the chamber  
smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What  
cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says  
the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having  
been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was  
Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog:  
"Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?"  
"Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the  
more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you  
wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me  
out of the chamber. How many masters would do this  
for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in  
the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he  
had been executed. I have stood on the pillory for  
geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.  
—Thou thinkest not of this now! Nay, I remember  
the trick you served me when I took my leave of  
Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and  
do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg  
against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever  
see me do such a trick?

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please: I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—[*To LAUNCE*] How now,  
you rascal peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Launce.* Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the  
dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says your dog was a cur,  
and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such  
a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not; here have I  
brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Launce.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen  
from me by the hangman boys<sup>27</sup> in the market-place:

'imposition' is a term still used in college for a task set as a penalty. "Impose" is here employed for injunction, command.

(23) *Remorseful.* Compassionate, full of pity and kindly commiseration.

(24) *Upon whose faith and honour I repose.* Shakespeare has shown how Silvia, who trusts in Valentine's constancy, and loathes Proteus's inconstancy, would especially confide in Sir Eglamour, who is vowed to constancy upon his lost lady's grave, safely choosing him for faithful guide and protector in her flight.

(25) *I pity much your grievances; which, &c.* Although this sentence is somewhat crampedly expressed, it appears to mean:—"I pity the grievances of which you have to complain; but as I know

how virtuously you bear them, and how little you deserve them, I give consent, &c." "Grievances" are generally explained to mean here 'griefs'; but the enforced marriage with a man whom her soul abhors, the most unholy match from which she would fly, seem to give support to the word being taken in its usual meaning of injuries menaced or inflicted, grounds for complaint.

(26) *Recking.* Heeding, caring for, taking reckoning of.

(27) *Hangman boys.* Printed "Hangmans boyes" in the Folio. But Shakespeare uses "hangman" as an epithet for a mischievous boy in "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 2, where Don Pedro says—"He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him." Adding a superfluous "s" is a frequent mistake in the Folio.

and then I offered her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.  
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?  
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!<sup>28</sup>

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;  
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,  
Which—if my augury deceive me not—  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;  
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:  
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.<sup>29</sup>

*Jul.* It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave<sup>30</sup> her token.

She's dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, Alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose

But pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia.  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.  
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;  
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter:—that's her chamber:—tell my lady  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?  
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.  
Alas, poor fool!<sup>31</sup> why do I pity him,  
That with his very heart despiseth me?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will:  
And now am I—unhappy messenger!—  
To plead for that which I would not obtain;  
To carry that which I would have refus'd;  
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true confirm'd love;  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly  
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* Oh,—he sends you for a picture?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.—

[*Picture brought.*]

Go give your master this: tell him, from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

[*Gives a letter.*]

Pardon me, madam: I have unadvis'd  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*]

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.— [*Gives back the first letter.*]

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

[*Tears the second letter.*]

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times  
His Julia gave it him at his departure.  
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her.  
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:  
To think upon her woes I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:  
When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you:  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask<sup>32</sup> away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

(28) *Still an end.* A usual expression for perpetually, never-endingly.

(29) *She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.* 'Who' understood before 'deliver'd.'

(30) *Leave.* Used for part with, give away, give up, relinquish.

(31) *Poor fool!* An expression used by Shakespeare more in the

sense of compassionate tenderness, than in that of describing folly; though here there is also a spice of the latter indicated, as Julia thinks of her weakness in still loving the faithless Proteus.

(32) *Sun-expelling mask.* A "mask" formed part of a lady's outdoor attire, as a protection to the complexion. We find in Act v. 2, &c., that Silvia wears a mask when she is met in the forest.





*Val.* I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.  
*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I: . . .  
*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou.

*Act V. Scene IV.*





*Sil.* How tall was she?<sup>33</sup>

*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;  
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
And at that time I made her weep a-good;<sup>34</sup>

For I did play a lamentable part:  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning<sup>35</sup>  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.—  
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—  
I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
Farewell.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you  
know her. [*Exit SILVIA with attendants.*]  
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
Alas! how love can trifle with itself!  
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:  
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:  
If that be all the difference in his love,  
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.  
Her eyes are grey as glass;<sup>36</sup> and so are mine:  
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.  
What should it be that he respects in her,  
But I can make respective<sup>37</sup> in myself,  
If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
Come, shadow, come,<sup>38</sup> and take this shadow up,  
For 'tis thy rival. Oh, thou senseless form,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd!  
And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
My substance should be statue<sup>39</sup> in thy stead.  
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An abbey.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky;  
And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet  
me.

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time;  
So much they spur their expedition.  
See where she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

Lady, a happy evening!

*Sil.* Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,  
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

(33) *How tall was she?* One of the commentators thinks this should be "*How tall is she?*" But this throwing a subject from present tense into past tense, or the reverse, is not unfrequent in Shakespeare; and serves to give a certain spirited effect to the narration when, as here, the impression to be produced is of uncertain period. The speakers are mentioning Julia, and talking of her as a third person, and as absent, though she is herself one of the speakers, and present; and she, conscious of this, has thrown the subject partly into the past tense by the words "*hath been fairer*," and "*was as fair as you*." Then Silvia's question follows naturally, "*How tall was she?*" producing the impression of a person passed away,—exactly that which Julia wished to convey.

(34) *A-good.* An expression of the time equivalent to 'in good earnest,' or 'heartily.'

(35) *Passioning.* 'To passion' was a verb in use formerly; and it is believed that emotional utterance and action were included in the word, as well as emotional feeling.

(36) *Her eyes are grey as glass.* In Chaucer we find the same simile; and a poetical one it is; for glass formerly was sufficiently

*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;  
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

*Pro.* Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?

*Pro.* No; that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] But love will not<sup>1</sup> be spurr'd to  
what it loathes.

blue in colour to imply the azure hue, while the crystal clearness is likewise presented to the imagination.

(37) *Respective.* There are in this word that Julia uses the blended meanings of worthy of being regarded, and having relative worth to what is beautiful in Silvia. Shakespeare generally employs it in the sense simply of regardful, considerate.

(38) *Come, shadow, &c.* Julia calls herself a "shadow," being in disguise; and the picture a "shadow," as Silvia has before called it so.

(39) *Statue.* Though this word was sometimes used formerly for picture, it rather here means image, representation, embodied shape.

(1) *But love will not, &c.* This speech is in the Folio assigned to Proteus; and Julia's next, beginning "'Tis true, such pearls," &c., is there given to Thurio. They are both completely in character with the comments which she makes aside, as a by-stander and an observer of the scene. The amount of misprinted prefixes to speeches in the Folio are incredible to those who have not counted them. We have reckoned up nearly a hundred, most of them obvious blunders, and the rest very probable ones.

*Thu.* What says she to my face?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is, Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

*Jul.* [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

*Thu.* What says she to my valour?

*Pro.* Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

*Thu.* What says she to my birth?

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?

*Pro.* Oh, ay; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.<sup>2</sup>

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest: Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she, But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not. These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, But mount you presently; and meet with me Upon the rising of the mountain-foot That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled: Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish<sup>3</sup> girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour, Than for the love of reckless<sup>4</sup> Silvia. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love, Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

(2) *Out by lease.* This is said in reply to Thurio's question respecting his "possessions;" which word he uses in its sense of worldly goods, estates, and which Proteus replies to in such a way that he shall seem to take it in the same sense (by saying he pities the lands for being let on lease, and therefore out of their owner's keeping), and yet really take it in the sense of mental endowments (by saying they don't belong to Thurio, that he has none).

(3) *Peevish.* Wilful, perverse. The word has been used in this

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love, Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The frontiers of MANTUA. The forest.*

*Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.*

*First Out.* Come, come;

Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*Sec. Out.* Come, bring her away.

*First Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

*Third Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us.

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled; The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

[*Exeunt all except First Outlaw and SILVIA.*]

*First Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any; And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses and record my woes.<sup>5</sup>

Oh, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

[*Noise heard.*]

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger<sup>6</sup> in chase.

They love me well; yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.—

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

[*Retires.*]

*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,— Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—

same sense at the beginning of the Third Act: "She is peevish, sullen, froward."

(4) *Reckless.* Unheedful, thoughtless, unregardful.

(5) *Record my woes.* To "record" is to sing; as birds sing, when taught by a small flute called a 'recorder.' Shakespeare uses the verb in the same way, "Pericles," iv.—(Gower.)

(6) *Have some unhappy passenger.* If 'and' be understood before "have," the passage is clear.



To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
That would have forc'd your honour and your love :  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,<sup>7</sup> but one fair look ;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear !

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

*Sil.* Oh, miserable, unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

*Sil.* Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O Heaven, be judge how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
And full as much—for more there cannot be—  
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus !

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,<sup>8</sup>

When women cannot love where they're belov'd !

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths, and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,  
And that's far worse than none ; better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love

Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

*Sil.* O Heaven !

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.

*Val.* [*Coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;—

Thou friend of an ill fashion !

*Pro.* Valentine !

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love ;—

For such is a friend now ;—treacherous man !

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes : naught but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,  
I have one friend alive : thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand  
Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest : Oh, time most curst !  
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender't here ; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest.—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleas'd.

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.<sup>9</sup>

*Jul.* Oh, me unhappy !

[*Faints.*]

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ! what's the matter ? Look up ; speak.

*Jul.* Oh, good sir, my master charg'd me  
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia ;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy ?

*Jul.* Here 'tis ; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

*Pro.* How ! let me see :—

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* Oh, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook :  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*]

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring ?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me ;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How ! Julia !

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,<sup>10</sup>  
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !

O Proteus ! let this habit make thee blush :

Be thou asham'd that I have took<sup>11</sup> upon me

Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live

In a disguise of love.<sup>12</sup>

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

(7) *Meed.* Reward, recompense.

(8) *Still approv'd.* Perpetually proved by experience to be the case.

(9) *All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.* This line,—the overstrained generosity of which startles most sedate readers,—is precisely in keeping with the previous speech, and with Valentine's character. He is a man of impulse, of warm, quick feelings, full of romance and enthusiasm ; he is willing to make a heroic sacrifice to show his suddenly restored faith in his repentant friend, and works himself up to the requisite pitch of superhuman courage by the emulative reference to Divine mercy ; but we see by his subsequent speech to Thurio, how strongly his love for Silvia maintains itself within his bosom, though he fancies for the moment that he could make it ancillary to friendship. The generous ardour of Valentine's character is again visible in his appeal to the Duke on

behalf of "these banish'd men," his companions ; and the moral effect which his own virtuous principle, precept, and example, have wrought upon them in their reform, is of a piece with Shakespeare's noble philosophy of good in evil, thus early visible in this his certainly youthful production.

(10) *Gave aim to all thy oaths.* The object to which all thy oaths were directed. "Cry aim," and "give aim," were terms in archery ; and the latter applied to the person stationed near the butts, who was called 'the mark.' The allusion to archery is continued in the words, "cleft the root ;" "cleaving the pin" being the technical expression for hitting the centre of the butts.

(11) *Have took.* A grammatical license permitted in Shakespeare's time.

(12) *If shame live in a disguise of love.* If it be any shame to wear a disguise in the cause of affection.

*Pro.* Than men their minds! 'tis true. O Heaven, were man  
But constant, he were perfect! that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the  
sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either.  
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close:  
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear me witness, Heaven, I have my wish  
for ever.<sup>13</sup>

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Outlaws.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the  
duke.—

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banish'd Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Milano shall not hold thee.<sup>14</sup> Here she stands:  
Take but possession of her with a touch;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means<sup>15</sup> for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love:  
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,<sup>16</sup>  
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me  
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept  
withal,<sup>17</sup>

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile:  
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and  
thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—  
Come, let us go: we will include<sup>18</sup> all jars  
With triumphs,<sup>19</sup> mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.  
What think you of this page, my lord?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him; he  
blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord,—more grace than  
boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—  
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear  
The story of your loves discover'd:  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

(13) *My wish for ever.* Surely, this abrupt return to love-allegiance on the part of Proteus is hardly less miraculous than Valentine's stretch of magnanimity; but these are of the miracles in which youth delights to believe, and which youthful poets delight to chronicle as possible and even natural.

(14) *Milano shall not hold thee.* 'Verona' is misprinted in the Folio for "Milano" here, as in a previous passage. See Note 9, Act iii.

(15) *Make such means.* Make such efforts; take such pains. This amicably open-to-conviction Duke is worthy to figure beside the Two Gentlemen in their facile turn for goodness at this juncture; and there is a delightful effect of "all-ending-happily"

about the persons and incidents here, that suitably winds up the romantic story of this play.

(16) *Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit.* The Duke has heretofore spoken of Valentine in disparaging terms:—"Base intruder! overweening slave!" (iii. 1), "Worthless Valentine" (iii. 2), and "that peasant Valentine" (v. 2); now he bids him set up the plea of a new state on the score of his unrivalled merit to which he will subscribe by allowing that he is a gentleman of good birth, and therefore worthy to obtain Silvia.

(17) *Kept withal.* Kept company with, dwelt with.

(18) *Include.* Close in, put to conclusion.

(19) *Triumphs.* Pageants, revels.







THE  
MERRY WIVES  
of  
WINDSOR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.  
PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }  
PISTOL, } followers of Falstaff.  
NYM, }

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD, } The "*Merry Wives*."  
MISTRESS PAGE, }

ANNE PAGE, her daughter, in love with Fenton.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—*Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*





# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—WINDSOR. Before PAGE's house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Shal.* Sir Hugh,<sup>2</sup> persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber<sup>3</sup> matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and coram.<sup>4</sup>

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.<sup>5</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*,—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done<sup>6</sup> any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors gone before him have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luses<sup>7</sup> in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Evans.* The dozen white louses do become an old

coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Evans.* It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.<sup>8</sup>

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Evans.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The council<sup>9</sup> shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Evans.* It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments<sup>10</sup> in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

(1) *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This play was first printed in Quarto, in 1602; but probably from oral and unauthorised sources, since it, and a second Quarto Edition which appeared in 1619, are very inferior versions of this excellent comedy, as given in the Folio, 1623. Half a dozen different tales have been pointed out as affording some trace of the possible origin whence Shakespeare derived hints for his plot: but there is a pleasant tradition that the play owed its existence to a wish expressed by Queen Elizabeth, who was so much entertained with Falstaff's character in the two parts of "Henry IV.," that she desired Shakespeare would write a comedy wherein the fat knight might figure as a lover. The way in which the Dramatist fulfilled the royal command, while yet preserving the integrity of Falstaff's nature (whose love of self is paramount to all other love), may be admired in every scene of this genuinely delightful play, and instanced in even so slight a touch as the knight's reply to Mistress Page's remonstrance, when he says all in one breath, "I love thee, and none but thee; help me away."

(2) *Sir Hugh*. "Sir" was formerly given as a title to priests generally, and curates especially. Those who took the academic degree of Bachelor of Arts were styled *Dominus* (translated into English by the word "Sir"); and this degree having been taken by most men in orders, it became usual to give them that title.

(3) *Star-chamber*. A formidable court of justice that took cognisance of offences against public order, &c.; and which Shallow believes to be the fit tribunal for redressing such weighty grievances as his.

(4) *Coram*. This word ('before') and *armigero* (ablative case of *armiger*, 'bearer of arms,' or 'esquire') occur in the form for attestations, which Slender had seen; wherein his cousin's name would thus appear, '*coram me Roberto Shallow armigero*,' &c. Slender also confuses the word with "*Quorum*" ('Bench of Justices') [see Note 5].

(5) *Cust-alorum*. An abbreviation of *Custos Rotulorum* ('Keeper of the Rolls'); which would be a part of Shallow's designation, thus:—'Justice of the Peace, and of the Quorum and Custos Rotulorum.'

(6) *Have done*. 'All we Shallows,' understood before "have done."

(7) *White luses*. "Luce" is a pike or jack, and figured in the coat of arms of the Lucy family. In the jumble of heraldic allusions here made by Slender and Shallow, and in the character of the Justice himself, Shakespeare is supposed to have had sportive reference to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, from whose park, or grounds, the youthful poet was said to have stolen a deer, thereby incurring the knight's wrath and persecution.

(8) *Marrying indeed, if he quarter it*. A play on the words "marrying" and "marrying" is frequent in Shakespeare; and "quarter" is here asked in the sense of a heraldic technicality, and replied to in the sense of dividing into fourths.

(9) *The council*. Meaning the Star-chamber.

(10) *Vizaments*. For advisements; consideration, circumspection.

*Evans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page?<sup>11</sup> She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Evans.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.<sup>12</sup>

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Evans.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

*Evans.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Page.* [*Within*] Who's there?

*Evans.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.<sup>13</sup>

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not.—'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault:<sup>14</sup>—'tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Evans.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, Master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* Now, Master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight; I have done all this:—that is now answered.

*Shal.* The council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel:<sup>15</sup> you'll be laughed at.

*Evans.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John, goot worts.

*Fal.* Goot worts!<sup>16</sup> good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching<sup>17</sup> rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol: they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese!<sup>18</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus!<sup>19</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice!<sup>20</sup> that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Evans.* Peace, I pray you.—Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it and end it between them.

(11) *Mistress Anne Page.* "Mistress" was formerly used as a title for unmarried as well as married women. To "speak small" was to have a soft, low voice.

(12) *Petter penny.* "A better penny" was formerly an expression in familiar use: and seems to have been tantamount to our present phrase, "a pretty penny," meaning a handsome sum.

(13) *Cotsall.* Corruption of Cotswold. The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were famous for coursing and other rural sports, as they consisted of a large tract of downs with fine turf.

(14) *'Tis your fault.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "fault" for ill-luck, mishap, misfortune.

(15) *Counsel.* Falstaff, in punning retort, uses this word in its combined senses of "secrecy," and of "prudently calculating consequences."

(16) *Good worts.* "Worts" was used for various kinds of cabbages; and still exists in the word "colewort."

(17) *Coney-catching.* "Coney" is one name for a rabbit; and from those who robbed rabbit-warrens, the term came to be applied to thieves and cheats in general.

(18) *Banbury cheese.* A flat thin cheese; which Bardolph thinks descriptive of Slender's lank figure.

(19) *Mephostophilus.* The name of an evil spirit, known to Shakespeare through the old tale of 'Faust,' as to moderns through Goethe's tragedy. Probably then in use to signify a gaunt, ill-favoured creature.

(20) *Pauca, pauca; slice!* *Pauca*, Latin, few; used for 'few words.' "Slice" was probably a cant exclamation, equivalent to our slang phrase, 'Cut!' Be off!



*Evans.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol,—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Evans.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,<sup>(21)</sup> that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Evans.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.<sup>(22)</sup>—

Word of denial in thy labras<sup>(23)</sup> here;

Word of denial:—froth and scum, thou liest!

*Slen.* By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour<sup>(24)</sup> on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?<sup>(25)</sup>

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

*Evans.* It is his "five senses:" fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap,<sup>(26)</sup> sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.<sup>(27)</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, goodly company, for this trick; and not with drunken knaves.

*Evans.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

*Slen.* Oh, heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, Mistress Ford!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*]

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except SHAL., SLEN., and EVANS.*]

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets<sup>(28)</sup> here.

*Enter SIMPLE.*

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

*Sim.* Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas<sup>(29)</sup> last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz;—there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Evans.* Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Evans.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Evans.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Evans.* But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel<sup>(30)</sup> of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, sir, it will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Evans.* Nay, Ot's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz:

(21) *Mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards.* The former coins were the first milled money made in England, and were used for counters; the latter were broad shillings of Edward VI., used at the game of shovel-board, or shuffle-board.

(22) *Latten bilbo.* "Latten" was a base metal; and "bilbo" became a name for a sword, from good sword blades being made at Bilboa, in Spain. So that Pistol has a fling at Slender's being as little to be relied on in fight as a worthless weapon.

(23) *Labras.* Spanish, lips.

(24) "Marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour, &c. "Marry trap" seems to have been a slang exclamation similar to 'Catch who catch can'; and "nuthook" was a cant term for one who hooks thieves—a bailiff.

(25) *Scarlet and John.* Will Scarlet and Little John were the names of two of Robin Hood's men; and Falstaff blends the titles into one for Bardolph, in allusion to his red proboscis and hulking stature.

(26) *Fap.* Possibly from the Italian, *vappa*; which Florio's Dictionary renders by 'wine that hath lost his force and strength; used also for a man in whom is no wit or reason.' Therefore "fap" was probably a slang term for maudlin drunk.

(27) *Passed the careires.* A term of the *manège*, for running at full speed. Possibly, by this rhodomontade that Slender takes for Latin, Bardolph means to say: 'Being stupidly drunk, he was turned out (his pockets, as well as himself), and then words ran high, at full gallop.'

(28) *Book of Songs and Sonnets.* This "Book of Songs and Sonnets," and the "Book of Riddles," were evidently fashionable volumes, which Slender was in the habit of carrying about with him as aids to gallant expressions when wooing.

(29) *All-hallowmas.* The Feast of the 1st of November. Simple blunders, by miscalling Martinmas (the 11th November), Michaelmas, which is the 29th of September.

(30) *Parcel.* Used for part; as it is still in legal language.



what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. —Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my



*Evans.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself.

Act I. Scene I.

*Evans.* It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort "dissolutely:" the 'ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely:"—his meaning is goot.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Shal.* Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

*Evans.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.*]

mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

*Slen.* I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,<sup>31</sup>—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

(31) *Master of fence*—three veneys, &c. "Master of fence" means not only a fencing-master, but one who had taken his degree

as master of the art. "Three veneys" are three hits; French, *venues*.





*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come  
in, sir?

*Sten.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily;  
I am very well.

*Act I. Scene I.*





*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson<sup>32</sup> loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:<sup>33</sup>—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

*Page.* By cock and pye<sup>34</sup> you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Evans.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house,<sup>35</sup> which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Evans.* Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE III.—*A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook?<sup>36</sup> speak scholarly and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a-week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheeazar.<sup>37</sup> I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime:<sup>38</sup> I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit.*]

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

*Pist.* Oh, base Gongarian wight!<sup>39</sup> wilt thou the spigot wield?

[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.<sup>40</sup>

*Pist.* "Convey,"<sup>41</sup> the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then, let kibes<sup>42</sup> ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol:—indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,<sup>43</sup> she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

(32) *Sackerson.* The name of a celebrated bear known in the fashionable bear-baiting circles. It was the mode to call the bears by the names of their leaders, or keepers.

(33) *That it passed.* A common expression, meaning, 'it went beyond belief,' 'it surpassed credence.'

(34) *By cock and pye.* A favourite petty oath, used as a substitute for more solemn adjurations. Its origin is supposed to be a popular alehouse sign, the Cock and Magpie.

(35) *Ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way.* Sir Hugh's round-about manner of saying 'Ask the way to Dr. Caius' house.' This style of the Welsh parson must be borne in mind, to understand his diction; as where he says "laundry" for 'laundress,' "acquaintance" for 'acquainted,' and other similar instances.

(36) *Bully-rook.* "Bully" is a favourite epithet with mine Host, meaning burly, blustering, dashing; which he thinks complimentary attributes. And though to "rook" meant to cheat, swindle, lay the sharper; yet the Host apparently thinks that to call Falstaff a "rook" is no more offensive than if he were facetiously to style him 'rogue.'

(37) *Keisar and Pheeazar.* Keisar is the German word for Cæsar, or emperor; and 'Kings and Keisars' was a common phrase.

"Pheeazar" is a word jocosely made from 'pheeze,' to vex, worry, or harry; and invented by the Host to make a jingle with Cæsar and Keisar, as well as to indicate Falstaff's vexed state of mind.

(38) *Froth and lime.* To make beer froth up in the tankard, and to make wine sparkle in the glass, by putting lime into it, were tapster accomplishments of which the Host requires a specimen from his newly engaged drawer.

(39) *Gongarian wight.* Pistol's sounding substitution for Hungarian; which was a term of reproach, as the gypsies came from Hungary and Bohemia, and were synonymous with vagabonds. "Wight" is an old word for 'a person,' 'an individual.'

(40) *At a minim's rest.* In the Folio "minim" is misprinted 'minute;' but the allusion to "singer" in the previous speech makes "minim" the probable word, especially as in "Romeo and Juliet," ii. 4, we find a passage that supports this reading—"rests me his minim rest."

(41) *Convey.* To "convey," and "conveyance," were smooth terms for making away with. "*Fico*," Spanish; fig.

(42) *Kibes.* [See Note 26, Act ii., "Tempest."]

(43) *She carves.* To "carve," in its usual sense of dividing and dispensing food at table, seems to have been an accomplishment of

*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well,—out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep:<sup>44</sup> will that humour pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse:—he hath a legion of angels.<sup>45</sup>

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and "To her, boy," say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyeliads;<sup>46</sup> sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly body.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* Oh, her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater<sup>47</sup> to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* [To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:<sup>48</sup>  
Sail like my pinnace<sup>49</sup> to these golden shores.—

[Exit ROBIN.]

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift,<sup>50</sup> you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[Exit.]

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy paunch! for gourd and fullam<sup>51</sup> holds,  
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:  
Tester<sup>52</sup> I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,  
Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin<sup>53</sup> and her stars!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:  
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,<sup>54</sup> for the revolt of mien<sup>55</sup> is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—A room in DOCTOR CAIUS's house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and SIMPLE.

*Quick.* What, John Rugby!

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, I' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old<sup>56</sup> abusing of the lord's patience and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch.

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit RUGBY.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breedbate:<sup>57</sup> his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish<sup>58</sup> that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And Master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard—a cane-coloured beard.<sup>59</sup>

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

much significance in courtesy or gallantry, when a lady performed this act to a gentleman; but in a peculiar sense it formerly bore,—that of making a sign with the little finger to engage the favoured person's attention,—it denoted exactly the sort of gesture which might be supposed to accompany "the leer of invitation."

(44) *The anchor is deep.* The "humour" of this is too profound for fathoming, as Nym himself seems to think.

(45) *Angels.* Gold coin, bearing the impress of an "angel," in memory of Pope Gregory's punning compliment on *Angli* (English) and *Angeli* (Angels). The value of the piece was about ten shillings.

(46) *Eyeliads.* French, *œillades*; favouring glances, propitious looks.

(47) *Cheater.* A corruption of 'escheator'; whose office it was to inform the Exchequer of such 'escheats' (from the old French, *escheoir*, to fall due) as became forfeit to the Crown.

(48) *Tightly.* Briskly, adroitly.

(49) *Pinnace.* A small vessel, attending on a larger one; and used as a scout for intelligence.

(50) *French thrift, &c.* Falstaff says he shall imitate an economy then practised in France, of making a single page serve in lieu of a train of attendants.

(51) *Gourd and fullam.* Gamblers' names for false dice; as were "high" men and "low" men, alluded to in the next line.

(52) *Tester.* [See Note 12, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."]

(53) *Welkin.* [See Note 11, Act i., "Tempest."]

(54) *Yellowness.* Used for jealousy, because that passion excites the bile, and tinges the skin with a jaundiced hue.

(55) *The revolt of mien.* "Mien" is spelt "mine" in the Folio [see Note 29, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona"]; but the context here, "*yellowness*," makes "mien," that is, appearance, look, complexion of countenance, the probable word. Shakespeare elsewhere uses "revolt" in the sense of 'change'; therefore "revolt of mien" probably means that 'change of countenance' which augurs the "dangerous" vengeance Nym would incite Page to take upon Falstaff.

(56) *Old.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word to express extreme, abundant, excessive, plentiful.

(57) *Breedbate.* Breeder of strife, mischief, contentious debate.

(58) *Peevish.* Silly, worryingly foolish and self-willed.

(59) *Cane-coloured beard.* Although some editors state that Cain and Judas were represented with yellow, or rather red beards, and print 'Cain-coloured' here, while the Folio gives 'Cane-coloured'; yet we prefer to adopt the Quarto reading, "kane-coloured," or "cane-coloured," as more in harmony with Slender's personality—flabby, washy, strawy—with nothing of the fiery Cain or Judas about him.



*Sim.* Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall<sup>60</sup> a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you?—Oh, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what

Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—[*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

*Caius.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?



*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,  
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Act I. Scene III.

I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent.<sup>61</sup>—Run in here, good young man: go into this closet:—he will not stay long. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master: I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[*Exit RUGBY.*

And down, down, adown-a, &c.

[*Sings.*

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys.

*Caius.* *Oui; mette ie au mon pocket; dépêche, quickly.*—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What! John Rugby! John!

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby.<sup>62</sup> Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai-je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

(60) *Tall.* Sometimes used for athletic, able, bold; but *Simple* confounds this meaning of the word, and its more usual one, both together, in his anxiety to speak highly of his master's personal and courageous qualities.

(61) *Shent.* Used here in its blended senses of rated soundly, scolded thoroughly, and ruined, undone.

(62) *Jack Rugby.* Caius varies John Rugby's name thus, by way of calling him a knave or rogue; "Jack" being frequently used as a term of contempt and opprobrium.

*Quick.* [*Aside*] Ah, me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

*Caius.* *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*]—Rugby, my rapier!

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.<sup>63</sup> Hear the truth of it: he came on an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez*<sup>64</sup> me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.<sup>65</sup>—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avised<sup>66</sup> o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

*Quick.* Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have ap-

pointed mine host of de *Jarretiere* to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate.

*Caius.* Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

[*Enter FENTON.*]

*Fent.* How now, good woman! how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest,<sup>67</sup> an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing. But for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship. [*Exit FENTON.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*]

(63) *Phlegmatic.* We presume this to be Quickly's blunder for 'choleric'; as it would be too much to suppose her so erudite as to intend saying 'phlegmonous,' which means 'inflammatory.'

(64) *Baillez*, French; hand over, deliver up, give. In Molière's '*Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*,' when the countess offers Jeannot some money and he refuses it, Criquet says, 'Oh, take it; if you won't have it, you may hand it over to me' (*vous me le baillez*).

(65) *Melancholy.* Inasmuch as Mistress Quickly uses the word

"allicholy" when she means 'melancholy,' so now, she uses this word intending it to express something else. Probably having heard of melancholy madness, she confuses it with "mad," by which she means enraged, infuriated; as where she says, "He'll find the young man there, and be mad."

(66) *Avised.* Advised, in the sense of aware, conscious. French, *avisé*.

(67) *Detest.* Quickly's mistake for 'protest.'



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before PAGE's house.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian,<sup>1</sup> he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,

*John Falstaff."*

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—Oh, wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard<sup>2</sup> picked out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down<sup>3</sup> of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be.

*Enter MISTRESS FORD.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do, then; yet I say, I could show you to the contrary. Oh, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* Oh, woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

(1) *Precisian.* One whose duty it is to control and restrain within precise limits; in contradistinction to "counsellor," a mere adviser.

(2) *Flemish drunkard.* The proneness of the Flemings to the vice of drunkenness was notorious.

(3) *Putting down.* A technicality of municipal law; to repress, to subdue.

(4) *Hack.* The term used for degrading from knighthood by chopping off the spurs; therefore the meaning of the passage seems to be, 'You, a woman, pretend to be knighted! Your companion knights would hack you from among them; and thus you would not improve your degree of rank.'

(5) *We burn daylight.* Meaning, we waste time by chattering instead of reading, as those do who light candles during the day.

(6) *Liking.* Sometimes used for physical condition, personal plight. In "1 Henry IV.," Falstaff says, "While I am in some

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;<sup>4</sup> and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn daylight:<sup>5</sup>—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:<sup>6</sup> and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place<sup>7</sup> together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green sleeves."<sup>8</sup> What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his carcase, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till his wicked fire have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain<sup>9</sup> in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness<sup>10</sup> of our honesty. Oh, that my husband<sup>11</sup> saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Liking;* meaning, 'While I am in tolerably good case, or condition.'

(7) *Keep place.* Shakespeare twice uses this (here and in "Troilus and Cressida," iii. 3), where now 'keep pace' would be probably used; meaning in the present passage, coincide, harmonise, agree; and in the other, co-exist, subsist in equal rate or degree.

(8) "Green sleeves." The name of a popular song, very free in character.

(9) *Strain.* Propensity, tendency to evil.

(10) *Chariness.* Has been derived from the Saxon *ceapiz*, careful, cautious, wary; but may it not come from the French *chère*, dear? 'To be chary of,' 'to keep charily,' is as likely to signify to 'hold dear,' to 'prize,' as 'to be wary of;' and therefore "the chariness of our honesty," would mean 'the dearness in which we hold our honesty,' or 'the honesty we hold so dear.'

(11) *Oh, that my husband, &c.* 'If' must be understood before "that."

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes;—and my good man too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog<sup>12</sup> in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gally-mawfry:<sup>13</sup> Ford, perpend.<sup>14</sup>

*Ford.* Love my wife!

*Pist.* With liver burning hot.<sup>15</sup> Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

Oh, odious is the name!

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night. Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*]

*Ford.* [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym.* [*To PAGE*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Page.* [*Aside*] "The humour of it,"<sup>16</sup> quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

*Ford.* [*Aside*] I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* [*Aside*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting<sup>17</sup> rogue.

*Ford.* [*Aside*] If I do find it:—well.

*Page.* [*Aside*] I will not believe such a Cataian,<sup>18</sup> though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* [*Aside*] 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

(12) *Curtail dog.* As it was believed that the tail assisted dogs in running, so dogs not intended for sporting purposes had their tails cut shorter, and were considered worthless. 'Cur' is probably derived from this word.

(13) *Gally-mawfry.* A hotch-potch, a medley, a heterogeneous collection. The word refers to the "high and low," "rich and poor," "young and old, one with another," that Pistol has been enumerating.

(14) *Perpend.* An affected word for 'think it over,' 'consider it carefully.' Latin, *perpendo*.

(15) *With liver burning hot.* The liver was supposed to be the seat of the passions.

(16) *The humour of it.* Nym's coxcombical reiteration of the word "humour" is a specimen of an absurdity prevailing in the time of Shakespeare, which he and other writers of that period have satirised. The general tone of vapouring swagger that characterises the diction of both Nym and Pistol, envelopes it in a fog of

*Page.* How now, Meg!

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. FORD*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Mrs. Ford.* [*Aside to Mrs. PAGE*] Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

*Page.* How now, Master Ford!

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues,<sup>19</sup> now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

obfuscation more droll in the general effect than worth the pains of penetrating to discover its precise meaning—often dark even to the speakers themselves.

(17) *Affecting.* Writers of Shakespeare's time often used the active participle for the passive one; and thus, "affecting" here would stand for 'affected.' But we incline to think it here means 'one affecting a peculiar mode of speech,' 'one given to affectation.'

(18) *Cataian.* Cataia, or Cathay, was a name for China, whose people have the imputation of being dexterous cheats: hence the word "Cataian" is believed to have been used as a term of reproach, indicating a cheat; but from the manner in which Shakespeare has used it again elsewhere ("Twelfth Night," ii. 3), we should rather take it to mean something equivalent to outlandish, far-fetched, extravagant, eccentric.

(19) *Very rogues.* "Very" is used to express thorough, veritable. See Note 27, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."



*Enter Host.*

How now, mine host!

*Host.* How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

*Enter SHALLOW.*

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty,<sup>20</sup> good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I tell you what our sport shall be.

*[They go aside.]*

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle<sup>21</sup> of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.



*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?  
*Act II. Scene I.*

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

*[They go aside.]*

*Shal.* *[To PAGE]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their

*Host.* My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress:—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?<sup>22</sup>

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir! I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what:<sup>23</sup> 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the

(20) *Good even, and twenty.* For 'a good evening and twenty of them.' An old familiar form of salutation.

(21) *Pottle.* From old French, *potel*. Originally, a measure containing two quarts, but familiarly used for a tankard or pot, from which wine or beer was drunk.

(22) *Will you go on, hearts?* The Folio prints for this, 'Will you goe An-heires?' Of which there have been several variations proposed; but, to our thinking, none so probable as Steevens's, the one

adopted by us in the text. "Hearts" is a term of address used by mine Host (Act iii., sc. 2), and he calls Caius "heart of elder" (Act ii., sc. 3).

(23) *Passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what.* Shallow has a flair at these terms of rapier-fencing, while vaunting the feats done with the fashionable weapon of his youth—the long sword, which was often of such length as to require both hands used in raising it.



time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt HOST, SHAL., and PAGE.*]

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure<sup>24</sup> fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,<sup>25</sup> yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there,<sup>26</sup> I know not. Well, I will look farther into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.—  
I will retort the sum in equipage.<sup>27</sup>

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow,<sup>28</sup> Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy<sup>29</sup> of baboons. I am doom'd for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows;<sup>30</sup> and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,<sup>31</sup> I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:<sup>32</sup>—to your manor of Pickthatch,<sup>33</sup> go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, rogue, will ensconce<sup>34</sup> your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,<sup>35</sup> and your bold-beating<sup>36</sup> oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

*Pist.* I do relent:<sup>37</sup>—what would'st thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn.—

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true.—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford:—come, Mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries,<sup>38</sup> as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary: yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which

(24) *Secure.* Used for 'too well assured,' 'over-confident.'

(25) *Frailty.* It has been proposed to substitute 'fealty' here. But "frailty" forms an antithesis with "firmly," and is precisely the word that Ford would use, who has no belief in Mistress Page's fidelity.

(26) *What they made there.* A Saxon form of expression, signifying 'what they did there.' A similar phrase occurs in Act iv. 2, where Mistress Page asks, "What make you here?" meaning, 'What do you do here?'

(27) *I will retort the sum in equipage.* Pistol's way of saying 'I will repay the money in stolen goods.'

(28) *Coach-fellow.* From being applied to one of a pair of carriage-horses (as in Chapman's "Homer"), the word came to mean one of two men who were partners in malpractices.

(29) *Geminy.* Latin, *geminus*, twins. A couple, a brace.

(30) *Tall fellows.* Bold, stout fellows.

(31) *Handle of her fan.* Fans were made of spread feathers, fastened into handles worth purloining; being generally made of such costly materials as gold, silver, ivory, &c.

(32) *A short knife and a throng.* This is a hint to Pistol that he

had better betake himself to places of crowded resort, and use his knife to cut purses from men's girdles, where they were then worn hanging.

(33) *Manor of Pickthatch.* A low haunt for thieves in Turnbull Street. A "hatch," or half-door, with "picks," or spikes, upon it, was a usual distinction of such places.

(34) *Ensconce.* To hide as in a fortress; 'sconce' being a fortification.

(35) *Red-lattice phrases.* Language fit for an alehouse; "red-lattice" at the doors and windows being formerly a mark of an alehouse.

(36) *Bold-beating.* The commentators seem unable to assign a meaning to this epithet; but it strikes us as being equivalent to 'rattling,' row-making; the sort of mouthing rant indulged in by Pistol and his companion Nym.

(37) *I do relent.* Pistol magnificently announces that he will forego his previously threatened resentment.

(38) *Canaries.* Mistress Quickly's blunder for 'quandaries;' or rather, for 'quandary,' a low word for perplexity, difficulty, perturbation.



is more, pensioners;<sup>39</sup> but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of:<sup>40</sup>—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold<sup>41</sup> life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as virtuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms,<sup>42</sup> la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves;<sup>43</sup> her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list,<sup>44</sup> all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and, in any case, have a nay-word,<sup>45</sup> that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them

both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN.*—This news distracts me!

*Pist.* This trot is one of Cupid's carriers:—

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;<sup>46</sup> Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit.*

*Fal.* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*<sup>47</sup>

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*

*Ford.* Sir, I'm a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means,

(39) *Pensioners.* Certain official gentlemen of the court, whose resplendent uniforms were such as might naturally lead Mistress Quickly to believe their wearers to be grander than "earls" themselves.

(40) *That you wot of.* That you know of, that you are aware of.

(41) *Frampold.* Rugged, troublous, thwarted, uneasy.

(42) *I think you have charms.* There is a play on the word "charms" here; as meaning both love-spells and personal graces.

(43) *Of all loves.* An adjuration tantamount to 'for the sake of all you love,' 'by all you hold dear.'

(44) *When she list.* When she likes, when she is so inclined.

(45) *Nay-word.* A bye-word, a watch-word. It occurs again in Act v., sc. 2.

(46) *Up with your fights.* "Fights" was a technical term for waist cloths hung round about a ship to prevent the men from being seen during an engagement; and also used for any place wherein men might conceal themselves, yet use their arms.

(47) *Via!* Away! Used as an exclamation of encouragement or exultation.

as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith<sup>48</sup> you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this,—

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love, then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd<sup>49</sup> construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,<sup>50</sup> authentic in your place and person, generally allowed<sup>51</sup> for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* Oh, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it.—There is money: spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of

your affection, that I should win what you would have? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* Oh, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward<sup>52</sup> of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, engage Ford's wife.

*Ford.* Oh, good sir!

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er his crest. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt meet his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;<sup>53</sup> thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and gull:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

*Ford.* What a curst Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the pest of having a false woman! My home shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Page is an ass, a secure

(48) *Sith.* Since.

(49) *Shrewd.* Injurious, of evil implication.

(50) *Of great admittance.* Extensively admitted into high company.

(51) *Allowed.* Used in the sense of 'approved.'

(52) *Ward.* Guard, posture of defence.

(53) *I will aggravate his style.* "Style" is a technicality of the herald's office, used in this way; and "aggravate" is one of those verbs that Shakespeare employs so felicitously, blending various meanings in one expressive word. By "I will aggravate his style" Falstaff means he will augment Ford's titles, and augment his aggravation.





*Pistol.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Falstaff.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?

*Act II. Scene II.*

L. ENAFON





ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ<sup>54</sup> bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A field near Windsor.*

*Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.*

*Caius.* Jack Rugby,—

*Rug.* Sir?

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas! sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villainy! take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.*

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor!

*Shal.* Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin,<sup>55</sup> to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto,<sup>56</sup> thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully? What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?<sup>57</sup> ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalian king!<sup>58</sup> Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair<sup>59</sup> of your professions. — Is it not true, Master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender [*aside to them*], go you through the town to Frogmore.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal., and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die: sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting;

(54) *Aqua-vitæ*. A general name for spirits, or strong waters; here probably meaning usquebaugh (an Erse word, signifying 'water of life'), a favourite Irish distilled liquor.

(55) *Foin*. To make a thrust in fencing. "Traverse" means baffle by shifting place, foil by feints and cross purposes.

(56) *Punto*. Italian, point. "Stock" (*stoccado*), "reverse" (*reverso*), and "montant" (*montanto*), are all terms derived from the Italian fencing-school.

(57) *Heart of elder*. In contradistinction to 'heart of oak,' elder-wood having nothing but soft pith at heart.

(58) *Castalian king*. "Castalian" is printed in the Folio 'Castalion,' which some editors alter to 'Castilian,' assuming the word to be used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada: but we think the context, "Hector of Greece," makes for "Castalian" being the Host's epithet in allusion to the 'Castalian Spring;' as his rignarole contains a jumble of references purposely confused, and apparently complimentary while really coarse and contemptuous.

(59) *Against the hair*. A familiar expression then, as now 'against the grain;' contrary to the nature or quality.

and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?<sup>60</sup> said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag, then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A field near Frogmore.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the Pittie-ward,<sup>1</sup> the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Evans.* I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

[*Retires.*]

*Evans.* Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog him about his knave's costard<sup>2</sup> when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork:—Pless my soul!—

[*Sings.*]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.  
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.—

[*Sings.*]

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—  
Whenas<sup>3</sup> I sat in Pabylon,—  
And a thousand vagram posies.  
To shallow,—

*Sim.* [*Coming forward*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* He's welcome.—

[*Sings.*]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

[*Reads in a book.*]

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*Evans.* Pless you from his mercy's sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day?

*Evans.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

*Evans.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Evans.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Evans.* Ot's will, and passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in Hibbo-crates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* Oh, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

(60) *Cried I aim?* This in the Folio is misprinted 'Cride game.' We have "cry aim" in Act iii., sc. 2, of this play: it was a term of encouragement used technically in archery, and familiarly in conversation, to express incitement or approval.

(1) *Pittie-ward.* Although there is now in Windsor no place known to bear this name, it was probably a locality then so called.

(2) *Costard.* An old contemptuous term for the head; as is "noddle."

(3) *Whenas.* An old form of 'when;' as 'whereas' still is of 'where.' Sir Hugh, in his agonies of alternate wrath and fear, mixes up this line from an old version of the 137th Psalm with those of a pastoral song by Marlowe.









*Enter* Host, Caius, and Rugby.

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Evans.* Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Evans.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog you about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius.* *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host de *Jarretière*,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Evans.* As I am a Christian soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the lotions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace;<sup>4</sup> follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* Oh, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE,  
and Host.]

*Caius.* Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot<sup>5</sup> of us, ha, ha?

*Evans.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,<sup>6</sup> scurvy, cogging companion,<sup>7</sup> the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Evans.* Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

(4) *Lad of peace.* "Lad" has been changed to 'lads;' but "lad of peace" is mine Host's style of address for Shallow, whose title is 'justice of peace,' and who has been mentioned as "a man of peace," "old and of the peace," and "sworn of the peace," in Act ii., sc. 3.

(5) *Sot.* French, fool.

(6) *Scall.* A breaking out on the head; used as an opprobrious epithet.

SCENE II.—A street in Windsor.

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* Oh, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE  
and ROBIN.]

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share perdition together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming<sup>8</sup> Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.<sup>9</sup> [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

(7) *Cogging companion.* "Cogging" is lying, falsifying. "Companion" was used contemptuously, as 'fellow' is now.

(8) *So seeming.* This has been explained to mean 'specious;' but we take it to be one of the instances where Shakespeare refers to an implied particular; and as he has just used the words "veil of modesty," he means by "the so seeming Mistress Page" 'Mistress Page who seems so,'—that is, 'modest.'

(9) *Cry aim.* See Note 60, Act ii.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

*Shal., Page, &c.* Well met, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,<sup>10</sup> he smells April and May;<sup>11</sup> he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;<sup>12</sup> he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:<sup>13</sup> he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. and SLEN.]

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.]

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit.*

*Ford.* [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine<sup>14</sup> first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A room in FORD's house.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! What, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket<sup>15</sup>—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a large basket.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters<sup>16</sup> in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Begone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.]

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket!<sup>17</sup> what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-Lent,<sup>18</sup> have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.]

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.<sup>19</sup>

(10) *Speaks holiday.* Speaks in a style more choice and refined than is of common use: as bettermost clothes are worn on holiday occasions.

(11) *Smells April and May.* It was a form of expression to omit the 'of' in such a phrase; and to 'smell of April and May' is tantamount to having an air of spring-time about him.

(12) *'Tis in his buttons.* A phrase equivalent to 'it is in him to do it'; 'he is quite capable of such a thing'; 'tis within his compass.'

(13) *Having.* Possession, property, income.

(14) *Pipe-wine.* Wine drawn directly from the pipe or cask. There is a play on the word; because the Host having spoken of "canary" (the name of a dance, as well as of a wine), Ford says he will pipe to Falstaff's dancing, or tease him to such a tune as shall make him stamp with rage.

(15) *Buck-basket.* A large basket used to carry linen for bucking, or washing. "Buck" has been derived either from Gothic, *bucka*, to beat (it being customary to beat linen when washed); or from the Italian, *bucato*, lie, a saline substance used in washing.

(16) *Whitsters.* Bleachers of linen.

(17) *Eyas-musket.* "Musket" is from the old French *mouschet* or *mousquet*, a male sparrow-hawk; and "eyas" means a nestling, or unfledged bird, from the French *nias*, or *niais*. It is easy to see how by mal-pronunciation 'a nias' became corrupted into 'an "eyas:"' and most of our terms in hawking or falconry were derived from the French. The epithet is here jocosely applied to a small boy.

(18) *Jack-a-Lent.* A puppet thrown at during Lent, as cocks were at Shrovetide. The word occurs again in Act v., sc. 5.

(19) *Turtles from jays.* Faithful women from unfaithful ones.









*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?"<sup>20</sup> Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: oh, this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* Oh, sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,<sup>21</sup> I cannot

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John, my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale.<sup>23</sup> I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.<sup>24</sup> Come, thou canst not hide it.



*Fal.* "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?"

*Act III. Scene III.*

prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish, —I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, Sir John! alas! I should be a pitiful lady!

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.<sup>22</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;<sup>25</sup> I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

(20) "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?" The first line of the second song in Sydney's 'Astrophel and Stella.' It is pleasant to have Shakespeare thus quoting his contemporary poet-friends, Christopher Marlowe and Sir Philip Sydney.

(21) *I cannot cog.* I cannot talk falsely, fawn, or flatter.

(22) *Ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.* Head-dresses of various kinds then in vogue: the "ship-tire" we may imagine of naval character, with flaunting ribbons like

streamers or pennants; the "tire-valiant" of military air; and the 'Venetian tire' was a style favoured by the ladies of Venice. "Admittance" means received fashion or mode.

(23) *Farthingale.* A hoop for distending the skirts of the dress.

(24) *Nature thy friend.* 'Being' must be understood before "thy," in this elliptical phrase.

(25) *Bucklersbury in simple-time.* Bucklersbury was the chief mart for medicinal herbs, or "simples" as they were then called.

*Fal.* Thou mightest as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate,<sup>26</sup> which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.<sup>27</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.—

[FALSTAFF hides himself behind the arras.]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

*Mrs. Page.* Oh, Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Oh, well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to

bucking: or, it is whiting-time,<sup>28</sup> send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't; oh! let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel: I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

[Exit ROBIN.]

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff?<sup>29</sup> look, how you drumble!<sup>30</sup>—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! what goes here? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.]—Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first.—So, now uncape.<sup>31</sup>

*Page.* Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.]

*Evans.* This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exeunt PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

(26) *The Counter-gate.* The gate of the Counter-prison, which closed relentlessly upon unconscionable debtors, might well have terrors for Falstaff.

(27) *Behind the arras.* The space left between walls and the wooden frames on which arras-hangings, or tapestry, were stretched, formed a sufficiently commodious hiding-place for even Falstaff.

(28) *Whiting-time.* Season for bleaching.

(29) *Cowl-staff.* The long pole used for carrying a tub (called a "cowl") or basket with two handles, borne on the shoulders of two men.

(30) *Drumblle.* Move sluggishly, loiter; equivalent to the more modern 'dawdle.' A drone is still called provincially a 'drumblle-bee;' signifying its heavy, lazy movement.

(31) *Uncape.* An old term of the chase for 'unearth.'



*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!<sup>32</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain<sup>33</sup> were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* [*Aside to MISTRESS FORD*] Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen!

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Evans.* If there be anypody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffer, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault,<sup>34</sup> Master Page: I suffer for it.

*Evans.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well;—I promised you a dinner,—come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Anything.

*Evans.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

*Ford.* Pray you, go, Master Page.

*Evans.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the scurvy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Evans.* A scurvy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in PAGE's house.*

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

(32) Asked what was in the basket. The Folio and other old copies misprint "who" for "what;" but Ford had no suspicion of any person being in the basket, and "who" was often misprinted for "what." Moreover, the passage where Falstaff afterwards says, "Their master asked them once or twice what they had in their basket" (Act iii., sc. 5), makes for our reading. Many commentators have pointed out that in point of fact this question had not been asked at all; but Shakespeare frequently gives a repetition passage with this kind of variation, precisely tallying with what we find in actual occurrence. Here, for instance, Ford has inquired, "How now! What goes here? Whither bear you this?" evidently challenging the contents of the basket,

as the servants carry it out; for his wife jeeringly demands why he "meddles" with "buck-washing." To object that Mistress Page does not repeat the exact words said on the occasion, is as wise as if objection were made at her observing, "What a taking was he in, when your husband asked," &c., on the ground that she could not see or know how dismayed Falstaff was, since he was hidden beneath the heap of linen. This way of giving the spirit of a hurried incident, instead of its letter, is in that perfect accordance with nature and truth which belongs almost solely to Shakespeare.

(33) All of the same strain. All those possessed of the same vicious tendency, propensity, or inclination.

(34) 'Tis my fault. It is my misfortune. See Note 14, Act i.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.<sup>35</sup> Slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

*Quick.* Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—[*Aside*] This is my father's choice.

Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

*Quick.* And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. Oh, boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glo'stershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,<sup>36</sup> under the degree of a squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, Master Slender,—

*Slen.* Now, good Mistress Anne,—

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!<sup>37</sup> They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, Master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:  
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good Master Fenton.—  
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—  
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

*Quick.* Speak to Mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,  
I must advance the colours of my love,  
And not retire: let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips!

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself.—Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:  
My daughter will I question how she loves you,  
And as I find her, so am I affected.  
Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;  
Her father will be angry.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress:—farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE.*]

*Quick.* This is my doing now:—"Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?"<sup>38</sup> Look on Master Fenton:"—this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night<sup>39</sup>

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

*Quick.* Now Heaven send thee good fortune!

[*Exit FENTON.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously<sup>40</sup> for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack<sup>41</sup> it. [*Exit.*]

(35) *I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.* A proverbial phrase signifying 'I'll do it either cleverly or clumsily,' 'hit or miss;' the "shaft" being a sharp arrow used by skilful archers; the "bolt," a blunt one employed merely to shoot birds with.

(36) *Come cut and long-tail.* A proverbial expression equivalent to 'whatever kind may come;' "cut and long-tail" referring to dogs and horses with docked or undocked tails. The characteristic way in which this bumpkin squire interlards his speech with illustrations borrowed from the stud and the kennel, from country sports and pursuits, is worth observing.

(37) *Happy man be his dole.* A common saying, which means,

'may happiness be his lot.' Here Slender magnanimously applies it to the any-body-else who may succeed better than himself in winning Anne Page.

(38) *A fool, and a physician?* Meaning Master Slender and Dr. Caius. It is just in Mrs. Quickly's blundering way to couple these two suitors by an "and" instead of an 'or,' as if the young lady could be given to both, when the speaker means to either.

(39) *Once to-night.* "Once" was occasionally used to designate an indefinite time; some time, one time or other.

(40) *Speciously.* Her mistake for 'specially.'

(41) *Slack.* Neglect, delay attending to.



SCENE V.—*A room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.**Fal.* Bardolph, I say,—*Bard.* Here, sir.*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack;<sup>42</sup> put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a

thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.**Bard.* Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the

*Fal.* Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?  
*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Act III. Scene V.*

basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies,<sup>43</sup> fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as ocean, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow;—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a

(42) *Sack.* A very ancient name for a favourite wine, known in various countries, and called similarly in their different languages. It was of dry (French, *sec*) or rough quality; and was sometimes sweetened with sugar, sometimes mulled or warmed, sometimes "brewed" or compounded, with eggs, spice, or other additions to suit particular palates.

Thames water; for my paunch is as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman!*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.**Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.*Fal.* Take away these chalices.<sup>44</sup> Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

(43) *A bitch's blind puppies.* Misprinted in the Folio 'a blind bitch's puppies.' This transposition is more likely to be a mistake of the printer, than a purposed inversion of the writer.

(44) *Chalices.* Cups; those in which his first-ordered wine, with "a toast in't," had been served to Falstaff.

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] How now!

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my fill of ford.

*Quick.* Alas! the day; good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word, quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of

Ford's approach; and, in her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction,<sup>45</sup> they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket!

*Fal.* Yes, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds,<sup>46</sup> were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane. They took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a gull, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright,<sup>47</sup> to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,<sup>48</sup> in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me<sup>49</sup> to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your obtaining her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cozen Ford. [*Exit.*]

*Ford.* H'm,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake,

(45) *Distraction*. It has been proposed to substitute 'direction' for this word; but Shakespeare sometimes uses it for no stronger signification than perturbation, agitation, flurry. See the sense in which Falstaff uses it (Act ii., sc. 2), where he says, "This news *distracts* me!" and where his emotion is that of delighted agitation.

(46) *Ford's knaves, his hinds*. "Knave" was formerly often used simply for lad or servant; from the German *knabe*, a boy. "Hind" is from the Saxon *hine*, a servant.

(47) *An intolerable fright, to be detected with a, &c.* Meaning, 'an intolerable fear lest I should be discovered by a, &c.' "With" was frequently used where 'by' would now be employed. An instance where "with" is used instead of 'of,' occurs in Act iv., sc. 4, when Ford says, "I sooner will suspect the sun with cold, than thee with wantonness."

(48) *A good bilbo*. The excellence of sword-blades made at Bilboa consisted in their flexibility, elasticity, and fine temper.

(49) *Address me*. Prepare me, make myself ready.



Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the rascal; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible

he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him shall aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame. *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The street.*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

*Quick.* Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad<sup>1</sup> about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by-and-by;<sup>2</sup> I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.*

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

*Evans.* No; Master Slender is get the boys leave to play.<sup>3</sup>

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Evans.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Evans.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "Od's nouns."

*Evans.* Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

*Evans.* You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Evans.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Evans.* No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Evans.* That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Evans.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hunc.*

*Evans.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Evans.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* *O,—vocativo, O.*

*Evans.* Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Evans.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace!

*Evans.* What is your genitive case plural, William?

*Will.* Genitive case?

*Evans.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child.

*Evans.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves:—fie upon you!

*Evans.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers, and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

*Evans.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Evans.* It is *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forget your *quis*, your *quæ*s, and your *quod*s, you must be whipped. Go your ways, and play; go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Evans.* He is a good sprag memory.<sup>4</sup> Farewell, Mistress Page.

(1) *Courageous mad.* "Courageous" is Quickly's blunder for 'outrageous;' and we have seen that she uses "mad" for enraged, infuriated. See Note 65, Act i.

(2) *By-and-by.* Was often used for immediately, directly, at once, without delay.

(3) *Is get the boys leave to play.* The Folio has 'let' instead of

"get," which latter word is one of the few excellent substitutions of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. That Master Slender should obtain a holiday for the schoolboys is most natural; but he could hardly allow them to play: and it is not a particular in which the school-master would blunder.

(4) *He is a good sprag memory.* The Welsh Parson's way of

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit* SIR HUGH.]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in Ford's house.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious<sup>5</sup> in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE.

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes<sup>6</sup> again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone!—the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!

—Away with him, away with him! better shame, than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?<sup>7</sup>

*Fal.* What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract<sup>8</sup> for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out, then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! the day; I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler,<sup>9</sup> and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat,<sup>10</sup> and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen<sup>11</sup> for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men what they

saying, 'He has a good sprack memory;' 'sprack' meaning quick, brisk, ready, from the Swedish *spraeg*.

(5) *Obsequious*. Here used in its combined sense of diligent to please, and mournfully dutiful as those performing obsequies or funeral observances.

(6) *Lunes*. Lunacy; moon-struck fancies, mad freaks.

(7) *What make you here?* See Note 26, Act ii.

(8) *An abstract*. A concise list, or inventory; a brief catalogue.

(9) *A muffler*. A portion of woman's attire that covered the lower part of the face.

(10) *Thrummed hat*. A 'thrum' is the end of a weaver's web; and a "thrummed hat" was made of coarse woollen cloth, composed of thrums.

(11) *Look some linen*. "Look" was sometimes used without the





*Drawn by C. ROBINSON.*

*Engraved by T. ROBINSON*

# FALSTAFF AND FORD.

*Ford.* Out of my door, you witch.

"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." Act II. Scene II







*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

*Act IV. Scene II.*





shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,  
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:  
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;  
'Tis old, but true,—“Still swine eat all the draff.”  
*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. *[Exit.]*

*First Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

*Sec. Serv.* Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.

*First Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—Oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,<sup>12</sup> a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!—Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

*Page.* Why, this passes!<sup>13</sup> Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Evans.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.*

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah! *[Pulling the clothes out of the basket.]*

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my

house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.<sup>14</sup>

*Evans.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, “As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.”<sup>15</sup> Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! what old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean. Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery<sup>16</sup> as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll “prat” her.—*[Beating him.]* Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!<sup>17</sup> out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. *[Exit FALSTAFF.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Evans.* By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,<sup>18</sup> never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little farther: come, gentlemen.

*[Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHAL., CAIUS, and EVANS.]*

'out' or 'up' which would accompany that verb in a similar passage of modern writing.

(12) *Ging.* An old word for 'gang.'

(13) *This passes.* This goes beyond belief.

(14) *This wrongs you.* This is unworthy of you, this does you discredit.

(15) *Leman.* An old word for lover, sweetheart: used for both men and women.

(16) *Daubery.* Delusion, imposition, trickery, fraud, jugglery.

(17) *You ronyon!* French, *rogneux*; scurvy, scabby.

(18) *If I cry out thus upon no trail.* Terms of the chase. To “cry out” and to “open” mean to bark at sight of the game;

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,<sup>19</sup> he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period<sup>20</sup> to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command: I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;<sup>21</sup> I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—A room in FORD's house.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold,

Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late a heretic,  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:  
Be not as extreme in submission  
As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives  
Yet once again, to make us public sport,  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

*Evans.* You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,  
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;  
And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,<sup>22</sup>  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,  
The superstitious idle-headed eld<sup>23</sup>  
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do fear  
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.  
But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
And in this shape: when you have brought him  
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?  
*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon,  
and thus.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like urchins, ouphes,<sup>24</sup> and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

and "trail" is the track of scent left by its passage over the ground.

(19) *In fee-simple, with fine and recovery.* Legal forms of expression: the first signifying possession for ever; the second, in assurance most strong.

(20) *No period.* No due conclusion.

(21) *Come off.* An old phrase, equivalent to the modern vulgarism, 'Come down with the cash;' that is, to pay.

(22) *Takes the cattle.* To "take" was used for strike, blast, or bewitch; to affect with disease.

(23) *Eld.* Old people; elderly folk.

(24) *Urchins, ouphes.* "Urchins" are mischievous sprites; "ouphes," elves, or goblins.



With some diffusèd<sup>25</sup> song: upon their sight,  
 We two in great amazedness will fly:  
 Then let them all encircle him about,  
 And, fairy-like, to-pinch<sup>26</sup> the unclean knight;  
 And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,  
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
 In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,

*Evans.* I will teach the children their behaviours;  
 and I will be like a jack-an-apes<sup>28</sup> also, to burn the  
 knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them  
 vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all  
 the fairies,  
 Finely attired in a robe of white.



*Falstaff.* Now, whence come you?

*Quickly.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Falstaff.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other! *Act IV. Scene V.*

Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,<sup>27</sup>  
 And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,  
 We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,  
 And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must  
 Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy:—[*aside*] and in  
 that time<sup>29</sup>

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,  
 And marry her at Eton.—[*To them*] Go send to  
 Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:  
 He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

(25) *Diffused.* Wild, irregular, discordant.

(26) *To-pinch.* Verbs were anciently formed with the prefix "to," as afterwards with 'be;,' thus "to-pinch," 'to-tore,' were used for be-pinch, be-tore.

(27) *Sound.* For 'soundly,' in the sense of thoroughly, heartily; the adjective being used for the adverb.

(28) *Jack-an-apes.* The derivation of this word has been variously given; but we imagine that it was originally a kind of jack-pudding, merry-andrew, or scaramouch character of the ancient drama, and came to signify a fantastic, coxcombical, or impertinent fellow.

Here it seems to mean some fantastical elfin being that Sir Hugh intends to impersonate; and a delightfully characteristic effect is thus given, by Shakespeare's making the good-natured Welsh parson and schoolmaster not only teach the children their parts, but take part in the pastime himself.

(29) *Time.* Altered by Theobald to 'tire,' and by Singer to 'trim.' But the original word in the Folio "time," affords an instance of Shakespeare's way of referring to an implied particular; and here signifies the "time" when the fairy revel they have been plotting is to take place.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that. Go get us properties,<sup>30</sup>  
And tricking for our fairies.

*Evans.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures  
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.]

*Mrs. Page.* Go, Mistress Ford,  
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit* MISTRESS FORD.]

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;  
And him my husband best of all affects.  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave  
her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* HOST and SIMPLE.

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor? what,  
thick-skin?<sup>31</sup> speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,  
quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John  
Falstaff from Master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle,  
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;<sup>32</sup> 'tis painted  
about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new.  
Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropo-  
phaginian<sup>33</sup> unto thee: knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone  
up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir,  
till she come down; I come to speak with her,  
indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be  
robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John!  
speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? it is  
thine host, thine Ephesian,<sup>34</sup> calls.

*Fal.* [*Above*] How now, mine host!

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar<sup>35</sup> tarries the  
coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend,  
bully, let her descend. My chambers are honour-  
able: fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman  
even now with me; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of  
Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell:<sup>36</sup> what  
would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to  
her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir,  
whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain,  
had the chain or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says that the very same man  
that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened  
him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the  
woman herself; I had other things to have spoken  
with her too from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them,<sup>37</sup> sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about  
Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's  
fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman  
told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, Sir Tike,<sup>38</sup> who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my  
master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*]

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly,<sup>39</sup> Sir  
John. Was there a wise woman<sup>40</sup> with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that  
hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before  
in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but  
was paid for my learning.<sup>41</sup>

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Out, alas! sir; cozenage, mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them,  
varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners: for so soon  
as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from  
behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set  
spurs and away, like three German devils, three  
Doctor Faustuses.<sup>42</sup>

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain:  
do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

(30) *Properties.* A technical theatrical term for stage necessities; and "tricking" means the apparel in which the fairy-troop are to be "tricked out," or dressed up.

(31) *Thick-skin.* An old form of thick-skull, or thick-head.

(32) *Standing-bed, and truckle-bed.* The former was used for the master, the latter for the servant; and its name was derived from Latin, *trochlea*, a small wheel or castor. It was made to run under the larger bed; and hence the verb to 'truckle,' to be subservient.

(33) *Anthropophaginian.* A cannibal, a man-eater; the Host enlarges even his usual style of grandiloquence to astound and overawe Simple.

(34) *Ephesian.* A cant term of the period, possibly involving a hint that the person so called is of doubtful orthodoxy; for in "2 Henry IV.," ii. 2, we find "What company?"—"Ephesians, my lord; of the old church:" where the epithet is applied to thieves and roysterers. "Pagan" is also used in the same way. Probably the Host employs words he has heard applied to tavern-keepers and tavern-haunters, without much knowledge of or care for their original signification.

(35) *Bohemian-Tartar.* "Tartars" and "Bohemians" were wandering hordes of gipsies, and the terms were applied to vagabonds generally; but the compound term is another of those sounding names that mine Host flings at Simple to bewilder him.

(36) *Muscle-shell.* This epithet of Falstaff's sufficiently indicates the scared appearance Simple presents, as he stands gaping and staring with his mouth open.

(37) *I may not conceal them.* Simple's blunder for 'reveal,' which the Host humours by his repeating the word in the same mistaken sense.

(38) *Ay, Sir Tike.* The Folio misprints 'like' for "Tike," the word in the Quarto; signifying clown, lout, boor.

(39) *Clerkly.* Scholarly, clever, learned.

(40) *Wise woman.* An old name for a witch, or fortune-teller.

(41) *Paid nothing for it neither, but was paid, &c.* "Paid" here is used first in its usual sense, and secondly, in its sense of being beaten,—as we now say 'paid out.'

(42) *Doctor Faustuses.* See Note 19, Act i.



*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Evans.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Evans.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cousin-germans<sup>(43)</sup> that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

*Enter* DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mine host *de Jarretièrè*?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good-vill: adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! *[Exit. Host and Bard.]*

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero.<sup>(44)</sup> Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

*Enter* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman,<sup>(45)</sup> delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say

somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—*Another room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FENTON and HOST.

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. *[Pointing to letter.]*

Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here *[Pointing to letter]*: in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented.

Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong<sup>(46)</sup> against that match, And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him: her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor,— For they must all be masked and vizarded,— That, quaint<sup>(47)</sup> in green, she shall be loose enrob'd With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

(43) *Cousin-germans.* Put into the mouth of the peppery Welshman by Shakespeare with confused significations: "cousin," meaning a kinsman, yet sounding like "cozen," to cheat; while "germans" mean relations, as well as natives of Germany.

(44) *Primero.* A game of cards much played in Shakespeare's time; its name being derived from the Spanish, and from a certain order of cards first shown and seen, winning the game.

(45) *Counterfeiting the action of an old woman.* Falstaff plumes

himself upon enacting the part of a guileless old woman, a harmless, simple old creature, with nothing of the "witch" about her. It would be superfluous to explain this, were it not that such good commentators as Theobald and Johnson have checked at the passage as it stands.

(46) *Even strong.* As strong, equally strong.

(47) *Quaint.* Used by Shakespeare here and in the "Tempest," to signify 'gracefully fantastic.'

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me :  
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar  
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying,  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go:—I'll hold.<sup>1</sup>  
This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say: time wears: hold up your head, and mince.<sup>2</sup>— [*Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

*Enter Ford.*

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese,<sup>3</sup> played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Page.* Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-

ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word<sup>4</sup> how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries "budget;" and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The street in Windsor.

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*]—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

(1) *I'll hold.* I'll keep the engagement.

(2) *Hold up your head, and mince.* Bear yourself with an appearance of uprightness, and walk demurely; as if upon an errand of the utmost innocence.

(3) *Since I plucked geese.* To strip the feathers from a live goose was formerly a barbarous boyish amusement.

(4) *Nay-word.* A watch-word.





*Evans.* Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

*Falstaff.* Oh, oh, oh!      *Act V. Scene V.*









Drawn by J. M. L. KALSTON

MARIANA AND ANGELO.

Engraved by F. COOPER.

*Mariana.* My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." Act IV. Scene I.



*Mrs. Page.* Against such, those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Windsor Park.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *disguised as a Satyr, with ANNE PAGE and others dressed as Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—Oh, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda:—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault. For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John! art thou here, my deer?

*Fal.* My doe!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;<sup>5</sup> let there come a tempest, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribed buck,<sup>6</sup> each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,<sup>7</sup> and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I

like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!  
[*Noise within.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! what noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.* }

*Mrs. Page.* } Away, away!

[*They run off.*]

*Fal.* I think the devil will not have me, lest the oil that's in me should set his place on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr*; PISTOL, *as Hobgoblin*; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Queen.*<sup>8</sup> Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan-heirs of fix'd destiny,<sup>9</sup>

Attend your office and your quality.<sup>10</sup>—

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.<sup>11</sup>

*Pist.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys!

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;<sup>12</sup>

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept;

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:

Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

*Evans.* Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy;<sup>13</sup>

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:

But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

*Queen.* About, about;

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, oupes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm<sup>14</sup> and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

(5) *Eringoes.* A sea-side plant, used in making sugar-plums called "kissing-comfits;" as were also potatoes, when first introduced into England. This kind of sweetmeat found favour among gallants of Falstaff's description.

(6) *Bribed buck.* A buck cut up into portions for distribution; from French, *bribe*, a piece or portion. The Welsh word *brib*, a scrap or fragment, supports this derivation.

(7) *The fellow of this walk.* The forester; to whom it was the custom to present as perquisites the shoulders of venison cut from the buck when—in the language of the chase—the 'breaking up' of a deer took place. "Woodman" was the title given to the forester's attendant; but it applied to one generally skilled in the sport of hunting game, and is used equivocally by Falstaff.

(8) *Queen.* This prefix is given *Qui.* and *Qu.* through this scene in the Folio, and may have meant that the actress who played Mrs. Quickly was to double her part with this one; but as in Act iv. sc. 4, in Act iv. sc. 6, and in Act v. sc. 3, it is distinctly said that Anne Page is to enact the Fairy Queen, there is every probability

that "Queen" is intended to be the prefix here, and that the actress who plays Anne Page is to deliver these speeches.

(9) *Orphan-heirs of fix'd destiny.* Beings created orphans by fate; in allusion to supposed spontaneous and ex-natural births, such as Merlin's, and others of his stamp, holding place in popular superstition, who were believed to have been born without fathers. There is a similar reference in "2 Henry IV.," iv. 4—"Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature."

(10) *Quality.* Used for appointed duty or performance.

(11) *O-yes.* Old French, *oyez*, hear ye. "O-yes" still forms the commencement of a "Crier's" official proclamation.

(12) *Shalt thou leap.* This has been changed to 'when thou'st leapt,' in order to make the couplet here rhyme like the rest; but many imperfectly rhyming couplets are to be found elsewhere in Shakespeare, when the general passage is in rhyme.

(13) *Raise up the organs of her fantasy.* Exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams.

(14) *Chairs of order look you scour with juice of balm.* It was a

And nightly, meadow fairies, look you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:  
Th' expressure<sup>15</sup> that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;  
And *Honi soit qui mal y pensé* write  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;  
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—  
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.<sup>16</sup>  
Away! disperse! But till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Evans.* Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves  
in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.—  
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.<sup>17</sup>

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,  
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd<sup>18</sup> even in  
thy birth.

*Queen.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Evans.* Come, will this wood take fire?  
[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Queen.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—  
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme!  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

#### SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on vice and luxury!  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

*During this song the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. The Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD. They lay hold on FALSTAFF.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd  
you now.<sup>19</sup>

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jest  
no higher.—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?—  
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes<sup>20</sup>  
Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a gull now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a rascally knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook;<sup>21</sup> his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Evans.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Evans.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize?<sup>22</sup> 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Evans.* Seese is not goot to give putter; your paunch is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of vice and late-walking through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to sin, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

usage of ancient luxury to rub tables and chairs with aromatic herbs.

(15) *Expressure.* That which is expressed; the circular impressions left on the grass by the fairies dancing round, expressing the image of the Order of the Garter.

(16) *Charactery.* Writing by characters, marks, or signs.

(17) *Middle-earth.* Used for the world, the globe; "a man of middle-earth" signifies a 'mortal.'

(18) *O'erlook'd.* Bewitched by the so-called 'Evil Eye.'

(19) *Watch'd you now.* To "watch" was a technical term in falconry, for taming a hawk by preventing it from sleeping; and is often, as here, used metaphorically for subdue, bring to submission. "I think we have watch'd you now" may be taken as equivalent to 'I think we have broken you of your wild habits.'

(20) *Yokes.* In allusion to the branching antlers which Falstaff

has worn on his head as Herne the hunter, and which resemble in their forked shape the ends of "yokes" (framework for supporting vines); or the "yokes" for oxen, used in some parts of England, that rise to a considerable height, and look like horns.

(21) *Must be paid to Master Brook.* Some of the commentators gravely assert that we ought rather to read 'Master Ford' here, as the passage is confused by the reiterated introduction of the name "Master Brook:" but it is this very iteration which gives the required effect of Ford's harping upon a name which he means should reveal to Falstaff the identity of Ford and Brook.

(22) *A coxcomb of frize.* A fool's cap made of a cloth for the manufacture of which Wales was celebrated. The deep mortification of the witty Falstaff at being outwitted, is a profound lesson; while that touch conveyed in the words, "I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies," preserves the shrewd-sensed



*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evans.* And given to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:<sup>23</sup> use me as you will.

*Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

*Enter SLENDER.*

*Slen.* Whoo! ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

*Slen.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

*Page.* Of what, son?



HERNE'S OAK.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a broker: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset<sup>24</sup> to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

supremacy of the character, even while rendering the moral all the more pungent.

(23) *Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me.* 'Ignorance itself can sound the depths of my shallowness in this.' Falstaff, true to himself, has wit at command, even when deploring his own lack of brains; and the retorts he flings at his outwitters are thorough self-

vindicators. "Toasted cheese" and "Welsh flannel" amply revenge him.

(24) *Posset.* A warm drink made of milk curdled with wine or ale, much in favour among our ancestors as a night-draught before going to bed. There is something especially cordial in the introduction of this proposal from the good-natured yeoman, Master



*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un païsan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.*

*Ford.* This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

How now, Master Fenton!

*Anne.* Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Page; it serves to keep the jest upon Falstaff within the range of comedy-banter, and to show that he is included in the general reconciliation which closes the play.

(25) *Amaze.* Used for confound, bewilder.

(26) *Special stand to strike at me.* A "stand" was a special refuge-place formed with boughs, wherein ladies might station themselves to witness the sport of deer-shooting, and from whence they might

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

*Fenton.* You do amaze<sup>25</sup> her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursèd hours, Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me,<sup>26</sup> that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy?—Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!—

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.<sup>27</sup>

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no farther.—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire! Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so.—Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

*[Exeunt.]*

even take part in it, by aiming at the game driven by the keepers near to them.

(27) *When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.* Falstaff here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the dear merry wives, by showing them that their dear daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.  
ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.  
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the  
deputation.  
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.  
LUCIO, a Fantastic.  
Two other like Gentlemen.  
Provost.  
THOMAS, } two Friars.  
PETER, }  
A Justice.  
VARRIUS, a Gentleman attending on the Duke.  
ELBOW, a simple Constable.  
FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.  
POMPEY, a Clown, Servant to Mistress Overdone.  
ABHORSON, an Executioner.  
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.  
  
ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.  
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.  
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.  
FRANCISCA, a Nun.  
MISTRESS OVERDONE, Keeper of a house of ill-fame,  
in the suburbs.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Vienna.*





# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord?

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am put to know<sup>2</sup> that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists<sup>3</sup> of all advice  
My strength can give you; then no more remains,  
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is  
able,<sup>4</sup>

And let them work. The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms<sup>5</sup>  
For common justice, you're as pregnant<sup>6</sup> in  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission,

[*Giving it.*

From which we would not have you warp.—Call  
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply;  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

*Enter* ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,  
There is a kind of character in thy life,<sup>7</sup>  
That, to th' observer, doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper,<sup>8</sup> as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

(1) "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" was first printed in the 1623 Folio; and there is record that it was played before the Court on St. Stephen's night (Dec. 26), 1604, which proves it to have been written before that date. The source of the plot is supposed to have been found in a play called "Promos and Cassandra" (1578), by George Whetstone; who took the story from an Italian novel of Giraldi Cinthio. Unfortunately, the chief incidents have formed the basis of more than one romance of real life; and Shakespeare, with his knowledge of human nature, has adopted them for his purpose of dramatic moral teaching, by making them the groundwork of this noble and profoundly preceptive play. Out of strong and even repulsive materials, he has contrived to produce a lesson that may be taken to heart by all men; from the prince who rules, the minister who dispenses justice, the young fellow launched upon his destined career, the young girl entering upon the duties and trials of existence, the gaoler with culprits beneath his charge and supervision, down to the ill-chosen constable whose inefficiency helps to foster the growth of vice and foulness among the uncleaned dregs of the people.

(2) *I am put to know.* I have cause to know.

(3) *Lists.* Limits, bounds.

(4) *Then no more remains, &c.* This passage is obscurely expressed, from its excess of condensation; and there have been

various attempts to alter it, some editors having substituted words, some having omitted them, and some having suspected omissions in the Folio version. If taken as an instance of Shakespeare's way of making a relative pronoun refer to an implied particular, the passage, as it stands, seems to bear this interpretation: "Then no more remains [there is nothing more required] but *that* [meaning the "strength" mentioned in the previous line, the governing power embodied in the "commission" he gives him] to your sufficiency [sufficing authority], as your worth is able [your excellence rendering you competent], and let them work' [let them operate in combination]."

(5) *Terms.* Blackstone says that "terms" mean the technical language of the law courts; and he mentions that an old book, called "*Les Termes de la Ley*" (written in Henry VIII.'s time), was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law. If, as is probable, this was one of our poet's reference-books, it goes far to account for his intimate acquaintance with legal forms and expressions.

(6) *Pregnant.* Here used for skilled, proficient.

(7) *Character in thy life.* "Character," or written mark, is here used figuratively for legible indication; and "life," for external conduct or behaviour.

(8) *Not thine own so proper.* Not so exclusively and peculiarly thine own property.

But to fine issues;<sup>9</sup> nor Nature never lends<sup>10</sup>  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,—  
Both thanks and use.<sup>11</sup> But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advérstise;<sup>12</sup>  
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—

[Tendering his commission.]

In our remove<sup>13</sup> be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart.<sup>14</sup> Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary:—  
Take thy commission. [Gives it.]

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:  
We have with a leaven'd and preparèd choice<sup>15</sup>  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,  
How it goes with us; and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commisions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.<sup>16</sup>

Duke. My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple: your scope<sup>17</sup> is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:  
I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and *aves*<sup>18</sup> vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come  
not to composition with the King of Hungary, why,  
then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not  
the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious  
pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Command-  
ments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal?"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to  
command the captain and all the rest from their  
functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a  
soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before  
meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for  
peace.<sup>19</sup>

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never  
wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ah! why not? Grace is grace, despite  
of all controversy: as, for example,—thou thyself art  
a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears  
between us.<sup>20</sup>

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists  
and the velvet. Thou art the list.<sup>21</sup>

First Gent. And thou the velvet; thou art good  
velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I  
had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled,  
as thou art piled,<sup>22</sup> for a French velvet. Do I speak  
feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most  
painful feeling of thy speech; I will, out of thine own  
confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I  
live, forget to drink after thee.

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong,  
have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art  
tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation  
comes!

(9) *Fine issues*. Exalted purposes, lofty results. Shakespeare thus combines varied meanings in one well-selected expression.

(10) *Nor Nature never lends*. An instance of Shakespeare's use of the double negative, not (as is usual now) to express an affirmative.

(11) *Use*. This word is here employed in its ordinary sense of putting in operation, and of usurious interest.

(12) *Advérstise*. Proclaim, set forth; the phrase means, 'I speak to one who can himself state the duties I delegate to him as my representative.'

(13) *In our remove*. While we are away.

(14) *Mortality and mercy in Vienna live in thy tongue and heart*. 'The power of sentencing to death is hereby given to thy word; the right to reprieve, to thy good feeling.'

(15) *A leaven'd and preparèd choice*. Shakespeare uses the word

"leaven'd" in a figurative sense, to express a due admixture of motive and consideration in the "choice" made.

(16) *Bring you something on the way*. A phrase of the time for accompany or escort.

(17) *Scope*. Here used for extent of power.

(18) *Aves*. An expressive noun coined by Shakespeare from *Ave*, Latin, Hail! to signify acclamations, popular laudations.

(19) *Prays for peace*. An ancient form of grace before meals contained an aspiration for peace.

(20) *There went but a pair of shears between us*. An old proverbial saying, tantamount to 'We are both of a piece,' or, 'We were both cut from the same stuff.'

(21) *The list*. The selvedge.

(22) *Piled, as thou art piled*. The "pile" of velvet is its fluff



*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

*First Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Mrs. Ov.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Mrs. Ov.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Mrs. Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Mrs. Ov.* I am too sure of it; and it is for Madam Julietta.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

*Mrs. Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter CLOWN.*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Mrs. Ov.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Mrs. Ov.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Ov.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Mrs. Ov.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

surface; and "three-piled" velvet was velvet of the richest quality.

(23) *Provost.* A superintendent of executions; a sheriff; also employed in this play for the keeper of a prison, a gaoler.

(24) *The demigod, Authority.* Claudio calls "Authority," in its controlling power, a "demigod;" and compares it to the "words of Heaven," in absolute and irresponsible degree. "Pay down for our offence by weight" means, 'pay for our offence by heavy penalty.'

(25) *Scope.* Here used for extent of license.

(26) *Ravin down their proper bane.* To "ravin" is to devour eagerly; "their proper bane," is 'their own poison or destruction.'

(27) *Save that we do the denunciation lack of outward order.* 'Except that we have not the proclamation according to external and established form.' The use of "denunciation" in precisely

*Mrs. Ov.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

*Clo.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost<sup>23</sup> to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod, Authority,<sup>24</sup> Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claudio.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of too much fast, So every scope<sup>25</sup> by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,<sup>26</sup> A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again.

*Lucio.* What, is't murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's trust: You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order:<sup>27</sup> this we came not to, Only for propagation of<sup>28</sup> a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

this sense, is shown by a quotation from Bishop Hall: "This public and reiterated denunciation of banns before matrimony, is an institution."

(28) *Propagation of.* Used to express promoting the bestowal of, or payment of. Claudio and Juliet, believing her friends to be adverse to their union, and likely to withhold her "dower" if they married, resolve to conceal their "contract" of affianced "love," until "time" should bring consent and forgiveness, together with payment of the marriage-portion. Deriving the latter portion of the word from the Italian *pagare*, to pay, this interpretation seems confirmed. It has been supposed that the word is used here in its old sense of 'increasing,' to signify that the lovers left the money in the hands of its guardians, that they might increase it by putting it out to interest; but "remaining in the coffer of her friends" makes against this explanation.



The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,  
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—  
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,  
Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is: and thy head stands so  
tickle<sup>20</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be  
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and  
appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.



*Duke.* Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary:—  
Take thy commission.

Act I. Scene I.

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in:—but this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
So long, that nineteen zodiacs<sup>29</sup> have gone round,

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.  
This day my sister should the cloister enter,  
And there receive her approbation:<sup>31</sup>  
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;  
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect,<sup>32</sup>

(29) *Nineteen zodiacs.* "Zodiac," the track of the sun through the twelve signs, is here poetically used to express a revolving year; and Claudio speaks of "nineteen" of these years during which the penal law has been suffered to remain unenforced, though the duke, in the next scene, more correctly states their number to be "fourteen." These variations in statement, with which Shakespeare's commentators reproach him as inaccuracies, are precisely such as are consistent with Nature—whose portrait the poet copied with the implicitness of a Chinese artificer, and the fidelity of a true poet. It is most characteristic that a young fellow like Claudio should carelessly mention *somewhere* about the period in question, while the staid duke cites it exactly.

(30) *Tickle.* Ticklish; precariously.

(31) *Receive her approbation.* Enter upon her probation, or noviciate.

(32) *Prone and speechless dialect.* "Prone" is interpreted by several annotators in its sense of 'apt,' 'ready,' or 'prompt'; but it seems to us that, taken in connection with the whole of the context, it means rather something derived from another sense of this word—'bending,' 'stooping with the head inclined forwards.' Be it observed that Claudio, in the first clause of the sentence, describes rather the *manner* than the matter of his sister's style, designating it as "prone and speechless dialect;" and then he goes on to talk of her power of eloquence, after the emphatic "*beside.*"





*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isabella.* Woe me! for what?

*Act I. Scene V.*





Such as moves men ; besides, she hath prosperous art  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition,<sup>33</sup> as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away ! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

*Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy father ; throw away that thought : Believe not that the dribbling<sup>34</sup> dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom.<sup>35</sup> Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it ?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;<sup>36</sup> And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.<sup>37</sup> I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo—

A man of stricture<sup>38</sup> and firm abstinence— My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me why I do this ?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,<sup>39</sup>— Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep ; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers, Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch, Only to stick it in their children's sight For terror, not to use, in time the rod Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ; And liberty plucks justice by the nose ; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace

T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd : And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd, Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,<sup>40</sup> 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done, When evil deeds have their permissive pass, And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father, I have on Angelo impos'd the office ; Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the fight, To do it slander.<sup>41</sup> And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. More reasons for this action At our more leisure shall I render you ; Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ; Stands at a guard with envy ;<sup>42</sup> scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see, If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ; But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of St. Clare.

*Lucio.* [*Within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

*Isab.* Who's that which calls ?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella, Turn you the key, and know his business of him : You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn. When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men, But in the presence of the prioress : Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ; Or, if you show your face, you must not speak. He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me

We therefore believe that "prone" is here employed (in Shakespeare's magic way of selecting a significant word to express his particular meaning) to convey the idea of deferential, gently submissive and supplicatory ; just the appealing look that would accompany "speechless dialect, such as moves men."

(33) *Grievous imposition.* The imposing of grievous penalties.

(34) *Dribbling.* Trifling, ineffectual, weak. It is a term borrowed from archery ; a poor marksman being called "a dribbler."

(35) *Complete bosom.* A bosom completely armed ; here used figuratively, for morally protected. Shakespeare has the same epithet elsewhere, in combination with defensive armature :—"All the complete armour that thou wear'st," Richard III., iv. 4 ; and "again in complete steel, revisit'st," &c., Hamlet, i. 4.

(36) *The life remov'd.* The life of retirement, apart from worldly attractions.

(37) *Bravery keeps.* "Bravery" was often used for finery, showy dress ; and "keeps," for keep station, stays, remains, or haunts.

(38) *Stricture.* Strictness, rigorous conduct.

(39) *Steeds.* Misprinted 'weedes,' in the Folio ; but the words "bits and curbs" show the noun in the text (Theobald's correction) to be the right one. In the following line 'slip' stands in the Folio for "sleep" (also Theobald's) ; whereas this is evidenced to be the verb, no less by the metaphor, than by the passage (ii. 2) :—"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept."

(40) *Scope.* Used here for latitude of license.

(41) *Never in the fight, to do it slander.* Here, for "it" (Hammer's correction) the Folio misprints 'in,' which probably caught the printer's eye from occurring twice before in the sentence. 'Sight' has also been substituted for "fight" by some editors ; but the figurative words "ambush" and "strike home" seem to demand "fight," in the sense of struggle or active exertion. "It" we take to refer to "name ;" and the meaning of the whole passage appears to us to be :—"Angelo may, under cover of my name, enforce the law, while I take no part in the exertion that is opposed to my nature, and might bring me blame."

(42) *Stands at a guard with envy.* As we now say, 'Defies envy, or detraction.'

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;  
The rather, for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets  
you.  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be his  
judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.<sup>43</sup>

*Lucio.* 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my  
familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing,<sup>44</sup> and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;  
By your renouncement,<sup>45</sup> an immortal spirit;  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mocking  
me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,<sup>46</sup>  
'tis thus:—  
Your brother and his lover<sup>47</sup> have embraced.

*Isab.* My cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their  
names  
By vain, though apt, affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* Oh, let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.  
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand,<sup>48</sup> and hope of action: but we do learn,  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
But doth rebate<sup>49</sup> and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He—to give fear to use and liberty,<sup>50</sup>  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith  
Of business<sup>51</sup> 'twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has censur'd him<sup>52</sup>  
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good!

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas, I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe<sup>53</sup> them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother<sup>54</sup>  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A hall in ANGELO's house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, PROVOST, Officers,  
and other Attendants.

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear<sup>1</sup> the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall,<sup>2</sup> and bruise to death. Alas! this gentle-  
man,

(43) *Make me not your story.* It has been proposed to substitute 'scorn' for "story." But "story" is here used for subject of jest, ground for mockery. In the same way, Falstaff, when made the subject of the gibes and jests of the assembled party around Herne's Oak, says—"Well, I am your *theme*."

(44) *Lapwing.* A bird that diverts attention from its nest, by crying and flitting away from the spot. There is another allusion to this, "Comedy of Errors," iv. 2.

(45) *Renouncement.* Renouncing the world by intending to become a nun.

(46) *Fewness and truth.* In few and true words.

(47) *Lover.* In Shakespeare's time "lover" was applied to both men and women.

(48) *Bore many gentlemen . . . in hand.* To "bear in hand" meant to beguile, or lure on by false expectation.

(49) *Rebate.* Literally, to beat back; French, *rebattre*. To make dull, to repress, to diminish.

(50) *To give fear to use and liberty.* To intimidate and check abuses grown customary and over-free.

(51) *Pith of business.* The marrow, or core of the communication.

(52) *Censur'd him.* To "censure" was used for to judge; hence, "censur'd him" means, pronounced judgment upon him, sentenced him.

(53) *Owe.* Used here for own, possess, have.

(54) *The mother.* The superior of the convent: the abbess, or prioress.

(1) *To fear.* Used actively; to frighten.

(2) *Fall.* Used actively; to 'fall a tree' is employed for throw down, or fell a tree.



Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
 Let but your honour know,<sup>3</sup>—  
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—  
 That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,  
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,  
 Whether you had not, sometime in your life,

We tread upon, and never think of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For I have had such faults;<sup>7</sup> but rather tell me,  
 When I, that censure him,<sup>8</sup> do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.*

Where is the provost?



*Escalus.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escalus.* So.—[*To Clown*] What trade are you of, sir?

*Clown.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Act II. Scene I.*

Err'd in this point which now you censure him,<sup>4</sup>  
 And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on<sup>5</sup> the prisoner's life,  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made  
 To justice, that justice seizes: what know the laws  
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,<sup>6</sup>  
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it; but what we do not see

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.*

See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.  
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

*Escal.* Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive  
 us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
 Some run from brakes of vice,<sup>9</sup> and answer none;  
 And some condemn'd for a fault alone.

(3) *Know.* Used here for reflect, consider.

(4) *This point which now you censure him.* An elliptical phrase, wherein 'for' must be understood between "point" and "which."

(5) *Passing on.* To "pass on" is a legal term, signifying to pass judgment on, to decide for capital punishment.

(6) *Pregnant.* Used here for full of self-evident fact.

(7) *For I have had such faults.* Because I have had such faults.

(8) *Censure him.* Judge him, condemn him, sentence him.

(9) *Brakes of vice.* "Vice" (Rowe's correction) is misprinted 'ice' in the Folio. From the way in which Shakespeare uniformly uses the word "brake," when he uses it as a noun, we believe that here "brakes" mean thorny thickets; and, figuratively, entanglements, or moral embarrassments. Therefore, the entire passage may be thus interpreted:—'Some get free from vicious courses, without having to answer for any, while some are condemned for a single error.'



*Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, Officers, &c.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains<sup>10</sup> they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well:<sup>11</sup> here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to:—what quality<sup>12</sup> are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.<sup>13</sup>

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir! a tapster, sir: one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,<sup>14</sup> which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest<sup>15</sup> before Heaven and your honour,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife!

*Elb.* Ay, sir;—whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who might have been accused in all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [To ANGELO] Do you hear how he misplaces?

*Clo.* Sir, she came in longing—saving your

honour's reverence—for stewed prunes, sir;—we had but two in the house, which at that very distant<sup>16</sup> time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence;—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well, then.

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

*Froth.* All-Hallownd eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,<sup>17</sup> sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes,<sup>18</sup> where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.<sup>19</sup>

*Clo.* Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,

When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.<sup>20</sup>

(10) *Precise villains.* Elbow wishes to say that they are precisely, exactly, thoroughly villains; but the word he uses gives the impression of strict, severely moral, if we observe how it is used (i. 4) in the passage, "Lord Angelo is precise," &c. Also, Elbow stumbles on the word "profanation" for 'profession,' immediately afterwards (as is proved by Angelo's asking, "What quality are they of?"), giving the effect by the whole speech of a ridiculous complaint against puritanical conduct, instead of just the reverse.

(11) *This comes off well.* A phrase in common use, signifying 'this is well delivered, or expressed.' Of course, this is here used ironically.

(12) *Quality.* Used for profession, avocation.

(13) *Out at elbow.* Punningly spoken; as a hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put "out" by Angelo's peremptory repetition of his name.

(14) *Professes a hot-house.* Professes, or pretends to keep a warm-bath house, a bagnio.

(15) *Detest.* Elbow's blunder for 'protest.'

(16) *Distant.* Probably the Clown intends to say 'distinct,' or, perhaps, 'instant.'

(17) *A lower chair.* A name formerly given to what now would be called 'an easy chair.'

(18) *Bunch of Grapes.* The naming of particular rooms after this fashion—especially in taverns and inns—was usual in Shakespeare's time; and we find the "Half-Moon" and the "Pomegranate" mentioned in "1 Henry IV.," ii. 4. Even when Goldsmith wrote, the custom still prevailed; for in his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," the heroine, impersonating a barmaid, says—"Attend the Lion there; pipes and tobacco for the Angel; the Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour."

(19) *An open room, and good for winter.* Though this is doubtless intended for Master Froth's flabbily-floundering way of expressing himself, yet as the blunders put into the mouths of Shakespeare's characters generally have some point of analogy, even in opposed signification, or some side-link of association, we cannot help thinking that the word "open" is here used by the foolish gentleman, with some glimmer of its meaning in the sense in which Bacon uses it, where he speaks of 'an open and warm winter;' that is, a mild, unfrosty, genial winter.

(20) *Good cause to whip them all.* The "them" in this sentence is an instance of Shakespeare's way of making a relative pronoun (or rather, here, a personal pronoun used relatively) refer to an implied, though unmentioned, particular. It of course refers to the people brought up for examination. We may here observe how



*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be supposed<sup>21</sup> upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected<sup>22</sup> house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?<sup>23</sup>—Is this true?

*Elb.* Oh, thou catiff! Oh, thou varlet!<sup>24</sup> Oh, thou wicked Hannibal!<sup>25</sup> I respected with her before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked catiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some

offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.<sup>26</sup>

*Escal.* [To FROTH] Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—[To CLOWN] What trade are you of, sir?

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Clo.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you,<sup>27</sup> Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [Exit FROTH.] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.<sup>28</sup>

*Escal.* Hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:  
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you!

perfectly characteristic of Angelo is this casually introduced little speech and incident of withdrawal; indicating his selfishly leaving his colleague to fulfil a wearisome task, and his own hard intolerance of spirit, on which intolerance he moreover plumes himself, as if it were a virtue.

(21) *Supposed.* The Clown's word for 'deposed.'

(22) *Respected.* Elbow's mistake for 'suspected.'

(23) *Justice or Iniquity.* These were the names given to two of the characters in the ancient plays called moralities; and applied here to the Constable-prosecutor and the Clown-delinquent.

(24) *Oh, thou catiff! Oh, thou varlet!* "Caitiff" means a despicable wretch, from the old French, *cattif* or *chétif*, wretched; and, indirectly, from the Latin, *captus*, a captive, a slave. "Varlet" is from the old French, *varlet* or *valet*; meaning a youth, a youthful attendant, and then a groom. It had not originally a lowly or mean signification; as young gentlemen were in attendance on the king's chamber, and called *valets de chambre*, while *varlet* was the

name given to squires or attendant grooms attached to knights' service. But eventually the word fell into exclusively low meaning, and signified a vile fellow.

(25) *Hannibal.* In mistake for cannibal.

(26) *Continue.* It is evident that from the tone of Escalus's speech, Elbow conceives this to be some threatened punishment.

(27) *They will draw you.* "Draw" is here quibblingly used in allusion to the tapsters when *drawing* beer, and when *drawing* (or as we should now say 'taking') in their customers; likewise in allusion to the *drawing* felons on a hurdle to be hanged. In the next speech, the sapient Froth uses "drawn in" with the second of the above meanings.

(28) *Pompey.* As his mistress calls him "Thomas Tapster" (i. 2), we should suspect that the Clown here impudently gives Escalus an '*alias*,' were it not that Lucio addresses him as "Pompey" (iii. 2). Probably it was a familiar name bestowed upon him by waggish customers, and adopted by himself.

They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient<sup>29</sup> to serve it.

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*] What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe; But yet,—poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.— Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter PROVOST and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream: All sects, all ages smack of this vice! and he To die for it!—

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.<sup>30</sup>— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter<sup>31</sup> place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fallen woman be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] Your welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.<sup>32</sup>

*Prov.* [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done. Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the fault,<sup>33</sup> whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* Oh, just but severe law! I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown: You are too cold;<sup>34</sup> if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. *Ang.* I will not do't.

(29) *Sufficient.* Used here, and in the next-but-one speech, to express 'of sufficient capacity,' 'sufficiently competent.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word in this sense.

(30) *Your honour's pardon.* "Your honour" was formerly the style of address for a lord; as now, 'your lordship.'

(31) *More fitter.* Instance of Shakespeare's use of the then permitted double comparative.

(32) *Let it be his fault, and not my brother.* Isabella means, 'Let my brother's fault be condemned to extinction, not his life;' but Angelo answers as if she had only implied "condemned," or censured. These are the subtleties in Shakespeare's most characteristic, yet condensedly expressed, dialogues, that puzzle readers who too superficially peruse him.

(33) *To fine the fault, &c.* The sentence means, 'Were I to

pronounce the appointed penalty on the crime, and spare the criminal.'

(34) *You are too cold.* It is noteworthy that Lucio twice reproaches Isabella with coldness; and this is the impression that more than one critic has received and given of her character. But the restraint that sways her throughout this scene, is just that powerful one which deceives imperfectly-judging lookers-on into believing a woman of reticence to be a woman wanting in warmth. See how her upright soul—clear in virtuous perception, honest in righteous avowal—allows the justice of the case against her brother, though pleading against its severity:—"Oh, just but severe law!" Then, again, consider the natural timidity and reluctance with which a young girl—a modest, pure girl, a girl who has voluntarily commenced her noviciate for the cloistered life of a nun—would





ES.

H. THOMAS.

*Lucio.* [Aside to ISABELLA] Oh, to him, to him,  
wench! he will relent.

*Provost.* [Aside] Pray Heaven she win him!

Act II. Scene II.





*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse<sup>35</sup>  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late; why, no; I, that do speak a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you  
as he,

You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you be gone.

*Isab.* I would to Heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Ay, touch him; there's  
the vein.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment,<sup>36</sup> should  
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair-maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare  
him, spare him!—

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season:<sup>37</sup> shall we serve Heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink  
you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it  
hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first that did th' edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;  
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass,<sup>38</sup> that shows what future evils  
(Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:  
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this  
sentence,

And he that suffers. Oh! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;  
For every pelting,<sup>39</sup> petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;—  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled<sup>40</sup> oak  
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,<sup>41</sup>—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,<sup>42</sup>  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Oh, to him, to him, wench!  
he will relent;  
He's coming; I perceive't.

*Prov.* [*Aside*] Pray Heaven she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:<sup>43</sup>  
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them!  
But in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Thou'rt in the right, girl;  
more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric  
word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

enter upon a subject such as she has undertaken to plead for; a subject hard even to speak of, most hard to advocate.

(35) *Remorse*. Sometimes used for pity, compassion; not in the sense of a regret for guilt.

(36) *Top of judgment*. [See Note 3, Act iii., "Tempest."] It has been pointed out that another world-poet, Dante, has used precisely the same expression, "*Cima di giudicio*."

(37) *Of season*. Used as we now say 'in season.' We find the expression used thus, "*Merry Wives*," iii. 3—"buck, and of the season;" and the way in which Isabella employs it illustratively—as prepared for, fitted for—which Isabella employs it illustratively—"Hamlet," iii. 3, where the prince demurs to killing the sinful king, "when he is fit and seasoned for his passage."

(38) *Looks in a glass*. This alludes to the magic mirrors, in use among conjurors, by looking into which they profess to see future events.

(39) *Pelting*. Paltry (of which palting was an old form); worthless, mean. The word has been derived from the Teutonic *palt*, a scrap, a fragment.

(40) *Gnarled*. Full of knots; 'gnar' being an old English word for a knot in wood.

(41) *Glassy essence*. The epithet here is just one of those chosen with such exquisitely apt and comprehensive force of expression by Shakespeare. "*Glassy essence*" means that essential nature of man which is like glass from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction.

(42) *Who, with our spleens, would, &c.* 'Who, had they our human spleens, would laugh away their immortal natures, and become, like us, mortal.' The spleen was thought to be the seat of immoderate mirth, as well as of the opposite passions, melancholy and anger. The idea of angels beweeeping the errors of mankind has been shown by Grotius, and others quoting him, to have existed long before Shakespeare wrote; but it is just his own way of thinking to contrast angelic commiseration for evil with the disposition of inferior beings to bitterly deride wrong-doing.

(43) *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself*. Isabella here uses "we" as speaking in the person of man judging his brother man;

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Art avis'd<sup>44</sup> o' that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others, Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, That skins the vice o' the top.<sup>45</sup> Go to your bosom; Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know That's like my brother's fault: if it confess A natural guiltiness such as is his, Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.<sup>46</sup>—[*Going.*] Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* How! bribe me!

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,<sup>47</sup> Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor As fancy values them; but with true prayers, That shall be up at heaven and enter there Ere sun-rise,—prayers from preserv'd souls,<sup>48</sup> From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to ISAB.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!<sup>49</sup>

*Ang.* [*Aside*] Amen: For I am that way going to temptation, Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* Save your honour!

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and PROVOST.*]

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!—What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine? The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha? Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I, That, lying by the violet in the sun, Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous season.<sup>50</sup> Can it be, That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our evils there?<sup>51</sup> Oh, fie, fie, fie! What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things That make her good? Oh, let her brother live! Thieves for their robbery have authority, When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her, That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on? Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous Is that temptation that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue. Never could the wanton, With all her double vigour, art and nature, Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid Subdues me quite:—ever till now, When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—A room in a Prison.

*Enter DUKE, disguised as a Friar, and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity and my bless'd order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits Here in the prison. Do me the common right To let me see them, and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,<sup>52</sup> Who, falling in the flames of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report: she is with child; And he that's father, sentenc'd.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—

[*To JULIET*] I have provided for you: stay awhile, And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

*Jul.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

and says all men cannot be estimated as being alike in responsibility and liability to blame or punishment.

(44) *Avis'd.* [See Note 66, Act i., "Merry Wives."]

(45) *Skins the vice o' the top.* A metaphor borrowed from surgery; in a case where superficial application produces a false skin over an unhealed wound.

(46) *Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.* Meaning 'such good sense, or sensible argument, that my sense of her beauty and intelligence is produced by and grows with it.'

(47) *Fond shekels of the tested gold.* "Fond" was an old word for foolish; and is here used to express foolishly overprized. "Shekels" (printed 'sickles' in the Folio, and spelt so in ancient versions of the Bible) meant both a Jewish coin and a Jewish weight; indeed, our word scale, to weigh, is indirectly derived from the Hebrew word "shekel." Shakespeare, with his usual aptness and discrimination, here employs a word which conveys the idea of minted gold and heavy amount of gold. "Tested," as an epithet applied to gold, signifies gold that has been subjected to the test and found to be pure, unalloyed, sterling.

(48) *Preserv'd souls.* Souls preserved from mundane allurements.

(49) *Heaven keep your honour safe!* Isabella says "your honour"

by way of giving Angelo his title [see Note 30, Act ii.]; but he, feeling that his own "honour," or rectitude, is in danger, cries "Amen" to her speech, as though it were an aspiration for his moral safety; and adds, "For I am that way going to temptation, where prayers cross;" meaning that he is led by her graces into the very path of temptation, where prayers for the preservation of his honour might come in most available.

(50) *Corrupt with virtuous season.* 'Grow putrid by purifying influence.' Besides being one of those fine tributes to goodness which Shakespeare sometimes puts into the mouths of vicious characters,—as if involuntarily drawn from them by its irresistible force,—this sentence conveys a fine image, wherein Angelo compares Isabella to the violet, her virtue to the sun, and himself to the unsound flesh, which becomes corrupt under the very influence that adds sweetness to the flower.

(51) *Raze the sanctuary, and pitch our evils there?* The allusion here is best explained by quoting Henley's words on the subject:—"The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt."

(52) *A gentlewoman of mine.* The provost calls Juliet so, because she has been placed under his charge to "dispose of," and provide



*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Jul.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?

*Jul.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So, then, it seems, your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

*Jul.* Mutually.

*Jul.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest.<sup>54</sup>  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you!<sup>55</sup> *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious law,<sup>56</sup>  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*



*Isabella.* I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.

*Act II. Scene IV.*

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

*Jul.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—  
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not Heaven,  
Showing, we would not spare Heaven,<sup>53</sup> as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear,—

with "needful, but not lavish, means" (ii. 2). For "flames" in the next line, the Folio misprints 'flawes;' but the word "blister'd," taken in the sense of scorched, or injured by fire, seems to make "flames" the probable word written by Shakespeare.

(53) *Spare Heaven.* That is, 'spare Heaven our offence,' 'refrain from offending Heaven.'

(54) *There rest.* Remain in that state of mind.

(55) *Grace go with you!* It has been proposed to assign these words to Juliet, making the friar-duke answer her with "*Bene-*

#### SCENE IV.—A room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my invention,<sup>57</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name;  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil

*dicite!*" as a rejoinder. But, after "must die to-morrow" has been uttered, Juliet hears nothing, says nothing, till she finds herself alone, and then passionately repeats the sentence that has left its death-knell on her ear, and absorbed her wholly.

(56) *Oh, injurious law.* Misprinted in the Folio 'Loue,' an easy mistake for 'Lawe.' Juliet complains that the law condemns her lover to death, while sparing her to live on without him.

(57) *Invention.* Used here for process of thought, activity of idea, imagination.



Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown sear'd<sup>58</sup> and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
Could I, with boot,<sup>59</sup> change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. Oh, place! oh, form!  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,<sup>60</sup>  
Wrench awe from fools,<sup>61</sup> and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:<sup>62</sup>  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,<sup>63</sup>  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now! who's there?

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,<sup>64</sup>

Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*]

Oh, heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness?  
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general,<sup>65</sup> subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid!

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better  
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence.

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as  
good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put mettle in restrain'd<sup>66</sup> means,  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.  
Which had you rather,—that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.<sup>67</sup>

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for account.<sup>68</sup>

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks<sup>69</sup>  
Proclaim an enshield<sup>70</sup> beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me;  
To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.<sup>71</sup>

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,<sup>72</sup>—that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding<sup>73</sup> law; and that there were

(58) *Sear'd*. Misprinted 'fear'd' in the Folio; the long *s* being often mistaken for an *f*. Shakespeare uses "sear'd" in the sense of withered, dry, worn out.

(59) *With boot*. With advantage.

(60) *Thy case, thy habit*. Thy covering, thy exterior garb.

(61) *Wrench awe from fools, and tie, &c.* That is, 'extort veneration from fools, and attach even those who are wiser to thine apparent excellence.'

(62) *Blood, thou art blood*. "Blood" is here used for natural propensity, inherent disposition.

(63) *Let's write good angel, &c.* Meaning, 'We may emblazon evil with the insignia of goodness, but they are not its rightful armorial bearings.'

(64) *A sister*. One of a sisterhood, a nun. The servant, imagining the novice's habit worn by Isabella to be that of a nun, announces her as if she had already taken the vows.

(65) *The general*. The multitude, the populace.

(66) *Restrain'd*. Within the restraint of prohibition, forbidden.

(67) *Rather give my body than my soul*. 'Rather give my body to death than my soul to perdition.'

(68) *Our compell'd sins stand more for number than for account*. 'The sins we are compelled to commit, we must rather enumerate than be accountable for.'

(69) *These black masks*. The masks usually worn. [See Note 32, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."] Shakespeare and other writers of former time used "these" when instancing a generality.

(70) *Enshield*. For enshielded; enclosed within protective covering.

(71) *Upon that pain*. 'On pain of death.'

(72) *In the loss of question*. 'Losing sight of the question, merely for the sake of argument.'

(73) *All-binding*. Misprinted 'all-building' in the Folio; the word "manacles" shows "binding" (Theobald's correction) to be right.



No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer:  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That, longing, I've be sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* Ignomy<sup>74</sup> in ransom, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses:<sup>75</sup> lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a  
tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment, than a vice.

*Isab.* Oh, pardon me, my lord: it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we  
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary,<sup>76</sup> but only he,  
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.<sup>77</sup>

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail, too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view them-  
selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them.<sup>78</sup> Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.<sup>79</sup>

*Ang.* I think it well:  
And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be  
bold;—

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one,—as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants,—show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one:<sup>80</sup> gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.<sup>81</sup>

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me  
That he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in't,<sup>82</sup>  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!<sup>83</sup>—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't:  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world  
Aloud what man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austere-ness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation outweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious<sup>84</sup> blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell  
this,

Who would believe me? Oh, perilous mouths!  
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval;  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture<sup>85</sup> of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

possessive pronoun used relatively) do bi-fold duty in a phrase.  
"Help heaven!" is equivalent to "Heaven help them!"

(79) *Prints.* Impressions.

(80) *I have no tongue but one.* 'I have spoken consistently throughout.'

(81) *Let me entreat you speak the former language.* Isabella begs Angelo to resume the tone of conversation he used before he said, "I'll speak more gross;" that is, openly, plainly. She would rather he would continue to talk in such a way that she can affect to misunderstand the terms on which he will spare her brother; and from which she has shrunk from comprehending as long as possible. The poet's conduct of this difficult scene is a marvel of skill, and proves his insight into womanly nature to be little short of miraculous.

(82) *Your virtue hath a license in't, which seems, &c.* 'Your virtue allows itself to seem more fallible than it is, in order to draw me on to confess the like.'

(83) *Seeming.* Here used for hypocrisy, simulated virtue.

(84) *Proligious.* Protractive; calculated to induce forbearance

(85) *Prompture.* Incitement, instigation.

(74) *Ignomy.* For 'ignominy.'

(75) *Of two houses.* Of different families; derived from separate stocks.

(76) *Feodary.* This word signifies a feudal vassal; also an accomplice, a confederate, a companion, an associate. Here it combines these senses, and means one who holds by common tenure, and one of the human fraternity.

(77) *Owe, and succeed thy weakness.* "Owe" is used for 'own,' "succeed," for 'inherit'; "thy weakness" refers to the frailty which Angelo has confessed that he has in common with all mankind. Therefore the interpretation of the entire passage we take to be this:—"Unless we are all frail, let my brother die; if he do not, as one of his human brethren, holding by their common tenure (but singly as he himself alone), possess and succeed to the inheritance of that weakness which you allow is yours as well as all men's."

(78) *Men their creation mar in profiting by them.* 'Men impair their own natures and injure women by taking advantage of them.' As "their" is used in this sentence, we believe that it has a double reference; Shakespeare sometimes making a relative pronoun (or

Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :

More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have  
No other medicine, but only hope :  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,—  
Servile to all the skyey influences,—  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,<sup>1</sup>  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;<sup>2</sup>  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nurs'd by baseness.<sup>3</sup> Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm.<sup>4</sup> Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st;<sup>5</sup> yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains<sup>6</sup>  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon.<sup>7</sup> If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots<sup>8</sup> bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo,<sup>9</sup> and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth  
nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth

Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld;<sup>10</sup> and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths:<sup>11</sup> yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace  
and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves  
a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome.—Look, signior; here's  
your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* [*Aside to him*] Bring me to hear them  
speak, where I may be

Conceal'd. [*Exit DUKE and PROVOST.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why,  
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;<sup>12</sup>  
Therefore your best appointment<sup>13</sup> make with speed;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

(1) *Keep'st.* Used for dwell'st, keep'st station.

(2) *Death's fool.* In old dramatic shows, Death and the fool, or clown-jester, figured together; the latter employed in a perpetual struggle to escape from the former, yet finally falling into his clutches.

(3) *All th' accommodations that thou bear'st are nurs'd by baseness.* That is, 'All the advantages of life are supplied from base sources; as food from the slaughter-house and the earthy mould, dwelling-places from the stone-quarry, jewels from beneath the ground.'

(4) *Tender fork of a poor worm.* "Fork" seems to signify barbed sting or fang. "Worm" is a generic name for snakes and serpents; but possibly the worm of the grave may here be meant.

(5) *Provok'st.* For invok'st, or incouragest.

(6) *Thousand grains.* The corn of which daily bread is made.

(7) *Strange effects, after the moon.* 'Strange effects of colour (indicating alteration of mind), according as the moon changes.'

(8) *Ingots.* Lumps of gold. "Ingot" strictly means a mass of metal after it has come from the smelting furnace; and is derived from the Dutch, *ingegoten*, melted.

(9) *Serpigo.* A cutaneous disorder, a kind of leprosy.

(10) *Eld.* Old people; elderly folk. The sentence, which is very condensedly expressed, requires that we should understand 'if it were' between "as" and "aged;" the meaning being—'thy youth becomes as if it were aged, carkingly coveting those things that belong to old people,—such as riches, experience, &c.'

(11) *More thousand deaths.* Meaning, 'A thousand more deaths than I have enumerated, or than the one that is life's ending.'

(12) *Leiger.* A permanently resident ambassador; in contradistinction to an envoy, one temporarily sent on a mission to a foreign court.

(13) *Appointment.* Preparation. Here used in the sense of outfit,





*Claudio.*  
*Isabella.*  
*Claudio.*

O Isabel !  
What says my brother ?

Death is a fearful thing.  
Act III. Scene I.





*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,<sup>14</sup>  
Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,<sup>15</sup>  
And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,<sup>16</sup>  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.<sup>17</sup>

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness?<sup>18</sup> If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my father's  
grave  
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,<sup>19</sup>  
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The priestly Angelo?<sup>20</sup>

*Isab.* Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The foulest body to invest and cover  
In priestly guards!<sup>21</sup> Dost thou think, Claudio,—  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed?

*Claud.* Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

or equipment for a voyage, and in that of spiritual supplyment; with which Isabella bids her brother provide himself.

(14) *A restraint*, . . . to a determin'd scope. 'A moral restriction to one sole idea,—that of voluntarily incurred infamy.'

(15) *Bark your honour from*, &c. A metaphorical allusion to stripping trees of their bark.

(16) *Entertain*. Used for 'hold too dear,' 'estimate too highly,' 'overprize.'

(17) *The sense of death*, &c. We take the interpretation of this passage to be:—'The feeling of death lies most in fearing it; its mere bodily pain is no more than is experienced by the beetle in common with the giant.'

(18) *Think you I can a resolution fetch from flowery tenderness?* It has been thought that there should be a full stop instead of a point of interrogation after this sentence; in which case, "Think you," would be used in the imperative mood, and "flowery tenderness" would refer to the image of "darkness as a bride." However, not only does the Folio print the sentence as a question, but Shakespeare always uses "Think you" as a form of demand; therefore, we come to the conclusion that here Claudio asks his sister whether she thinks he can derive courage from a figurative illustration,—that of the "poor beetle."

(19) *Follies doth enmew*. "Enmew" is a technical term in falconry for encage, or retain in the mew used to keep hawks in. But here the word is rather employed for enclosing with intent to destroy, as the falcon soars and circles round the fowl it makes its prey.

(20) *The priestly Angelo?* The Folio misprints 'preznie' for 'priestly' here and three lines farther on. Several substitutions have been proposed: such as 'princely' (2nd Folio), 'precise' (Tieck), 'primzie' (Singer), 'rev'rend' (Staunton); but Warburton's suggestion, "priestly," appears to us to be the most probable correction, as coming nearest to the misprinted word, while best supplying the sense required in both the places where it occurs.

(21) *Guards*. A kind of lace or trimming, with which liveries were ornamented. A passage in point occurs, "Merchant of

*Isab.* Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* Oh, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it?<sup>22</sup> Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If 'twere condemnable, he, being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd?<sup>23</sup>—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamèd life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit<sup>24</sup>  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:

Venice," ii. 2:—"Give him a livery more guarded than his fellows." These ornamental facings were called "guards," because they protected the edges from soon wearing out.

(22) *Has he affections in him, that thus*, &c. 'Has he inclinations that induce him to act in defiance of the very law he would enforce against me?'

(23) *Perdurably fin'd*. Everlastingly punished. *Per* is often used in Latin to enhance the effect of a verb; thus *durare* is to last, *perdurare* is to last extremely.

(24) *The delighted spirit*. This epithet, "delighted," has puzzled the commentators; those who adopt it explaining it to mean 'heretofore accustomed to delights,' 'delighting,' and 'de-lighted,' or 'deprived of light.' Others have proposed various substitutions; such as 'benighted,' 'dilated,' 'delinquent,' &c. Though we have not ventured to alter the text, our belief is that "delighted" is a misprint of the Folio for *delated*; a word that, in Shakespeare's way of using epithets derived from the Latin for his own purpose, and in his way of blending various significations in a single term, would imply both *conveyed* and *accused*. *Delatus* is explained in Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary to mean both 'carried' and 'accused'; and Bacon speaks of the 'time wherein sound is *delated*.' The more we consider the passage, the more we feel persuaded that 'delated' is the Poet's word here; and that it means a spirit accused of sin, and whirled through space, "to bathe in fiery floods," &c. The expression in "Hamlet," i. 1, "The extravagant and erring spirit;" the one in "Othello," v. 2, "Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!" and the words, "Blown with restless violence round about the pendent world," in the very speech under consideration, all show the idea of a spirit under impeachment of guilt hurried through vastnesses of varied horror.

(25) *Oh, you beast!* Shakespeare uses the word "beast," in numerous instances, to express 'inconsistent with human nature,' 'wanting in manhood.' Here, Claudio pleading nature's leniency to sin, suggests to his sister the retort that he is *unnatural* and

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* Oh, you beast!<sup>25</sup>  
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I  
think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!  
For such a warp'd slip of wilderness<sup>26</sup>  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;  
Die, perish! might but my bending down  
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* Oh, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.<sup>27</sup>  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a vice:  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.]

*Claud.* Oh, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one  
word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I  
would by-and-by have some speech with you: the  
satisfaction I would require is likewise your own  
benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay  
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend  
you awhile.

*Duke.* [Aside to CLAUDIO] Son, I have over-  
heard what hath passed between you and your sister.  
Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only  
he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his  
judgment with the disposition of natures: she,  
having the truth of honour in her, hath made him  
that gracious denial which he is most glad to  
receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this  
to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do  
not satisfy<sup>28</sup> your resolution with hopes that are  
fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees,  
and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am  
so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid  
of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there:<sup>29</sup> farewell.

[Exit CLAUDIO.]

Re-enter PROVOST.

Provost, a word with you!

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be  
gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind  
promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by  
my company.

*Prov.* In good time.<sup>30</sup>

[Exit.]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath  
made you good: the goodness that is cheap in  
beauty,<sup>31</sup> makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace,  
being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the  
body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath  
made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my under-  
standing: and, but that frailty hath examples for  
his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will  
you do to content this substitute, and to save your  
brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him: I had  
rather my brother die by the law, than my son  
should be unlawfully born. But, oh! how much is  
the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he  
return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips  
in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the  
matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation;<sup>32</sup>  
—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your  
ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing  
good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself  
believe that you may most uprightly do a poor  
wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother  
from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious  
person; and much please the absent duke, if per-  
adventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this  
business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak farther. I have  
spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the  
truth of my spirit.<sup>33</sup>

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.  
Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of  
Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words  
went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married;<sup>34</sup>  
was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial ap-  
pointed: between which time of the contract, and  
limit<sup>35</sup> of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was  
wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the  
dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this  
befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a  
noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her

unmanly in his plea. The very vehemence of Isabella's indignation in this speech might surely redeem her from the charge of 'coldness;' and can we need stronger proof of her warm affection for her brother than those glowing words of passionate earnestness?—"Oh, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance as frankly as a pin!"

(26) *Wilderness*. Not unfrequently used by writers of Shakespeare's time for 'wildness,' in the sense of irregular growths, as applied to plants allowed to run wild.

(27) *Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade*. 'Thy sin is not casual error, but habitual course.'

(28) *Satisfy*. Used here in the sense in which we now use 'feed,' or 'sustain;' the meaning of the passage is, 'Do not feed your resolution (or sustain your courage) with hopes that are groundless.'

(29) *Hold you there*. The friar-duke has the same meaning in these words, as in "There rest." See Note 54, Act ii.

(30) *In good time*. Used as the French say 'à la bonne heure;' 'very well,' 'exactly so.'

(31) *The goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes, &c.* 'The virtue of a beautiful woman that is parted with on easy terms, makes her beauty of short duration; but virtue, being the essence of your loveliness, shall preserve its substance ever fair.'

(32) *He will avoid your accusation; he made, &c.* The phrase is elliptical; and we must understand 'by pretending that' before "he made trial of you only."

(33) *I have spirit to do anything, &c.* Here "spirit" is used, the first time, in the sense of courage or courageous enterprise; the second in the sense of conscience, spiritual perception of right and wrong. Be it observed that this is certainly not the speech of a 'cold' woman. Isabella is fervent in proportion as she is virtuous.

(34) *She should this Angelo have married*. "She" used for 'her' was an ordinary grammatical license in Shakespeare's time.

(35) *Limit*. Here used for 'appointed time.'







The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you, give him promise of appointment. I will presently to St. Luke's: there, at the moated grange,<sup>40</sup> resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The street before the Prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before; to him, ELBOW, and Officers with CLOWN.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.<sup>41</sup>

*Duke.* Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.<sup>42</sup>

*Elb.* Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.<sup>43</sup>

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock,<sup>44</sup> which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* But yet, sir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

(40) *Grange.* A granary; low Latin, *granagium*. "Grange" formerly meant a farmhouse attached to a monastery, of which the rents were received in *grain*, and there stored up. But the word came to be applied to a country house in a solitary situation. Such lone houses were sometimes surrounded by 'a moat,' as a means of protection and safety.

(41) *Brown and white bastard.* "Bastard," from *bastardo*, was the name of a sweet and heady Spanish wine; of which there were two kinds—"brown and white."

(42) *Stands for the facing.* Cloth was often faced or trimmed with fox-skin or lamb-skin fur in Shakespeare's time; and that usurers' gowns were thus decorated, we find from cotemporary evidence. The passage seems to us to imply, 'Furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for the decoration.'

(43) *Good father friar.* "Father" is one of the terms of address for a man vowed to a religious life; and "friar" (a member of a monastic brotherhood) is derived from the French *frère*, brother. The Duke therefore marks his perception of Elbow's blundering the two titles into one, by retorting, "And you, good brother father."

(44) *A strange picklock.* Elbow mistakes for a thief's picklock an

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. If he come before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!<sup>45</sup>

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.<sup>46</sup>

*Clo.* I spy comfort; I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched?<sup>47</sup> What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou to't? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband<sup>48</sup> now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.<sup>49</sup> I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt ELBOW, and Officers with CLOWN.*] What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of

instrument wherewith to open certain Spanish padlocks, then of sufficiently uncommon use to be unknown to the sapient constable. In his capacity of tapster, the Clown might have such a "picklock" in his possession, as the more modern waiter at an inn keeps a pass-key.

(45) *That we were all, as some, &c.* The meaning of this passage is obscured by very involved and condensed expression; but we take it to be, 'Oh, that we were all, as some would seem to be, free from faults, as faults ("should be" understood) from seeming (meaning hypocrisy; see Note 83, Act ii.).' It is just possible that the second "as" in the sentence was misprinted for "and," owing to the printer's eye having caught the first "as;" but even then, the passage would still be obscurely expressed.

(46) *Your waist,—a cord, sir.* Many orders of friars have rope for a girdle; and Elbow means that it will become the Clown's collar in the way of hanging.

(47) *Is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made, &c.* Lucio's free way of asking, 'Are there no women, pure as marble, to be had for money?'

(48) *Husband.* In allusion to the original meaning of the word—house-band.

(49) *Not the wear.* Not the fashion.



Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to luxury would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for so small a rebellion to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? He had some feeling; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* Oh, sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish:<sup>50</sup> the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his.<sup>51</sup> A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject<sup>52</sup> held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you

have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* Oh, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.<sup>53</sup> But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why! I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this agent will unpeople the province. Farewell, good friar: I pr'ythee pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic:<sup>54</sup> say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—  
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with  
MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

*Escal.* Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs. Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind?<sup>55</sup> This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant. Away with her to prison!—Go to; no more words. [Exit Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother  
Of gracious order, late come from the See,  
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but

(50) *Clack-dish.* A wooden platter with a movable cover, held by lepers and other beggars, to collect alms in; and which they 'clacked' to attract notice.

(51) *An inward of his.* An intimate of his.

(52) *The greater file of the subject.* The majority of his subjects.

(53) *Opposite.* Opponent, antagonist.

(54) *Smelt brown bread and garlic.* For 'smelt of brown bread,' &c. See Note 11, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(55) *Forfeit.* Transgress, offend; French, *forfaire*.

security enough to make fellowships accursed:<sup>56</sup>—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.<sup>57</sup>

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.<sup>58</sup>

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed—justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of

his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear,  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;<sup>59</sup>  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
Oh, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness, made in crimes,<sup>60</sup>  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most pond'rous and substantial things!  
Craft against vice I must apply.  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despis'd;  
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Garden at the moated Grange. Before MARIANA'S house.*

*MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit Boy.*]

(56) *Security to make fellowships accursed.* Alluding to those legal 'securities' into which 'fellowship' leads men to enter for each other.

(57) *Visitation.* The way in which this word is here used, shows how it is to be interpreted, "*Tempest*," iii. 1, where Miranda's father uses it to express her coming to soothe Ferdinand by her presence and consoling words. It also serves to explain the word "visitor" (meaning one who visits those in affliction), "*Tempest*," ii. 1; and the allusion, towards the close of that scene, in the words, "It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, it is a comforter."

(58) *Now is he resolved to die.* 'Now he has gained sufficient resolution to die;' 'now he is reconciled to the idea of death.'

(59) *Pattern in himself to know,* } An elliptical phrase, meaning  
*Grace to stand, and virtue go.* }  
—'Should be himself a pattern whereby to know how grace ought to bear itself, and how virtue ought to proceed.'

(60) *How may likeness, made in crimes.* We feel strongly inclined to adopt Malone's suggestion that here "made" is a Folio misprint for 'wade;' which both grammar and metaphor seem to require, if we take the metaphor to be similar to the one in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," iv. 1 (where Leonatus says, "Being that I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me"), alluding to the power that trifling things have to draw heavy things through liquid. But it is dangerous to alter words in a passage so darkly expressed. Therefore, as the sentence now stands, we may understand 'be' before "made," and take it to mean, 'How may likeness (appearance of virtue) be made amidst crimes, practising on the times' credulity,

to draw with slender pretences the most weighty things!' such as respect, honour, power, &c.

(1) *Whose advice hath often still'd, &c.* In this word "often" here, we find one of those instances of subtle time-indication which distinguished Shakespeare's system of dramatic time; a system peculiar to himself, original and most ingenious. He has created a law of dramatic art of his own in this particular; at once inventing and practising it with triumphant success. The Rev. N. J. Halpin and Professor Wilson both preferred claims to being the discoverers of the system upon which Shakespeare worked in the curious *dual Time*, or simultaneous *Two Times*—both Long Time and Short Time—which he has introduced into some of his dramas, and of which the present play of "*MEASURE FOR MEASURE*" affords notable example. Here, at the opening of the fourth act, by the little word "often," Shakespeare gives the effect of Long Time; conveying the idea of the friar-duke's having, on many occasions and during a considerable period, administered counsel and consolation to Mariana. Yet, if we observe the time that has been hitherto marked (by the words "within these three days," i. 2; "within two hours," i. 3; "soon at night," i. 5; "by nine to-morrow morning," ii. 1; "to-morrow," ii. 2, iii. 1, and iii. 2; "this night," iii. 1), as the story progresses through the first three acts, we find that only two days have in reality elapsed since the duke assumed the friar's garb, and the play commenced. The poet, by this skilful device, keeps the Time of the action hastening on with the speedily-to-be-inflicted punishment of Claudio's transgression, while he sufficiently retards





*Boy [sings].* Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn.

*Act IV. Scene I.*





*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical:  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a  
charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.—  
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me  
here to-day? much upon this time have I promised  
here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I have  
sat here all day.

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>3</sup> believe you.—The time is  
come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a  
little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some  
advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you.

[*Exit into the house.*]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd<sup>4</sup> with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planchèd<sup>5</sup> gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise on the heavy  
Middle of the night<sup>6</sup> to call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this  
way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept,<sup>7</sup> he did show me  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?<sup>8</sup>

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possessed him<sup>9</sup> my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me;<sup>10</sup> whose persuasion is,  
I come about my brother.

the Time to the mind of the audience, by giving the impression  
that the duke has spent some ample period in disguise, to  
watch the conduct of Angelo, when supposed to be absent from  
Vienna.

(2) *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.* It did not  
tend to make me merry, but it soothed my grief.

(3) *Constantly.* Firmly.

(4) *Circummur'd.* Walled round; Latin, *muratus*.

(5) *Planchèd.* Planked, or made of boards. French, *planche*, a  
plank.

(6) *Heavy middle of the night.* Shakespeare applies the epithet  
"heavy" to "night" here, and in "Othello," v. 1, to express dark-  
ness that seems ponderous.

(7) *In action all of precept.* Conveying all his directions in  
action, rather than in speech.

(8) *Concerning her observance.* That concern her to observe.

(9) *Possess'd him.* Possessed him with the knowledge that;  
informed him that.

(10) *Stays upon me.* Stays for me, waits for me.

(11) *Millions of false eyes.* "False" here means falsely-judging.  
This speech of the duke's shows his thought to be reverting to  
his bitter rumination upon Lucio's slanderous talk; and which  
rumination (beginning "No might nor greatness," &c.) was broken  
off in the midst by the coming in of Escalus, the Provost, &c., iii. 2.

*Duke.*

'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect  
you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have  
found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by the  
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.*]

*Duke.* Oh, place and greatness, millions of false  
eyes<sup>11</sup>

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests<sup>12</sup>  
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes<sup>13</sup> of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies!<sup>14</sup>

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her,  
father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.  
He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit.<sup>15</sup> Come, let us go:  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's<sup>16</sup> to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Its resumption at this juncture has a most natural effect, and  
serves several purposes: it serves to fill up the stage-time required  
for Isabella's communication to Mariana: it serves to depict the  
speaker's reflective character: it serves to show how sensitive to  
public opinion he is, and how much even the despicable Lucio's  
aspersions wound him, and rankle in his mind.

(12) *These false and most contrarious quests.* The use of "these,"  
to instance a generalisation, has been pointed out in Note 69, Act ii.  
"Contrarious" here means contrary to fact, and contradictory to  
each other. "Quests" mean inquisitions, or spyings.

(13) *Escapes.* Sallies, words uttered wantonly and with levity.  
(14) *Rack thee in their fancies.* Shakespeare uses the verb "rack"  
in various ways: for expressing 'to torture,' "Tempest," i. 2, and  
"Measure for Measure," v. 1; 'to exaggerate,' or 'strain,' "Much  
Ado," iv. 1: and here it seems to mean something equivalent to  
'stretching into enormity,' or 'torturing into semblance of evil.'  
Perhaps the sentence implies, 'mangle thy reputation by their false  
representations.'

(15) *Flourish the deceit.* "Flourish" means to decorate or adorn  
with exterior ornament; therefore, the duke says that the justice of  
Mariana's claim to her affianced husband renders less ill-favoured  
the deception she is about to practise upon him.

(16) *Tilth's.* Misprinted 'tithes' in the Folio. "Tilth" is here  
used for crop, future harvest.

SCENE II.—*A room in the Prison.**Enter PROVOST and CLOWN.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves;<sup>17</sup> if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious rogue.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful rogue time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

*Prov.* What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a tapster.

*Abhor.* A tapster, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.<sup>18</sup>

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,<sup>19</sup>—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting,<sup>20</sup> sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief,—

*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your

thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so,<sup>21</sup> every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your tapster,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.<sup>22</sup>

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, tapster; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;<sup>23</sup> for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

*[Exeunt CLOWN and ABHORSON.]*

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,

When it lies starkly<sup>24</sup> in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Knocking within.]* But,  
hark! what noise?—

Heaven give your spirits comfort! *[Exit CLAUDIO.]*

By-and-by!—  
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.<sup>25</sup>

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere't be long.<sup>26</sup>

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

(17) *Gyves.* Fetters.

(18) *Mystery.* Trade. From old French, *maistrerie*, or *mestier*; and old English, *maistry*, or *mastery*.

(19) *Good favour.* The Clown first uses this expression in the sense of 'good leave'; secondly, in the sense of 'comely appearance,' or 'goodly countenance.'

(20) *Painting.* That this was practised by the Clown's former associates we find from Lucio's question, "Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?" iii. 2.

(21) *So, every true man's apparel fits your thief.* Some editors print this speech of the Clown's as if it were the remainder of Abhorson's previous one. But we give the two speeches as they stand in the Folio; taking this to be the interpretation:—Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying, "Every true man's apparel fits your thief," and the Clown taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying, "So ('in this way,' or 'thus'), every true man's apparel fits your thief." Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the Clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic, than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff.

(22) *Ask forgiveness.* It was a customary form for the executioner, previous to the fulfilment of his office, to ask forgiveness of the person about to suffer.

(23) *Yare.* Ready, prompt, apt.

(24) *Starkly.* Stiffly and strongly; German, *stark*.

(25) *Since the curfew rung.* "Curfew" is from the French, *couvre-feu*; and signifies the bell which was rung at nightfall (in Norman-English and even earlier times of Northern observance) to announce that all fires were then to be extinguished; and subsequently came to mean even-tide, or nightfall, simply. "Rung" was often used where now 'rang' would be more correctly written.

(26) *They will, then, ere't be long.* In some editions "they" is changed to 'there.' But the "they" here is the same 'they' that occurs some few lines farther on—"Now are they come;" and represents those whose advent the duke expects,—Isabella and the messenger with a reprieve. This passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's peculiar use of relatively-used pronouns. He here makes a thoroughly dramatic use of them; to indicate a mind occupying itself with a subject, just in that indefinitely expressed form which such musing takes. While speaking of Angelo, the



*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke<sup>27</sup> and line of his great justice:  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
To qualify<sup>28</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>29</sup> with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come.

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom-when<sup>30</sup>  
The steel'd gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*]  
How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with  
haste

That wounds the unsisting<sup>31</sup> postern with these  
strokes.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he  
must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, sir; none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily,<sup>32</sup>  
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes  
No countermand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege<sup>33</sup> of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

This is his lordship's man.

*Duke.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you  
this note; and by me this farther charge,—that you  
swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in  
time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow;  
for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Duke.* [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by  
such sin  
For which the pardoner himself is in.  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

duke is *thinking* of those he eagerly expects; and when he gives  
utterance to his thought, he does so with the indefinitely-sounding  
but pertinently-emphatic "they."

(27) *Stroke.* A ruled pen-mark.

(28) *Qualify.* Lower, abate, bring down; as the strength of  
spirituous liquor is qualified by water.

(29) *Meal'd.* Mingled, mixed; French *mêlé*. As mixed with  
alloy, or adulterated.

(30) *Seldom-when.* An old compound form of the word; as 'seldom-  
time,' 'seldom-what,' &c. The same form occurs again, "2 Henry  
IV., iv. 4: "This seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb in the  
dead carrion."

(31) *Unsisting.* Unstill, never at rest; Latin, *sistere*, to stand  
still. Some editors suspect a misprint in the word; but Shake-  
speare has used one with a similar derivation from the Latin,—  
"insisture," "Troilus and Cressida," i. 3; therefore, if we take him  
to have meant by "insisture," stability, steadfast position, or even  
steadfast course, we may believe him to have used "unsisting"  
in the sense of "unstill," in reference probably to the frequent  
knockings that have just struck upon the never-resting postern,  
or gate, of the prison.

(32) *Happily.* Sometimes used for 'haply'; perhaps, perchance.

That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—  
Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking  
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this  
unwonted putting on;<sup>34</sup> methinks strangely, for he  
hath not used it before.<sup>35</sup>

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads.*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be  
executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine:  
for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by  
five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more  
depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your  
office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be  
executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and  
bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.<sup>36</sup>

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had  
not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed  
him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for  
him: and, indeed, his fact,<sup>37</sup> till now in the govern-  
ment of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful  
proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in  
prison? how seems he to be touched?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more  
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless,  
and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; in-  
sensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.<sup>38</sup>

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had  
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape  
hence, he would not: drunk many times a day,  
if not many days entirely drunk. We have very  
oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and  
showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not  
moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in  
your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I  
read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but,  
in the boldness of my cunning,<sup>39</sup> I will lay myself in  
hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to  
execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo

Here it is felicitously employed, as conveying the effect of the  
provost's feeling that "something" might be fortunately as well  
as possibly known to the friar.

(33) *Siege.* Official seat.

(34) *Putting on.* Urging, incitement.

(35) *He hath not used it before.* In these words, and in the word  
"unwonted," Shakespeare gives one of his touches indicating Long  
Time. He conveys thereby the idea of sufficient lapse of time for  
the provost to speak of unaccustomed urging, not hitherto used by  
Angelo, as if long in office under him. Just before, the passage "No  
such example have we," &c., gives the same idea of a certain period  
having elapsed, for Angelo's procedure as a ruler to be made known;  
but, together with these indications of Long Time, the dramatist  
has not failed to insert concurrent touches of Short Time through-  
out the scene, as, "to-morrow, four o'clock;" "by eight to-morrow;"  
"near the dawning;" "ere morning;" "almost day," &c.; so as to  
mark the immediate course of the event in hand.

(36) *A prisoner nine years old.* A prisoner during nine years.

(37) *His fact.* His deed, his crime.

(38) *Insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.* Insensible of  
his being subject to death, and desperate in his incurring of death.

(39) *Boldness of my cunning.* Intrepidity of my discernment.

who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.<sup>(40)</sup>

*Duke.* Oh! death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard;<sup>(41)</sup> and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this<sup>(42)</sup> is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding<sup>(43)</sup> star calls up

the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift,<sup>(44)</sup> and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you.<sup>(45)</sup> Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another room in the Prison.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted<sup>(46)</sup> here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash:<sup>(47)</sup> he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar.<sup>(48)</sup> Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more;<sup>(49)</sup> all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."<sup>(50)</sup>

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Bar.* [*Within*] A murrain o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Bar.* [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

(40) *Favour.* Appearance, look, countenance.

(41) *Tie the beard.* "Tie" has been changed by various editors to 'dye' and 'trim.' But it is probable that the beard was sometimes tied up out of the way of the axe, previous to beheading, at the request of the sufferer: as the anecdote of Sir Thomas More may be remembered; who, when laying his neck on the block, said to the executioner, "Let me put my beard aside; that hath not committed treason."

(42) *The contents of this.* By "this" the friar-duke means the paper which he has just shown the provost, that he may recognise the duke's handwriting, or "character." Afterwards, "nothing of what is writ" may refer to the contents of the same paper; unless the word "writ" bear the interpretation given to it by Mr. Staunton, who states that it is here used in the sense of 'truth,' or 'gospel,' citing in confirmation the line from "Pericles," ii. (Gower), "Thinks all is writ he spoken can."

(43) *Unfolding.* This epithet, applied to the morning star, poetically serves to indicate the time for the shepherd to send his sheep forth from the fold, and to picture the planet revealing itself to the sight of those looking for the approach of dawn.

(44) *Give him a present shrift.* Hear him make his confession immediately.

(45) *This shall absolutely resolve you.* "This" again alludes to the paper which the duke shows to the provost, promises that he shall "over-read," and guarantees shall entirely convince him.

(46) *I am as well acquainted.* I am as well off for acquaintances.

(47) *Master Rash.* "Rash" is not only given as a name for this youngster in the sense of heedless, inconsequent; but also in its sense, as the name of a satin stuff, probably favoured by him for his fashionable wear. The "commodity" that "he's in (prison) for," alludes to the practice of money-lenders who made advances partly in cash and partly in goods, worth but a small portion of the price they represented, and among which frequently figured "brown paper." The characteristic names given to the wild improvident young fellows known to the clown, and met with by him in gaol, convey just one of those serious lessons in light guise that Shakespeare's moral wisdom impressively reads.

(48) *Peaches him a beggar.* "Peach" is a corruption of 'impeach,' to accuse. The clown quibbles on the "peach-coloured satin" just mentioned.

(49) *Forty more.* Many more. "Forty" was often used to express an indefinite number, as we now say 'a score,' a 'hundred.'

(50) *"For the Lord's sake."* This was the cry of the imprisoned debtors, who used to beg alms of passers-by.



*Clo.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.<sup>51</sup>

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready, sir.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Bar.* How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Bar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Abhor.* Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* Oh, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you  
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Bar.* Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. *[Exit.]*

*Duke.* Unfit to live or die: oh, gravel heart!—  
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

*[Exeunt ABHORSON and CLOWN.]*

*Enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him<sup>52</sup> in the mind he is Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* Oh, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides! Despatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done,—  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting<sup>53</sup> To th' under generation,<sup>54</sup> you shall find Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, despatch,  
And send the head to Angelo. *[Exit PROVOST.]*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanc'd<sup>55</sup> form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter PROVOST with Ragozine's head.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. *[Exit.]*

*Isab.* *[Within]* Peace, ho, be here!

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave!

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other:  
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.<sup>56</sup>

(51) *I hear his straw rustle.* The effect of these few words, and of those immediately previous to them, is marvellously strong, though so condensed. They give the impression of the caged wild-beast-man, with the unwillingness of his keepers to enter his den and bring him forth.

(52) *To transport him.* To send him from this world to the other. The French have a word that assimilates with Shakespeare's use of "transport" here; *trépasser*, to pass from life to death, to die.

(53) *Journal greeting.* Daily greeting; French, *journalier*.

(54) *To th' under generation.* In the Folio this stands 'To yond generation;' which several editors retain (changing 'yond' to

'yonder'), and explain it to mean the people outside the prison walls. Sir Thomas Hanmer showed that 'yond' was probably a misprint for 'ye ond,' a contraction of 'the under;' and though a passage in "Richard II.," iii. 2, lends probability to "the under generation," meaning persons at the Antipodes, yet a passage in "Lear," ii. 2, seems to prove that it means all those who live on the earth beneath the sun.

(55) *Well-balanc'd.* Misprinted in the Folio 'weale-ballanc'd;' of which it is difficult to make a meaning.

(56) *Close patience.* Patience kept closely; free from outcry or complaint.

*Isab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most cursèd Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.  
Mark what I say, which you shall find  
By every syllable a faithful verity.

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,  
I'll perfect him withal;<sup>59</sup> and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combinèd by a sacred vow,<sup>60</sup>

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.<sup>61</sup>



*Escalus.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

*Angelo.* In most uneven and distracted manner.

*Act IV. Scene IV.*

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:  
One of our convent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance:<sup>57</sup> already he hath carried  
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your  
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;  
And you shall have your bosom<sup>58</sup> on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even!  
Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine  
heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient.  
I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran. But  
they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By  
my troth, Isabel, I love thy brother: if the old<sup>62</sup>

(57) *Instance.* Here used for intimation.

(58) *Your bosom.* Your cherished wish, your fullest and heartiest desire.

(59) *I'll perfect him withal.* I'll make him perfectly acquainted with.

(60) *Combinèd.* Bound, or contracted. See Note 36, Act iii.

(61) *Wend.* An old form of 'go'; as 'went' is still in use for part of the same verb.

(62) *Old.* Here used by the flippant Lucio for a familiar epithet nowise involving age; as boys term their schoolfellows 'old Smith,' 'old Jones,' &c.





*Abhorson.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnardine.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

*Act IV. Scene III.*





fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. *[Exit ISABELLA.]*

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.<sup>63</sup>

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.<sup>64</sup>

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if this talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur; I shall stick. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—A room in ANGELO's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched<sup>65</sup> other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that;—to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit<sup>66</sup> As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night.— *[Exit ESCALUS.]*  
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,<sup>67</sup>

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforc'd

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;<sup>68</sup>

For my authority bears so credent bulk,<sup>69</sup>

That no particular<sup>70</sup> scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right:—we would, and we would not. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

*Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me. *[Giving letters.]*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift;  
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,<sup>71</sup>  
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. *[Exit.]*

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:  
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VI.—Street near the City-gate.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loath:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;  
He says, to veil full purpose.<sup>72</sup>

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physis  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, Friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter FRIAR PETER.*

*Fri. P.* Come; I have found you out a stand  
most fit,  
Where you may have such 'vantage on the duke,

(63) *He lives not in them.* His reputation does not depend upon them.

(64) *Woodman.* Used equivocally. See Note 7, Act v., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(65) *Disvouched.* Destroyed the credit, contradicted.

(66) *Sort and suit.* Select condition and suitable rank.

(67) *Unpregnant.* Inapt, disqualified; devoid of skill to reflect or take measures. See Note 6, Act i., for Shakespeare's use of "pregnant" in this play.

(68) *Yet reason dares her no.* 'Yet reason bids her not dare to do it.' This elliptical use of the word "no" was not unusual among writers formerly.

(69) *Bears so credent bulk.* For "so" the Folio gives 'of a;' which has been variously altered by various editors. We adopt Mr. Dyce's correction, because it best consists with "that no" in the following line. "Credent bulk" means large-sized credit, credit of large amount or weight; "credent" stands for that which may be credited or believed.

(70) *Particular.* Shakespeare often uses this word for private, individual; French, *particulier*.

(71) *Blench.* Start away; deviate by fits and starts.

(72) *To veil full purpose.* To keep unseen the whole of his intention. This stands in the Folio 'to vaile full purpose;' and some editors give 'to vailful purpose.'

He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets  
sounded;  
The generous and gravest citizens<sup>73</sup>

Have hent<sup>74</sup> the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring : therefore, hence, away!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public place near the City-gate.*

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at a distance. Enter, from one side, DUKE in his own habit, VARRIUS, Lords; from the other, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal grace!  
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made enquiry of you ; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud ; and I should  
wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;  
You must walk by us on our other hand ;—  
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time : speak loud, and kneel  
before him.

Isab. Justice, oh, royal duke ! Vail<sup>1</sup> your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !  
Oh, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : in what ? by whom ?  
Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :  
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil :  
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak,  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you : hear me, oh, hear me, here !  
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and  
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I  
speak :

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
A hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;  
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,  
Than this is all as true as it is strange :  
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth  
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her !—Poor soul,  
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. Oh, prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness ! Make not im-  
possible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible,  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute<sup>2</sup>  
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts,<sup>3</sup> titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal prince :  
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.<sup>4</sup>

(73) *Generous and gravest citizens.* The word "generous" here is used in the sense borne by the Latin *generosi* ; high-born, of noble rank. The sentence affords an instance of a positive and a superlative being employed together, as was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time.

(74) *Hent.* Taken ; from the Saxon *hentan*, to take, catch, seize, or lay hold of. Here it seems to mean taken possession of, occupied.

(1) *Vail.* Lower, bend down.

(2) *Absolute.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word to express "complete in excellence," "accomplished in all merit."

(3) *Dressings, characts.* "Dressings" is used for exterior assumptions, moral as well as official ; "characts" are inscriptions, mottoes.

(4) *As e'er I heard in madness.* Mr. Singer suspects the "as" not to be Shakespeare's word in this sentence ; and Mr. Staunton proposes to change "e'er" into "ne'er." But Dr. Bucknill (in his fine work, "The Psychology of Shakespeare") accepts the passage as it stands ; commenting on it as an instance of Shakespeare's thorough knowledge of the right tests whereby to detect insanity. The duke begins by repeating his conviction that Isabella is mad, and then follows it up by saying that her madness has just that strange appearance of sense and connection which sometimes, though rarely, is heard from those who are mad. Then she,



*Isab.* Oh, gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.<sup>5</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you  
say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd, by statute for unchastity,

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then  
Be perfect.<sup>6</sup>

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my  
tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are i' the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.



*Lucio.* Show your knave's visage, show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour. Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.

Act V. Scene I.

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;

*Isab.* I went  
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;  
The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter;—proceed.

*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—  
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,

dreading lest her eagerness should give an air of disconnection to what she says, bids him "not banish reason for inequality;" in other words, 'not believe her devoid of reason on account of incoherency or inconsistency.'

(5) *And hide the false seems true.* The "where it" of the previous

line is understood, as if repeated, between "false" and "seems;" and then the meaning will be, 'And hide (quench, or overwhelm) the false where it seems true.'

(6) *Perfect.* Blameless, immaculate, free from fault.

(7) *Refell'd.* Refuted, repressed, repulsed; Latin, *refello*.

My sisterly remorse<sup>8</sup> confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely !

*Isab.* Oh, that it were as like as it is true !<sup>9</sup>

*Duke.* By Heaven, fond<sup>10</sup> wretch ! thou know'st  
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practice.<sup>11</sup> First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish : next, it imports no reason  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself :<sup>12</sup> if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on :  
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all ?

Then, oh, you bless'd ministers above,  
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripen'd time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance !<sup>13</sup>—Heaven shield your grace from  
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go !

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer !  
To prison with her !—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.—  
Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father,<sup>14</sup> belike.—Who knows  
that Lodowick ?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling  
friar ;

I do not like the man : had he been lay,<sup>15</sup> my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me ! This' a good friar,  
belike !<sup>16</sup>

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute !—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that  
friar,

I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. P.* Bless'd be your royal grace !  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one unborn.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of ?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and holy ;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,<sup>17</sup>  
As he's reported by this gentleman ;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear him-  
self ;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,<sup>18</sup>—  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true and false ; and what he, with his oath  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented.<sup>19</sup> First, for this woman,—  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>20</sup> and personally accus'd,—  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded ; and  
MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?—  
O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !—  
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo,  
In this I'll be impartial :<sup>21</sup> be you judge  
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar ?  
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then ?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you

Are nothing, then :—neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;  
And I confess, besides, I am no maid :  
I have known my husband ; yet my husband knows  
not

That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk, then, my lord : it can be  
no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou wert  
so too !

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord :

She that accuses him of unchastity,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time  
When I'll depose, I had him in mine arms.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?

(8) *Remorse.* Pity, commiseration.

(9) *As like as it is true!* As like truth as it is true.

(10) *Fond.* Foolish.

(11) *Practice.* Device perpetrated in conspiracy, or by collusion.

(12) *Faults proper to himself.* "Proper to" is here used for belonging to, or committed by.

(13) *Countenance.* Used here for delusive appearance.

(14) *A ghostly father.* A spiritual director ; a man belonging to a religious order.

(15) *Lay.* Of the laity, a layman.

(16) *This' a good friar, belike!* For 'this is perhaps a good friar !'

We find this form of abbreviation in Shakespeare, and writers of his time.

(17) *Temporary meddler.* Used here for meddler in temporal affairs, or worldly matters ; in contradistinction to "a man divine and holy."

(18) *Upon his mere request.* As we should now say, 'at his particular request.'

(19) *Convented.* Summoned, cited.

(20) *Vulgarly.* Used here in its sense of publicly (Latin, *vulgo*), and in that of coarsely. An instance of Shakespeare's way of combining varied meanings in one word.

(21) *Impartial.* Not taking part ; remaining neutral.



*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.<sup>22</sup>—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is the face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;  
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this woman:  
And five years since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition;<sup>23</sup> but in chief,  
For that her reputation was disvalu'd  
In levity: since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;  
Or else for ever be confix'd here,  
A marble monument!

*Ang.* I did but smile till now:  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal<sup>24</sup> women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member,  
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;  
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—  
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact<sup>25</sup> with her that's gone, think'st thou thy  
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
That's seal'd in approbation?<sup>26</sup>—You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
There is another friar that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord! for he,  
indeed,  
Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go do it instantly. [Exit Provost.]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,<sup>27</sup>  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement: I for awhile  
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well  
Determined upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it throughly. [Exit  
DUKE.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew  
that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum*:<sup>28</sup> honest in  
nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke  
most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he  
come, and enforce them against him: we shall find  
this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again: I  
would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.]—Pray  
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall  
see how I'll handle her.—

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA.

[To ISAB.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman  
denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke  
of; here, with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to  
him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

Re-enter DUKE disguised as a Friar, and PROVOST.

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women on  
to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you  
did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the  
devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—  
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you  
speak:

Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least.—But, oh, poor souls!  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?  
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to retort<sup>29</sup> your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd  
friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,  
And in the witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain? and then to glance from him

(22) Abuse. Delusion; attempted abusion of our belief.

(23) Her promised proportions came short of composition. Her fortune, promised to be in proportion with mine, came short of what was compounded for or agreed upon.

(24) Informal. Deranged; of disordered intellect.

(25) Compact. Joined in conspiracy.

(26) Seal'd in approbation. Bears the seal of proof and approval.

(27) To hear this matter forth. To hear this matter out, or through.

(28) *Cucullus non facit monachum*. 'The hood makes not the monk.' A Latin proverbial expression.

(29) Retort. Answer by throwing back, casting into other jurisdiction.

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—  
Take him hence: to the rack with him:—We'll  
touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.<sup>30</sup>—  
What! unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke dare  
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he  
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial.<sup>31</sup> My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,<sup>32</sup>  
As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state!—Away with him to  
prison!

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior  
Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman  
baldpate: do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your  
voice:

I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* Oh, did you so? And do you remember  
what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a  
fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then  
reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me,  
ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so  
of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* Oh, thou pernicious fellow! Did not I  
pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would close<sup>33</sup> now,  
after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.  
—Away with him to prison!—Where is the provost?  
—Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon  
him: let him speak no more.—Away with those  
giglots<sup>34</sup> too, and with the other confederate com-  
panion! [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What, resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh!  
sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must

be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,  
show your sheep-biting<sup>35</sup> face, and be hanged an  
hour!<sup>36</sup> Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers  
the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a  
duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and  
you

Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I  
pardon: sit you down:—

We'll borrow place of him.—[*To Angelo*] Sir, by  
your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes.<sup>37</sup> Then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana.—  
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her in-  
stantly.—

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR  
PETER, and PROVOST.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dis-  
honour,  
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel.  
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,<sup>38</sup>  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.<sup>39</sup>

*Isab.* Oh, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty!

(30) *His purpose.* It has been proposed to substitute 'your,' or 'this,' for 'his;' but Escalus, in his warmth, addresses his speech first to the by-standers, then to the friar-duke, then again to the by-standers.

(31) *Nor here provincial.* Nor accountable to the jurisdiction of this province.

(32) *Forfeits in a barber's shop.* It was formerly the custom to have a list of regulations, with the forfeits (or fines) imposed for breaking them, hung up in barbers' shops, which were the resort of idlers; but being of a comic character, and there being no real authority to enforce them, these "forfeits" were held in little reverence, and stood "as much in mock as mark."

(33) *Close.* This has been changed to 'gloze;' but Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses "close" to express 'agree with,' 'come round to the same opinion with.'

(34) *Giglots.* Light women.

(35) *Sheep-biting.* A cant term for petty thieving.

(36) *Be hanged an hour!* "An hour," used thus, seems to have been a vulgar way of saying protractedly, or lingeringly; as now

we say 'die by inches.' In Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" there is mention of 'a man that had been strangled an hour.'

(37) *Passes.* Seems to be employed here for 'passages of misconduct,' 'evil courses.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "pass" for 'passage;' and he uses "passages" precisely in the sense here required, where the king says to his son—

"Thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mistreadings." 1 Hen. IV., iii. 2.

(38) *Advertising and holy to your business.* "Advertising," if derived from the Latin *adverto*, means regardful, observant; if from the French *avertir*, it means monitory, vigilant, to warn and give information; and this is the sense in which Shakespeare uses 'advertise' and 'advertisement.' Probably the word "advertising" is intended to convey somewhat of all the above meanings. "Holy" here stands for 'devoted,' 'consecrated.'

(39) *I am still attorney'd at your service.* I hold myself still engaged or retained to be employed for you.



*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.<sup>40</sup>  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance<sup>41</sup> of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. Oh, most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose:—but, peace be with  
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and  
PROVOST.*

*Duke.* For this new-married man approaching  
here,  
Whose salt<sup>42</sup> imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your  
brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,<sup>43</sup>  
“An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!”  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quit like,<sup>44</sup> and Measure still for Measure.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—  
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee  
vantage,<sup>45</sup>—

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like  
haste.—

Away with him!

*Mari.* Oh, my most gracious lord!  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a  
husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit: else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* Oh, my dear lord!  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* [*Kneeling.*] Gentle my liege,—

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.—

Away with him to death!—[*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to  
you.

*Mari.* Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take  
my part;

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense<sup>46</sup> you do importune her:  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel,  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:  
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.  
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* [*Kneeling.*] Most bounteous sir,  
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died.  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;  
Intent but merely thoughts.<sup>47</sup>

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I  
say.—  
I have bethought me of another fault.—  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private  
message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your  
office:  
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice:  
For testimony whereof, one in that prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—  
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry one so learn'd and so wise

(40) *Free.* Used here for liberal, generous.

(41) *Remonstrance.* Literally, 'showing again.' The duke says  
Isabella may wonder that he did not make a sudden re-display of  
that power he had laid aside and concealed for a time, rather than  
let her brother be lost.

(42) *Salt.* Shakespeare often uses this word, as here, for 'im-  
pure,' 'immoral.'

(43) *His proper tongue.* His own tongue. French, *propre*.

(44) *Like doth quit like.* Like doth requite like.

(45) *Denies thee vantage.* Forbids thy deriving advantage from  
its confession.

(46) *Sense.* Here used for both 'reason' and 'feeling.'

(47) *Intents but merely thoughts.* Even this nobly magnanimous  
speech of Isabella's has been misinterpreted by prejudiced critics,  
and turned against her. Yet surely the benign forbearance, the  
spirit of justice, the strictly equitable distinction between inten-  
tion and act in guilt, that Shakespeare has here put into her mouth  
who is the embodiment of virtue and purity in this play, might  
serve to enthrone her in our regard as one of the finest-souled  
women among his heroines. In so passing a point as that line of  
the provost's, "I thought it was a fault, but knew it not," the poet  
has carried on the moral he inculcates in this play,—the nice

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled,  
and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.—  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no farther than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:  
But, for those earthly faults,<sup>48</sup> I quit them all;  
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's  
that?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

*Duke.* [*To ISABELLA*] If he be like your brother,  
for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,—  
He is my brother too:—but fitter time for that.  
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe:  
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.<sup>49</sup>  
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth  
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—  
[*To LUCIO*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a  
coward,  
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,  
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according  
to the trick.<sup>50</sup> If you will hang me for it, you may;  
but I had rather it would please you I might be  
whipped.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—  
As I have heard him swear, himself, there's one,—  
Let her appear,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry  
me to a bad woman! Your highness said even  
now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not re-  
compense me in making me a gull.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits.<sup>51</sup>—Take him to prison;  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a slut, my lord, is pressing to  
death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with LUCIO.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more grate.<sup>52</sup>—  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—  
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

shades of distinction between motive and act, thought and deed, error and guilt, mistake and sin, together with their due degrees of rebuke, retribution, and punishment.

(48) *Earthly faults.* Faults committed against earthly laws. "I quit them all" means "I acquit you of them all." The duke's extension of "mercy to provide for better times to come" to this hardened sinner, affords a grand lesson on the duty of sparing for repentance those who have been made criminals by gaol-teaching and neglectful rulers.

(49) *Your evil quits you well.* This sentence bears comprehensive interpretation: it is equivalent to 'your course of evil leaves you befittingly;' 'the fear you have suffered acquits you of your misdeeds;' and 'you receive in requital good for evil.'

(50) *Trick.* Thoughtless practice; idle fashion.

(51) *Forfeits.* May here mean fines, penalties; or misdeeds, transgressions. French, *forfaits*. The context, "thy slanders I forgive," seems to warrant the latter interpretation.

(52) *There's more behind that is more grate.* "Gratulate" is here used for 'subject of congratulation.' We take this line to refer to the duke's intention of espousing Isabella; with which his mind is so much occupied, that he reverts to it three times in the course of this last speech;—first, by the above line; second, by the words "Dear Isabel," &c.; third, by the concluding line of the play. Moreover, this iteration is a skilful resource of the dramatist to impress that intention of the duke's upon the audience, or readers.







THE  
COMEDY  
of  
ERRORS.

ILLUS<sup>D</sup> BY ES

T. COBB. S.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, a schoolmaster, and a conjuror.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*





# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.  
I am not partial to infringe our laws :  
The enmity and discord which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders<sup>2</sup> to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blood,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods<sup>3</sup> been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :  
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus  
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs ;  
Again, if any Syracusan born  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
Yet, that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by nature,<sup>4</sup> not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd  
By prosp'rous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,  
And the great care of goods<sup>5</sup> at random left,  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
From whom my absence was not six months old,  
Before herself—almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear—  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.  
There had she not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.<sup>6</sup>  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

(1) The first known copy of this play is in the 1623 Folio. There is allusion to it in the "*Palladis Tamia*" of Meres, 1598, which shows its first appearance to have been prior to that date; and, indeed, internal evidence manifests its having been one of Shakespeare's earliest compositions. The source of its plot is found in the "*Menæchmi*" of Plautus, of which it is supposed some English translation fell into Shakespeare's hands; but we, who are not sceptics as to his knowledge of Greek and Latin, can well believe that he met with the original comedy among his school classics while still a lad. Latin was a more general accomplishment in Elizabeth's day than it is at present; and even in the Stratford grammar-school it was most probably taught among other studies. If, as we imagine possible, Shakespeare had a short period of college learning, then an acquaintance with Latin was sure to have

been made by such a mind as his, in what would have been an incredibly brief space of time for a youth of ordinary talent.

(2) *Gilders*. A "gilder," or guilder, is a coin worth from one and sixpence to two shillings.

(3) *Synods*. State councils.

(4) *My end was wrought by nature*. Ægeon means that this pass to which he is come was occasioned by his natural affection, which prompted him to seek his lost sons.

(5) *And the great care of goods*. In the Folio, 'he' is misprinted for "the" (Theobald's correction).

(6) *Distinguish'd but by names*. We must imagine that the four boys had originally some distinguishing appellation; but afterwards, one of each pair of twins, in remembrance of his lost brother, took his name. This we find indicated in the line, "Reft

A poor mean woman<sup>7</sup> was deliverèd  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
 Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return:  
 Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon we came aboard!  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance<sup>8</sup> of our harm:  
 But longer did we not retain much hope;  
 For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant,  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
 Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
 And this it was,—for other means was none.  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms:  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd  
 Two ships from far making amain to us;  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
 But ere they came,—oh, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man; do not break off  
 so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
 Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdenèd  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful<sup>9</sup> welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And for the sake of them thou sorrowest  
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy,<sup>10</sup> and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother; and importun'd me  
 That his attendant—for his case was like,<sup>11</sup>  
 Reft of his brother, but retained his name—  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Happless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudg'd to the death,  
 And pass'd sentence may not be recall'd  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy help by beneficial help.<sup>12</sup>  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live; if no,<sup>13</sup> then thou art doom'd to die.—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

of his brother, but retain'd his name." That the two pair of twins should be named alike was necessary for the maintenance of the dramatic equivoke.

(7) *A poor mean woman.* The first Folio prints this line without the word "poor," which was added in the second Folio, and has been given in all editions since. The recurrence of that word two lines farther on has been pointed out as making it improbable that "poor" is what Shakespeare wrote here; but "meanly" also comes very soon after "mean" in the speech. Moreover, the word "poor" being first used, and then "exceeding poor," is not unlike one of those emphatic repetitions which our dramatist occasionally employs to mark a point that he wishes to impress on his audience, and which here accounts for the "parents" selling their new-born children.

(8) *Instance.* Used here for indication.

(9) *Healthful.* Used here for salutary, advantageous.

(10) *My youngest boy.* It seems, though the mother, "more careful for the latter-born, had fastened him" to the mast, yet that she had herself become fastened to the other end where her elder twin son was secured; and thus, being somewhat confusedly described (perhaps to give the effect of the confusion of the wreck), some commentators have accused Shakespeare of oversight here.

(11) *For his case was like.* 'Because his case was similar.' "For" is printed in the second Folio instead of 'so' in the first Folio.

(12) *To seek thy help by beneficial help.* It has been proposed to substitute other words that may obviate the repetition of "help" in this line. But that very repetition has something in it of Shakespeare's style, and the sentence may be interpreted to mean, 'I'll give you the extent of this day to seek for aid by charitable assistance.'

(13) *If no.* "No" was often used formerly for 'not.'



*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,<sup>14</sup>  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse,  
and First Merchant.

*First Mer.* Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnium,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day a Syracusan merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here;

And, not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,<sup>15</sup>

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,

Peruse the traders,<sup>16</sup> gaze upon the buildings,

And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain,<sup>17</sup> sir; that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

What! will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*First Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit;

I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,<sup>18</sup>

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,

And afterward consort you<sup>19</sup> till bed-time:

My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,

And wander up and down to view the city.

*First Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water,

That in the ocean seeks another drop;

Who, falling there, to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

Here comes the almanac of my true date.<sup>20</sup>

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;

The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,—

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:

She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold, because you come not home;

You come not home, because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent<sup>21</sup> for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* Oh,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—

The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We, being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;<sup>22</sup>

If I return, I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd<sup>23</sup> my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce<sup>24</sup> of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;

But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

(14) *Wend.* See Note 61, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(15) *Where we host.* To "host" was to take up quarters, as at a hostelry or inn.

(16) *Peruse the traders.* 'Observe or examine the vendors of merchandise;' in other words, 'look into the shop-windows.'

(17) *A trusty villain.* A faithful bondman or vassal. The Dromios were bought servants; and "villain" was often used thus, without any sense of wickedness in the term.

(18) *Soon at five o'clock.* Towards five o'clock. "Soon" was formerly sometimes used as we now use 'by-and-by.'

(19) *Consort you.* In familiar parlance, 'keep you company.'

(20) *The almanac of my true date.* Dromio being born in the same hour with his master, certifies the date of his birth.

(21) *Penitent.* Doing penance.

(22) *In post.* "In post" means, 'in post haste;' and Dromio's second use of the word refers to the practice of scoring up reckonings by chalk marks or notches on a "post" in the shop or warehouse.

(23) *Bestow'd.* For stowed away, placed in safety.

(24) *Sconce.* Head.

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for Heaven's sake, hold your hands!  
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>25</sup> of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such-like liberties of sin:<sup>26</sup>  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:  
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]



*Egeon.* A joyful mother of two goodly sons.

*Act I. Scene I.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place, before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:  
Time is their master; and when they see time,  
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>1</sup>

(25) *O'er-raught.* Over-reached, cheated.

(26) *Liberties of sin.* It has been proposed to change "liberties" for 'libertines;' but "liberties" here mean 'free practices,' 'latitudinarian dealings.'

(1) *Lash'd with woe.* The word "lash'd" here is probably used as having double reference to being "lashed" by a whip, in allusion to "bridled," and to being "lashed" or fastened with cords, in allusion to "bound."









There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,  
Endu'd with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other-where?<sup>2</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;<sup>3</sup>

They can be meek that have no other cause.<sup>4</sup>

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helplessness<sup>5</sup> patience would'st relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.<sup>6</sup>

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—  
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand<sup>7</sup> it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully,<sup>8</sup> that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dro. E.* I mean, sure he's stark mad. When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress! I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear<sup>9</sup> home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home! For Heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you as you with me,<sup>10</sup> That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.<sup>11</sup>

[Exit.]

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault,—he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures.<sup>12</sup> My decay'd fair<sup>13</sup>

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer,<sup>14</sup> he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>15</sup>

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy,—fie! beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;<sup>16</sup>

(2) *Start some otherwhere?* 'Start in pursuit of some other woman?' "Otherwhere" here gives the effect of 'other woman,' as in the next line "home" gives the effect of 'his own wife.'

(3) *Pause.* Remain still, be quiet.

(4) *No other cause.* No cause to be otherwise.

(5) *Helpless.* Used for 'unhelpful.'

(6) *This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.* 'This patience so foolishly begged that I will practise, will by you be left unpractised.'

(7) *Understand.* A quibble on 'stand under' and 'comprehend.'

(8) *Doubtfully.* Dromio uses this word punningly in reference to two that it sounds something like—"doughtily" and "redoubtably," meaning valorously, formidably.

(9) *Bear.* In some editions given in the [old form of] past tense, 'bare.'

(10) *So round with you as you with me.* "Round" is used here by

Dromio in its sense of spherical (like a "football"), and in that of outspoken, free, roughly remonstrative.

(11) *Case me in leather.* Alluding to footballs made of bladder, and covered with leather.

(12) *Defeatures.* Impaired looks, disfigurements.

(13) *Fair.* Often used substantively by Shakespeare for loveliness, beauty.

(14) *Deer.* Used punningly for 'dear,' to introduce the figurative context.

(15) *Stale.* Here used in a double sense: as carrying out the metaphor of the pursuit of game by a "stale" or pretence; and as referring to that which has become "stale," flavourless, unpalatable, rejected. Adriana means that she, as his wife, forms a safe shelter whence he may aim at other "deer;" and that she herself has become unfresh, unattractive to him.

(16) *Otherwhere.* See Note 2, Act ii.

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?<sup>17</sup>  
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;  
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,<sup>18</sup>  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
 I see the jewel best enamellèd<sup>19</sup>  
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so, no man that hath a name,  
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.  
*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same Public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation, and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first  
 I sent him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
 My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such  
 a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour  
 since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me  
 hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's  
 receipt,  
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the  
 teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and  
 that. [*Beating him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for Heaven's sake! now your  
 jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>20</sup>  
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,  
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.  
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce call you it? so you would leave  
 battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use  
 these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,  
 and ensconce it too;<sup>21</sup> or else I shall seek my wit in  
 my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say  
 every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,  
 wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten  
 out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme  
 nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir! for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you  
 gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you  
 nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-  
 time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think the meat wants that I  
 have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase  
 me another dry basting.<sup>22</sup>

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:  
 there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that before you were  
 so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain  
 bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his  
 hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>23</sup>

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and  
 recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair,  
 being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows

(17) *What lets it but he would be here?* 'What prevents his being here?' To 'let' was formerly used for to prevent, to hinder.

(18) *Would that alone, alone he would detain.* Misprinted in the first Folio, 'Would that alone, a loue he would detain;' but Shakespeare has elsewhere the repetition of 'alone':—"Yet I alone, alone do me oppose," &c., "John," iii. 1; and, "But I alone, alone must sit and pine," "Lucrece," 114.

(19) *I see the jewel best enamellèd, &c.* This passage, down to the word "shame," is so incorrectly printed in the Folio, that it has been altered as it stands in the text, and is thus given by most editors.

(20) *And make a common of my serious hours.* A "common" being

the name for a piece of waste land open to any one's use, Antipholus here uses the word to rebuke Dromio's throwing the rubbish of his unseasonable jests on ground that ought to be held private, and sacred from intrusion.

(21) *A sconce for my head, and ensconce it too.* Dromio plays on the word "sconce" in its meaning of 'head,' and in its meaning of 'a protective fortification;' also he uses the word "ensconce" in its sense of 'hide,' and 'cover as with a fort.'

(22) *Lest it make you choleric, &c.* It was a tenet of the time that "dry," or over-roasted meat, produced irritability and anger.

(23) *By fine and recovery.* See Note 19, Act iv., "Merry Wives."



on beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.



*Adriana.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dromio of Ephesus.* Go back again, and be new beaten home !  
For Heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

*Act II. Scene I.*

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason ?

*Dro. S.* For two ; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>(24)</sup>

*Dro. S.* Certain ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming ;<sup>(25)</sup> the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.  
But, soft ! who wafts us<sup>(26)</sup> yonder ?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown :  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects ;  
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.  
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

(24) *Falsing.* To "false" is a verb used by Shakespeare ; Italian, *falsare*, to falsify, or to deceive. Here, "falsing" means playing false ; in reference to the hair playing its owner false by falling off.

(25) *Trimming.* This is given in the Folio 'trying,' which was changed by Pope to 'tyring,' and by others to "trimming." The latter seems the more probable correction ; the word being often

used by Shakespeare for cutting hair. If the Folio word 'trying' be right, we think that 'to save them' must have been omitted by the printer ; in which case the passage would have originally stood thus : 'To save the money that he spends in trying to save them ;' the repetition of "save" being in Shakespeare's way.

(26) *Wafts us.* Waves to us, beckons us.

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me!  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall<sup>27</sup>  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
By wantonness should be contaminate!  
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
And tear the stain'd skin off my sinful brow,  
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.  
I am possess'd with a contaminate blot;  
An if we two be one, and thou play false:  
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unstain'd,<sup>28</sup> thou undishonourèd.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk;  
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentleman?

What is the course and drift of your compâct?

*Dro. S.* I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus, then, call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt;<sup>29</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
If aught possess thee from me,<sup>30</sup> it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* [*Aside.*] To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What! was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,<sup>31</sup>  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* [*Aside.*] Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.<sup>32</sup>

This is the fairy land;—oh, spite of spite!  
We talk with goblins, owls,<sup>33</sup> and elvish sprites:  
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou Dronio,<sup>34</sup> thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformèd, master, am not I?

*Ant. S.* I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you<sup>35</sup> of a thousand idle pranks.—

(27) *Fall.* Used actively for 'let fall.'

(28) *Unstain'd.* Printed 'distain'd' in the Folio; which we might take to mean 'dis-stain'd,' were it not that Shakespeare, in both the instances where he uses "distain," employs it to express stain, pollute, sully.

(29) *Exempt.* Used for cut off from, taken away from. Latin, *ex emptus*. The meaning of the sentence seems to be, 'Let it be my wrong that you are severed from me, but do not increase that wrong by treating me with contempt.'

(30) *If aught possess thee from me.* 'If any seek to twine round thee instead of me.' Adriana compares herself, as his lawful wife, to the fruitful vine; and those who would try to usurp her place, to the parasite "ivy, brier, or idle (unproductive) moss."

(31) *Until I know this sure uncertainty.* 'Until I know this to be surely uncertainty.' In the next line, for "offer'd," the Folio misprints 'free'd.'

(32) *Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.* Dromio wishes for his rosary, to tell his beads, or say his prayers by, while he makes the sign of the cross against evil spirits.

(33) *Owls.* From the Latin word *strix*, an owl, came the Italian word, *strega*, a witch; both owls and witches being supposed, in ancient superstition, to suck the breath and blood of children. There is allusion also in the "Merry Wives" to "elves" and "goblins" "pinching" mortals.

(34) *Thou Dronio.* The Folio prints this 'Dromio, thou Dromio;' and most editors alter 'thou Dronio' to 'thou drone;' but we think it more probable that "Dronio" was intended, as a facetious alteration of the fellow's name, to indicate the lazy insect which Luciana twits him with being like, in addition to "snail" and "slug."

(35) *Shrive you.* Bring you to make confession.



Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* [*Aside.*] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Public Place before the house of*  
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

*Ant. E.* Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:  
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop  
To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>1</sup>  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain that would face me down  
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house.—  
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray Heaven our cheer

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here!

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* Oh, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome,<sup>2</sup> malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?<sup>3</sup>

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* Oh, villain! thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle<sup>4</sup> blame.  
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil<sup>5</sup> is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

(1) *Carkanet*. Spelt also carcanet, from the French *carcan*, a chain or necklace; sometimes of gold, sometimes ornamented with precious stones.

(2) *Mome*. A buffoon, a blockhead; evidently originally derived from *Momus*, the buffoon-jester of Olympus. "Malt-horse" seems to have been a term for a heavy, clumsy lout; as it was

likely that "malt-horses" were a breed of heavy-built animals, like our dray-horses. "Patch" is 'fool,' from the Italian, *pazzo*.

(3) *Owe*. Used for 'own.'

(4) *Mickle*. Much; great.

(5) *Coil*. Noise; uproar.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh!—  
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?  
*Luce.* [Within.] Have at you with another; that's, —When? can you tell?<sup>6</sup>  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.  
*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?  
*Luce.* [Within.] I thought to have ask'd you.  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] And you said no.  
*Dro. E.* So, come, help!—well struck! there was blow for blow.  
*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.  
*Luce.* [Within.] Can you tell for whose sake?  
*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.  
*Luce.* [Within.] Let him knock till it ache.  
*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.  
*Luce.* [Within.] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?  
*Adr.* [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.  
*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.  
*Adr.* [Within.] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.  
*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.  
*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.  
*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part<sup>7</sup> with neither.  
*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.  
*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.  
*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.  
Your cake here is warm within;<sup>8</sup> you stand here in the cold:  
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.<sup>9</sup>  
*Ant. E.* Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.  
*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.  
*Dro. S.* [Within.] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.  
*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.  
*Dro. E.* A crow without feather,—master, mean you so?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>10</sup>  
*Ant. E.* Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.  
*Bal.* Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so!  
Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.  
Once this,<sup>11</sup>—your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>12</sup>  
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;  
And about evening come yourself alone  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it,  
And that supposed by<sup>13</sup> the common rout  
Against your yet uncall'd estimation,  
That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;  
For slander lives upon succession,  
For ever hous'd where it gets possession.  
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,  
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.<sup>14</sup>  
I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:  
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:  
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;<sup>15</sup>  
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—  
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—  
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.  
*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

(6) *When? can you tell?* A proverbial inquiry in Shakespeare's time, indicating a jeer at the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks.

(7) *Part.* Here used for depart, go away.

(8) *Your cake here is warm within.* In this phrase there seems to be double allusion; to the food within doors ready for the meal, and to an old proverb, "Your cake is dough," signifying 'Your expectation is balked.'

(9) *Bought and sold.* An old proverbial expression, meaning to be outdone, tricked, duped.

(10) *We'll pluck a crow together.* A cant phrase for having a squabbling-bout, a set-to, a quarrel.

(11) *Once this.* Seems to have been a colloquial expression equivalent to the more modern idiom, 'It's just this;' or 'Observe this.'

(12) *The doors are made against you.* 'The doors are made fast against you.' To 'make the door' is still used in some parts of England for 'bar,' or 'fasten the door.'

(13) *And that supposed by.* The "will be" of the previous line must be understood as repeated between "that" and "supposed."

(14) *In despite of mirth, mean to be merry.* 'In spite of my disinclination for mirth, I mean to make merry.'

(15) *Porcupine.* Spelt in the Folio 'Porpentine,' which was the old spelling of the word. It is noticeable that in this play Shakespeare has preserved the ancient custom of giving distinctive names to houses, especially houses of entertainment, and houses of commerce. The newly-arrived Antipholus lodges at "the Centaur;" the resident Antipholus lives at "the Phoenix;" Balthazar proposes to dine at "the Tiger;" and his friend appoints to meet him at "the Porcupine."





*Adriana.* Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine.

*Act II. Scene II.*





*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Public Place before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?<sup>16</sup>  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more  
kindness:  
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-  
ness:<sup>17</sup>  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;<sup>18</sup>  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
Alas! poor women! make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit,<sup>19</sup> that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:  
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain.<sup>20</sup>  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I  
know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,<sup>21</sup>—  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,<sup>22</sup>  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth your labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? would you create me new?  
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more to you do I decline.<sup>23</sup>  
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears:

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed<sup>24</sup> I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love,<sup>25</sup> being light, be drown'd if she sink!

*Luc.* What! are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated;<sup>26</sup> how, I do not  
know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun,  
being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear  
your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on  
night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.<sup>27</sup>

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.<sup>28</sup>  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.  
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* Oh, soft, sir! hold you still:  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit.]

*Enter, running, DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st  
thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am  
I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou  
art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and  
besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides  
thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to  
a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,  
one that will have me.

(16) *Thy love-springs rot?* Shakespeare uses the word "springs" (as he has done more than once in his poems) for the young shoots, or tender buds of trees; and, figuratively, for the first growths of early love. In the next line there is a metaphor—of "love" as a "building"—which the dramatist has also introduced, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," v. 4, and "Troilus and Cressida," iv. 2.

(17) *Blindness.* Used here for 'concealment.'

(18) *Become disloyalty.* 'Render disloyalty becoming, by some show of loyalty.'

(19) *Compact of credit.* 'Compounded, or made up, of credulity.'

(20) *Vain.* Used here for untrue, hyperbolic, adulatory.

(21) *Hit of mine.* "Of" was often formerly used where now we use 'on.'

(22) *Conceit.* Conception, comprehension.

(23) *Decline.* Incline, bend towards.

(24) *Bed.* Misprinted in the first Folio 'bud,' and altered by

some editors to 'bride.' "Bed" is the word in the second Folio, and seems best to accord with the context. This speech of Antipholus of Syracuse, addressing Luciana as a death-luring "mermaid" and "siren," is in accordance with his speech at the close of the first Act, where he speaks of the "soul-killing witches" he may expect to meet with in Ephesus.

(25) *Love.* Here used for the Queen of Love, Venus, as is manifested by the word "she" in this line, and confirmed by various passages elsewhere.

(26) *Mated.* Confused, dazzled, bewildered. There is also a play on the word in allusion to his being "mated," or given as a mate to Adriana, as is shown by the words, "how, I do not know."

(27) *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.* 'My sole happiness on earth, and that which I claim as heaven's best gift.'

(28) *I aim thee.* "Aim" was sometimes used for 'aim at;' and is misprinted 'am' in the Folio.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one

*Dro. S.* Swart,<sup>30</sup> like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name and three



*Antipholus of Syracuse.* Give me thy hand

*Luciana.*

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

Oh, soft, sir! hold you still:

[*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene II.

as a man may not speak of, without he say sir-reverence.<sup>29</sup> I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

quarters,<sup>31</sup>—that is, an ell and three quarters,—will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.<sup>32</sup>

(29) *Sir-reverence.* A corruption of 'save reverence,' which it was customary to say before mentioning anything unseemly or uncleanly; in illustration of this, Gifford quotes from an old tract on the origin of tobacco:—"The time hath been, when, if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a 'sir-reverence' before; but we forget our good manners."

(30) *Swart.* Black, dark, dusky.

(31) *Her name and three quarters.* "And," here, is misprinted 'is'

in the Folio. There is, of course, a pun between her name, "Nell," and "an ell." A Flemish ell is three quarters of a yard; therefore, a yard and a half will give us the exact height and width of this broad-as-she's-long "kitchen-wench."

(32) *Making war against her heir.* A pun between "heir" and "hair": Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seeming to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to their throne, Henry IV. of Navarre. Queen



*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,<sup>36</sup> and my heart of steel,  
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.



*Adriana.* Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

*Act IV. Scene II.*

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.<sup>33</sup>

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner,<sup>34</sup> laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her;<sup>35</sup>

*Ant. S.* Go hie thee presently, post to the road;<sup>37</sup>—

An if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Elizabeth sent over the Earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assistance of that prince in 1591; and, till his accession in 1594, she continued to despatch troops to him. It is, therefore, supposed that a complimentary allusion to the poet's sovereign is couched beneath this scoff at France; and Malone thence deduces the "Comedy of Errors" to have been written before the latter date. We, who have a theory that this play was a very early-written production of Shakespeare's, think it probable that this allusion may have been inserted afterwards, when the piece came to be performed on the stage, possibly about the date when such an allusion would be peculiarly popular.

(33) *Armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.* "Armadas" are

fleets; "carracks" are large ships of burden, Spanish *caraca*; "ballast" is an old form of 'ballasted'; laden, freighted.

(34) *Diviner.* One professing divination; a sorceress. Dromio, like his master, thinks he has got among witches; women capable of working spells, and transforming him to a turnspit-dog.

(35) *Assured to her.* Affianced to her.

(36) *If my breast had not been made of faith.* In allusion to the popular belief that strong "faith" had power against witchcraft. Dromio, in a former scene, longed for his "beads" as a protection from sorcery.

(37) *The road.* The roadstead; the harbour.

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
But lest myself be guilty to<sup>38</sup> self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO with the chain.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus,—

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:  
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time<sup>39</sup> I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain<sup>40</sup>

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:

If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Public Place.*

*Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Sec. Mer.* You know since Pentecost<sup>1</sup> the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach<sup>2</sup> you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you

Is growing<sup>3</sup> to me by Antipholus;

And in the instant that I met with you

He had of me a chain: at five o'clock

I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Off.* That labour may you save: see where he comes.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But, soft! I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!<sup>4</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you:

I promised your presence and the chain;

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

Belike, you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat,<sup>5</sup>

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:

Perchance I will be there as soon as you.<sup>6</sup>

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

(38) *Guilty to.* A form of construction in use formerly, where we should now say 'guilty of.'

(39) *Soon at supper-time.* See Note 18, Act i.

(40) *Vain.* Used here for 'wanting in good sense,' 'unwise,' 'foolish.'

(1) *Pentecost.* Whitsuntide.

(2) *Attach.* Arrest, seize by power or authority.

(3) *Growing.* Used for 'acruing,' 'coming as a right.'

(4) *I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!* In this

consociation of "a thousand pound a year" and "a rope," there may have been some point of allusion obvious at the time when the play was first acted, though now lost to perception; or perhaps Dromio means to hint that in purchasing a rope's end, he may be providing for himself a heavy revenue of future thwacks.

(5) *Carat.* Spelt also carat, caract, and charact. A weight of four grains, by which gold and gems are weighed. It has been derived from *carat*, a bean, used by Orientals for weighing gold; or from the Arabian, *kirat*, a weight.

(6) *Perchance I will be there as soon as you.* "Will" for 'shall' is still used in North Britain.



*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Sec. Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*Ang.* You hear how he impórtunes me;—the chain!—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Sec. Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no:

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider how it stands upon my credit.<sup>7</sup>

*Sec. Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do;—

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.<sup>8</sup>

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnus  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why, thou  
peevish sheep,  
What ship<sup>9</sup> of Epidamnus stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.<sup>10</sup>

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a  
rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's end as soon:  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, ANGELO, Officer,  
and ANT. E.*]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel<sup>11</sup> did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.<sup>12</sup>  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A room in the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely<sup>13</sup> in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou, in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?<sup>14</sup>

*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right.<sup>15</sup>

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my  
spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

(7) Consider how it stands upon my credit. 'Consider how it affects my credit.' To "stand upon" is to concern, to interest, to be of importance to.

(8) Apparently. Openly, evidently.

(9) Peevish sheep, what ship, &c. "Peevish" is wayward and silly. There is the same play on the word "sheep" and "ship" in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," i. 1.

(10) To hire waftage. To hire conveyance, or carriage. "Hire" is here used as a dissyllable; and is spelt 'hier' in the Folio.

(11) Dowsabel. Inasmuch as Dromio has before said that the kitchen-wench's name is "Nell," we must imagine that he now calls her "Dowsabel" by way of a fleer at the assault she made

upon him; to 'dowse,' in old English parlance, signifying to give a blow on the face, to strike.

(12) Compass. Used in two of its senses; to clasp round or enclose with the arms, and to obtain or gain possession of.

(13) Austerely. Strictly, rigidly; it applies to the strict observation, the rigid scrutiny made.

(14) His heart's meteors tilting in his face? An allusion to the meteoric appearances in the sky which seem to be contending against each other; here figuratively applied to the varying flashes of colour depicted in the countenance of a man swayed by contending emotions.

(15) He denied you had in him no right. This form of double

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.<sup>16</sup>  
He is deformèd, crooked, old, and sere,<sup>17</sup>—  
Ill fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making,<sup>18</sup> worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:<sup>19</sup>

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet,  
now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, and hath him  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough:<sup>20</sup>  
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;<sup>21</sup>  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper—one that counter-  
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot  
well.<sup>22</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested  
on the case.

*Adr.* What! is he arrested? tell me at whose  
suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested  
well;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can  
I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money  
in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—[*Exit LUCIANA.*] This I  
wonder at:

negative was not only used in Shakespeare's time for asseveration, but seemed to be employed for giving it added force.

(16) *My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.* "His" here used for 'its'; and refers to "tongue." In the next line "he," of course, refers to the speaker's husband.

(17) *Sere.* Dry, withered.

(18) *Stigmatical in making.* Marked with the stigma of deformity in his person.

(19) *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.* See Note 44, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(20) *A fairy, pitiless and rough.* It has been proposed to change "fairy" here to 'fury.' But the "fairy" here alluded to, we may suppose to be of that kind called "urchins." See Note 52, Act. i., "Tempest;" and Note 24, Act iv., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(21) *A fellow all in buff.* Sheriffs' officers formerly wore a suit of buff-leather; which afforded numerous jokes and plays on the word to dramatists of that period.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—  
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>23</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—  
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were  
gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes  
one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* Oh, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant,<sup>24</sup>  
'a turns back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost  
thou reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more  
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief, too: have you not heard men say,  
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the  
way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Re-enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight:  
And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,<sup>25</sup>—  
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute  
me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me; some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy;—  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And therewithal took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers<sup>26</sup> inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me  
for.—What! have you got the picture of old Adam  
new-apparelled?<sup>27</sup>

(22) *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.* To "run counter" is to run in a contrary direction from the game, by following on a wrong scent; to "draw dry-foot" is to track by the print left by the foot of the game; and the reason that Dromio says the sheriff's officer does both these incongruous things is, because by playing on the words, the speaker hints at the 'Counter prison,' and tracking out debtors who are "dry-foot," a cant term for those whose means are dried up.

(23) *Arrested on a band?* Adriana uses "band" in its sense of a legal bond; Dromio replies by quibbling on the word in its sense of a covering for the throat, a neckcloth.

(24) *A sergeant.* An arresting officer.

(25) *Conceit.* Imaginative conception; fancies, conjectures, surmises.

(26) *Lapland sorcerers.* Lapland seems always to have been noted for the practice of magic. Milton also alludes ("Paradise Lost," book ii., line 665) to "Lapland witches."

(27) *Have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?* Dromio





*Dromio of Ephesus.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.  
*Antipholus of Ephesus.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.  
*Officer.* Good sir, be patient.

*Act IV. Scene IV.*

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he

that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man,

calls the sergeant "old Adam," in allusion to his wearing "buff;" a slang word for bare skin. By "new-apparelled" he means

furnished with a *new suit*; which shall prevent the officer from prosecuting the one against Antipholus.



sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them;<sup>28</sup> he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance;<sup>29</sup> he that sets up his rest<sup>30</sup> to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.<sup>31</sup>

*Ant. S.* What! thou meanest an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band;<sup>32</sup> he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.<sup>33</sup>

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtesan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

*Dro. S.* Master, is this Mistress Satan?

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.<sup>34</sup>

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.<sup>35</sup>

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.<sup>36</sup>

*Ant. S.* Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

(28) *When gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them.* "Fob" is printed 'sob' (with a long s) in the Folio; but we take it to be "fob," that is, a check, or balk, by being rapped on the shoulder. There is a play on the word "rests;" used in the sense of rest, as opposed to "tired," and arrested by a bailiff.

(29) *Gives them suits of durance.* A 'suit of durance' was a cant term for imprisonment.

(30) *Sets up his rest.* A phrase borrowed from the game of primero, in which it meant to remain satisfied with the game then held: and, from that, came to mean being resolved or determined; also, to have made up one's mind, to be convinced.

(31) *More exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.* "A morris-pike" was a Moorish pike; a military weapon much used in the sixteenth century. "Maces" were employed in both battles and tournaments, as well as by the Turkish horsemen; but Dromio plays on the word "mace," as the sergeant's staff of office; and has a pun on the previous word "rest," in allusion to the way in which pikes were occasionally fixed in rest to receive a charge during an engagement.

(32) *The sergeant of the band.* Here there is another quibble on the word "band;" first, in its sense of company or association; secondly, in its sense of legal bond.

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,<sup>37</sup> a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise: an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* "Fly pride," says the peacock:<sup>38</sup> mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain: Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,— Besides this present instance of his rage,—

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way..

My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man; I will not break away: I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger: That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,<sup>39</sup>

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.— Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.<sup>40</sup>

(33) *Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.* Dromio's master had sent him for "ducats:" but he calls them now by the name of another coin, "angels" [see Note 45, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor"], because they are to be ministers of deliverance.

(34) *We'll mend our dinner here.* We take this to mean a proposal that the "dinner," which had been marred by Angelo's failing his appointment with Antipholus of Ephesus at the Porcupine, shall now be "mended" by a supper; as Antipholus of Syracuse soon after replies, "What tell'st thou me of supping?"

(35) *If you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak, &c.* In the Folio "you" is omitted, and 'or' printed instead of "so."

(36) *A long spoon that must eat with the devil.* See Note 43, Act ii., "The Tempest."

(37) *The parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, &c.* This enumeration of trifles required as tokens of affiance in compacts made with fiends, alludes to an ancient superstition.

(38) *"Fly pride," says the peacock.* A proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating.

(39) *That I should be attached in Ephesus.* See Note 2, Act iv.

(40) *Will pay them all.* Shakespeare often uses the word "pay," as we now say 'pay them out,' punish them.



*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. *[Beating him.]*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good, now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.<sup>41</sup>—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat;<sup>42</sup> and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH.*<sup>43</sup>

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*,<sup>44</sup> respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."<sup>45</sup>

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? *[Beating him.]*

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—  
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you<sup>46</sup> what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas! how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!<sup>47</sup>

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. *[Striking him.]*

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

*Adr.* Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you! are these your customers?

Did this companion<sup>48</sup> with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* Oh, husband, Heaven doth know you din'd at home;

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home!—Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say,<sup>49</sup> you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy,<sup>50</sup> your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable,<sup>51</sup> she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes,<sup>52</sup> she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

(41) *My long ears.* He means, his ears made long by being often pulled.

(42) *As a beggar wont her brat.* 'As a beggar is wont to bear her brat.' "Wont" is an old word for accustomed to, used to.

(43) *Pinch.* This character is introduced on the scene in the Folio, by the words "a Schoole-master, call'd Pinch;" and he is immediately afterwards addressed as "*Doctor Pinch*," who is, moreover, "a conjurer;" all of which shows how learning was deemed necessary for an exorcist, and how the vocations of pedagogue and wizard came to be associated in common estimation.

(44) *Respice finem.* A Latin phrase proverbially used in more than one book of Shakespeare's time.

(45) *To prophesy like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."* It used to be a fashion with jocular keepers of parrots to teach their birds sentences which should predict hanging to those who had been previously warned by the words—"Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies." That these taught sentences generally included some allusion to a "rope," we find from various passages in

other authors; and very pointedly in these lines from Butler's "*Hudibras*:"—

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
That think and speak contrary clean;  
What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
When they cry '*Rope*,' and '*Walk*, knave, walk.'"

(46) *I will please you.* I will give you as a gratuity.

(47) *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.* See Note 41, Act ii., and Note 28, Act iii., "*The Tempest*."

(48) *Companion.* Formerly used as a term of contempt; as we now use the word 'fellow.'

(49) *Sooth to say.* "Sooth" is an old word for 'truth.'

(50) *Perdy.* A corruption of the French oath, *par Dieu*.

(51) *Sans fable.* The French word *sans*, without, was affectedly used in discourse of the time; an affectation which Shakespeare has satirised in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," v. 2, where Rosaline says—"Sans 'sans,' I pray you."

(52) *Certes.* An ancient form of 'certainly.'

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas! I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.

*Dro. E.* Heaven and the rope-maker bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling woman, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a cursèd pack

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes, That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Adr.* Oh, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company!—The fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah! me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Enter three or four, who help PINCH to bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

*Ant. E.* What! will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish<sup>53</sup> officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee<sup>54</sup> ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows,<sup>55</sup> I will pay it.—

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* Oh, most unhappy woman!<sup>56</sup>

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil!

*Luc.* Heaven help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. E. and DRO. E.*]

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* Whenas<sup>57</sup> your husband, all in rage, to-day Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse, with their rapiers drawn.*

*Luc.* Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and Officer.*]

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:<sup>58</sup>

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay here to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

(53) *Peevish.* Used here for 'silly,' foolish.

(54) *I will discharge thee.* Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses "discharge" elliptically for 'discharge the debt to.'

(55) *Knowing how the debt grows.* 'When I know how the debt is accruing, and to whom it is duly owing.' The word "growing" has been used before in the sense that "grows" is here, and a few speeches farther on. See Note 3, Act iv.

(56) *Oh, most unhappy woman!* "Unhappy" was sometimes formerly used as the French use their word *malheureux*; which not only means 'unfortunate,' but 'ill-conditioned.' We also have the

word 'unlucky' in this sense; with sometimes 'mischievous' as well as 'ill-starred.' Shakespeare employs the word "unhappy" here, and elsewhere, with these significations.

(57) *Whenas.* An old form of 'when;' as 'whereas' still is of 'where.'

(58) *Fetch our stuff from thence.* "Stuff" was an old word for baggage or luggage. It was formerly used with the same widely comprehensive meaning for goods and chattels generally, as women now-a-days use the word "things;" or as the Italians use their word, *roba*.





*Adriana.* Hold! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake! he is mad.—  
Some get within him; take his sword away.

*Act V. Scene I.*











## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before an Abbey.**Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city:  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Sec. Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;  
And, not without some scandal to yourself.  
With circumstance and oaths so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly:  
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:  
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think I had; I never did deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

*Sec. Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.<sup>1</sup>

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Sec. Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold! hurt him not, for Heaven's sake! he is mad.—

Some get within him;<sup>2</sup> take his sword away.  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for Heaven's sake,  
take a house!<sup>3</sup>

This is some priory: in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. into the Abbey.*]*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Sec. Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;  
But till this afternoon his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?—

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference.<sup>4</sup>

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company I often glanc'd at it:  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad:  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing.  
And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman<sup>5</sup> to grim and comfortless despair;  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

(1) *Did hear thee.* "Hear," in this line, like many other monosyllabic words in other passages, is to be sounded like a dissyllable.

(2) *Get within him.* Get within his guard, close with him.

(3) *Take a house.* Take refuge in a house, take sanctuary.

(4) *It was the copy of our conference.* "Copy" is here used in its classical sense, from the Latin, *copia*, abundance, store; as well as in its more usual sense of theme, subject, or set example. Some

editors maintain that the word should be retained in its old form, 'copie,' as printed in the Folio in this passage, and as spelt by former English writers, like Lord Bacon and Bishop Cooper; but we give the more modern form, "copy," as conveying the combined sense in which it is here used. The sentence means—'It was the copious subject of our conference.'

(5) *Melancholy, kinsman to, &c.* In this sentence, "kinsman" not

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:  
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—  
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then let your servants bring my husband  
forth.

*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for sanctuary;  
And shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney<sup>6</sup> but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir  
Till I have us'd the approv'd means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man<sup>7</sup> again:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,<sup>8</sup>  
A charitable duty of my order:

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband  
here:

And ill it doth beseem your holiness  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have  
him. [Exit.]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Sec. Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of death and sorry execution,<sup>9</sup>  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Sec. Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan mer-  
chant,—

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,—  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See where they come: we will behold his  
death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the  
Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.<sup>10</sup>

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke,<sup>11</sup> against the  
abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:  
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,<sup>12</sup>—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,—  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,<sup>13</sup>  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>14</sup>  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
And with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,  
We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;  
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my  
wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

agreeing in gender with the subsequent "her," has a somewhat odd effect to modern grammarians; but, in Shakespeare's time, such construction was allowable; as we find by a passage in "The Merchant of Venice," iii. 2, where Portia says—

"But now, I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself."

(6) *Attorney.* Shakespeare uses this word here, and elsewhere, to express a deputed representative, a substitute, a commissioned agent or proxy.

(7) *A formal man.* A man restored to the right use of his intellects. We have seen in "Measure for Measure" [Note 24, Act v.], that Shakespeare uses "informal" for deranged or disordered intellect.

(8) *Parcel of mine oath.* 'Portion of my oath.' "Parcel," meaning a part, or portion of a whole, is from the French *parcelle*.

(9) *The place of death and sorry execution.* In this passage, the Folio prints 'depth' instead of "death;" and it has been contended that by 'the place of depth' Shakespeare meant to introduce into this Greek story the *Barathrum*, or deep pit into which offenders were cast. But there is something in such a periphrasis which does

not sound in keeping with our poet's style, and which implies a mode of punishment that does not accord so well as "the place of death" with the word "beheaded" a little farther on. "Sorry" was used with stronger effect formerly than now, and meant 'sorrowful,' 'dreadful,' 'dismal.'

(10) *So much we tender him.* To "tender" here is used for 'regard with kindness,' 'feel compassion for.'

(11) *Sacred duke.* "Sacred" is here used for 'entitled to reverence,' 'worthy of homage:' as we have "sacred Silvia," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," iii. 1.

(12) *Your important letters.* Shakespeare, and other writers of his time, occasionally used "important" for 'importunate,' 'urgent.' By the word "letters" he alludes to a custom belonging to feudal times, when the 'wardship' of heiresses pertained to the Crown, and Royal Letters were sent to ladies of large fortune on behalf of suitors desirous of obtaining them.

(13) *To take order for the wrongs I went.* Shakespeare here and elsewhere uses "take order" for 'take measures,' or 'provide means.'

(14) *Anon, I wot not by what strong escape.* "Anon" is 'soon,' 'quickly,' 'in a short time;' and here means 'shortly after.' "I wot not" is 'I know not.' "Strong escape" here stands for 'an escape effected by strength or force.'



And bid the lady abbess come to me.—  
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh, mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>15</sup> and bound the doctor,

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face,<sup>18</sup> and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

*Duke.* Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—  
Guard with halberds!



*Adriana.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Act V. Scene I.*

Whose beard they have singe'd off with brands of fire;<sup>16</sup>  
And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.  
My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;<sup>17</sup>  
And sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are  
here;  
And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Adr.* Ah! me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant  
me justice!  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars,<sup>19</sup> and took

(15) *Beaten the maids a-row.* "A-row" was formerly used in the same way that the common phrase 'all of a row' is now employed; and means 'one after another,' 'in succession.' It may be observed that this servant characteristically uses the wrong grammar of "are" for 'have' in the previous line.

(16) *Whose beard they have singe'd off with brands of fire.* That the process of shaving was upon some peculiar occasions performed by means of "fire," we find from a passage in Sir Thos. North's translation of "Plutarch," a book much used by Shakespeare. In the life of Dion, North says that the "father Dionysius was so fearful and mistrustful of everybody, that he would suffer no man with a pair of barber's scissors to poll the hair of his head; but caused an

image-maker of earth to come unto him, and with a hot burning coal to burn his goodly bush of hair round about."

(17) *Nicks him like a fool.* It was the custom to shave and to "nick" or notch the heads of professional fools: so that allusion to this practice became synonymous with an accusation of folly.

(18) *Scorch your face.* To 'scorch' was formerly sometimes spelt to "scorch;" and here, probably, the double threat of "singeing" and "nicking" is implied.

(19) *When I bestrid thee in the wars.* Shakespeare has many allusions to this act of military friendship, which was of generous frequency in chivalrous times.

Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me  
dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me

Even in the strength and height of injury:

Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,

While she with harlots<sup>20</sup> feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst  
thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,  
As this is false he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,<sup>21</sup>  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* Oh, perjur'd woman!—They are both for-  
sworn:

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advisèd what I say;<sup>22</sup>

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd<sup>23</sup> with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: in the street I met him,

And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,

Which, Heaven knows, I saw not: for the which

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vile confederates. Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with  
him,

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Sec. Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears of  
mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After you first forswore it on the mart:

And thereupon I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey-walls;  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:

I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!

And this is false you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.<sup>24</sup>

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;

If he were mad he would not plead so coldly:—

You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here

Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at the  
Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that  
ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess  
hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

I think you are all mated<sup>25</sup> or stark mad.

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a  
word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

(20) *Harlots.* An old term of reproach for base hireling persons, and applied to both men and women.

(21) *Nor sleep on night.* "On" was often used formerly for 'of,' and here "on night" is equivalent to the more modern idiom, 'of a night.'

(22) *I am advisèd what I say.* 'I speak advisedly what I say.' Antipholus uses the word "advisèd" in the sense of 'composedly,' 'considerately,' 'with a due amount of knowledge and reflection.'

(23) *Pack'd.* Confederated, joined in conspiracy.

(24) *I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.* "Circe" was the daughter of Sol and the nymph Perseis, and was a famous enchantress, skilled in the knowledge of baleful herbs. A draught from her magic cup brutified men, and deprived them of reason.

(25) *Mated.* Confused, bewildered, confounded. French, *maté*. See Note 26, Act iii.



*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.

*Æge.* Oh, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deform'd hand,<sup>26</sup>  
Have written strange defeatures<sup>27</sup> in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.<sup>28</sup>

*Æge.* Not know my voice! Oh, Time's extremity!  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?<sup>29</sup>  
Though now this grain'd<sup>30</sup> face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—  
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so:  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.  
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these. Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* Oh, my old master! who hath bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:  
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not,<sup>31</sup> thou art Æmilia:  
If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum he and I  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.  
What then became of them I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story<sup>32</sup>  
right:

These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,<sup>33</sup>—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.—  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renown'd uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No; I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,<sup>34</sup>  
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I received from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me.  
I see, we still did meet each other's man;

(26) *Careful hours, with Time's deform'd hand.* "Careful hours" mean "hours full of care," in the sense of sorrow, trouble. "Deform'd" is here used for "deforming."

(27) *Deffeatures.* Disfigurements. See Note 12, Act ii.

(28) *You are now bound to believe him.* The quibbling Dromio is still facetiously alluding to Ægeon's being led, "bound," to the place of execution; as he just before joked him upon the fact, in the words "lately we were bound, as you are now."

(29) *My feeble key of untun'd cares?* "The weak tone in which harsh griefs cause me to speak."

(30) *Grain'd.* Lined and indented with wrinkles, like the grain of wood.

(31) *If I dream not, &c.* This and the following speech are misplaced in the Folio, coming between the two concluding lines of the

Duke's address; whereas they evidently precede it. The needful transposition was made by Capell.

(32) *Morning story.* The narration given by Ægeon in the fifth speech of the play. Be it observed that, by this allusion and by several other indications during the course of the various scenes (such as "dinner-time," i. 2, ii. 1 and 2; "supper-time," iii. 2; "the dial points at five," v. 1, &c.), Shakespeare has marked the precise unity of dramatic time, which, in this comedy, he has observed conformably with the old classic laws of the drama.

(33) *Semblance.* Here used as a trisyllable; as is the word "children," in the next line but one.

(34) *What I told you then, &c.* This is, of course, addressed to Luciana; and affords an instance of Shakespeare's characteristic way of making a speaker, who is confused by immediate events,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;  
And thereupon these Errors all arose.<sup>35</sup>

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;—  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathised one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
Twenty-five years<sup>36</sup> have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,  
My heavy burden ne'er deliver'd.—  
The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,<sup>37</sup>  
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me:<sup>38</sup>  
After so long grief, such nativity!<sup>39</sup>

*Duke.* With all my heart; I'll gossip at this feast.<sup>40</sup>

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtesan,  
Sec. Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

begin a speech with an allusion to some one in the third person, and end with addressing the same individual in the second person.

(35) *These Errors all arose.* The Folio misprints 'are' for "all" (Rowe's correction). Mr. Staunton proposes 'rare,' which, he says, is nearer to the original; but the word "all" in this line strikes our ear as being more Shakespearian than either 'rare' or 'are,' and the latter would be an easy misprint for "all." Moreover, "all" here is quite in Shakespeare's style, and in his way of drawing attention to the many errors that have occurred, and given the play its name.

(36) *Twenty-five.* Misprinted in the Folio 'Thirtie-three;' and possibly this, and other similar misprints there, arose from the original manuscript having numbers, instead of words, to express amounts. Theobald made the correction; pointing out that Ægeon had stated his son's leaving him at "eighteen," and had mentioned "seven years" as having elapsed since they met, which precisely determines the Antipholuses' present age. In the next line but one, the Folio misprints 'are' for "ne'er."

(37) *The calendars of their nativity.* See Note 20, Act i.

(38) *Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me.* This second "go" is changed to 'joy,' and 'gaud,' by various editors; but "go with me" is the burden of the Abbess's speech throughout.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff<sup>41</sup> from ship-board?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

*Dro. S.* Your goods that lay at host,<sup>42</sup> sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon;<sup>43</sup>

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and ANT. E., ADR., and LUC.*]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks you are my glass and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then, thus:—

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*]

(39) *Such nativity!* "Nativity" here has been altered by different editors to 'felicity,' and 'festivity;' but there is something in the repetition of "nativity" in this speech which harmonises with Æmilia's dwelling on the fact that "this present hour" is the birth-hour of her sons. Such reiterations in speeches at the close of a play are not unfrequent with Shakespeare, who often, as it appears to us, gives these kind of confusedly-repeated constructions, partly to indicate the tumult of feeling in the speaker, partly to impress upon the audience any special point towards which he desires to draw their attention.

(40) *I'll gossip at this feast.* "Gossip," used as a noun two lines before, and used as a verb in this line, refers to the practice of playing the merry-maker at a christening-feast. It originated in the word 'Godsib,' meaning those who stood at the baptismal font as sponsors for a child, and became thus what was called 'of kin together through God.' But it afterward became employed for all those present at the ceremony; and, eventually, for those who joined in any festivity pertaining to childbirth and christening.

(41) *Stuff.* See Note 58, Act iv.

(42) *Lay at host.* See Note 15, Act i.

(43) *Anon.* Here used for 'by-and-by,' 'some time rather later on.'







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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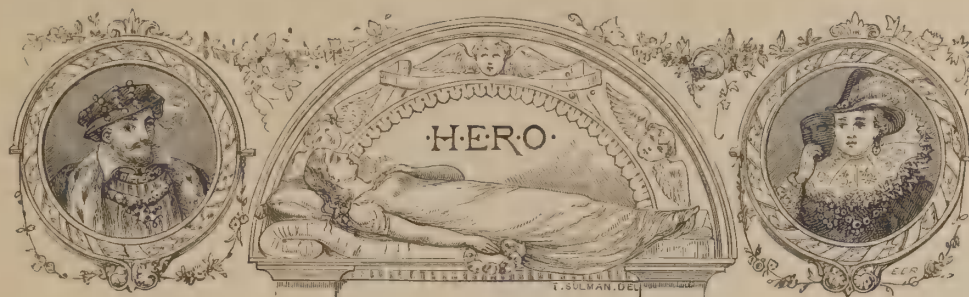
DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.  
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.  
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.  
BENEDICK, a young gentleman of Padua.  
LEONATO, governor of Messina.  
ANTONIO, his brother.  
BALTHAZAR, attendant on Don Pedro.  
BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.  
CONRADE, }  
FRIAR FRANCIS.  
DOGBERRY, } two foolish city officers.  
VERGES, }  
A Sexton.  
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.  
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.  
MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.  
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Messina.*





# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Grounds adjoining the house of LEONATO.*

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger.<sup>2</sup>*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort,<sup>3</sup> and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and

there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind of overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is Signior Montanto<sup>4</sup> returned from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* Oh, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills<sup>5</sup> here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight;<sup>6</sup> and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.<sup>7</sup>—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

(1) Before its appearance in the Folio, 1623, a Quarto copy of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" was printed in 1609. Of the serious portion of the plot, there are traces to be found in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," Book V., and in Spenser's "Faery Queen," Book II., Canto 4; while still more palpable ones exist in an Italian novel by Bandello. But, for the playful device to draw the pair of wits, Benedick and Beatrice, together; for the existence of those delightful characters themselves; for the invention of that immortal night-constable, and his choice companions in the night-watch; for the entire, and most rich comic portion of this play, we are wholly indebted to Shakespeare's brain. It must have been in an especially happy mood, to have so felicitously blended the two plots, producing a result the most enjoyable. Hardly a better remedy for a fit of the spleen than to read through this drama, — racy, pleasant, gloriously humorous, and thoroughly good-humoured.

(2) *Enter Leonato, &c.* In the Folio, after "Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina," is inserted "Imogen, his wife;" but as no such character takes part in the play, she is omitted in modern editions. Shakespeare, probably feeling that the mother of Hero could be no silent witness of her daughter's injuries, and yet that the dramatic effect was fully wrought by means of the father's grief and indignation, in all likelihood left her out himself; although by some inadvertence her appearance among the entrances in the

first stage-direction may have remained in the copy from which the Folio was printed.

(3) *Any sort.* Though Shakespeare and other writers of his time employ "sort" to express 'rank,' 'distinction,' 'select order or station,' yet here, on account of the sequent "none of name," "of any sort" seems to mean 'of any kind or description.' So, a little farther on, the messenger uses the same expression:—"There was none such in the army of any sort;" meaning 'of any condition.'

(4) *Signior Montanto.* Beatrice nicknames Benedick thus, to infer that he rather figures in the fencing-school than in the field of battle; "Montanto" being a term borrowed from the Italian masters in the art of defence. See Note 56, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(5) *Set up his bills.* In allusion to the custom of putting up printed notices in public places as an advertisement. Wrestlers, archers, fencers, &c., thus gave notice of their proposed matches, wherein they challenged contest and invited antagonists.

(6) *Challenged Cupid at the flight.* A "flight" was a sharp, slender arrow used for flying long distances; and Beatrice pretends that Benedick is so vain of his power in transfixing ladies' hearts, as to believe it surpasses that of Cupid himself.

(7) *Bird-bolt.* A short, thick, blunt arrow; the use of which was permitted to fools and jesters, and is here employed in contradistinction to the long, sharp "flight" arrow previously mentioned.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,<sup>8</sup> I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp<sup>9</sup> to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.<sup>10</sup>

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits<sup>11</sup> went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference<sup>12</sup> between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.<sup>13</sup>

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith<sup>14</sup> but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.<sup>15</sup>

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.<sup>16</sup>

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer<sup>17</sup> now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* Oh, lord! he will hang upon him like a

disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. Heaven help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.<sup>18</sup>

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHAZAR.*

*D. Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge<sup>19</sup> too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.<sup>20</sup>—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.<sup>21</sup>

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet<sup>22</sup> food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is

(8) *He'll be meet with you.* 'He'll meet you on equal terms;' in familiar parlance, 'he'll be even with you.'

(9) *Holp.* Old form of 'helped.'

(10) *Stuffed with all honourable virtues.* The word "stuffed" is here used by Shakespeare, and by other writers formerly, in a commendatory sense, to express 'supplied,' 'provided,' 'endowed,' but Beatrice's quick wit catches at it, and converts it into a ridiculous epithet. By "a stuffed man," she means a mere semblance of a man, a wadded-out figure; just as Prince Hal calls Falstaff, "My sweet creature of bombast," which was a species of stuffing used for lining and padding clothes. To this very "bombast," Beatrice probably alludes in her punning way, when she exclaims, "But for the stuffing," and breaks off with this insinuation that Benedick's valour is all boast and sham.

(11) *Five wits.* In old writers we find that the "wits" are reckoned "five," as corresponding in number with the 'five senses;' and that these latter were even sometimes called "the five wits." By "wit" was frequently meant the intellectual faculty generally; and here Beatrice uses it to express 'sense' or 'wisdom.'

(12) *Bear it for a difference.* An heraldic term; "a difference" signifying 'a distinction.'

(13) *Sworn brother.* In times of chivalry it was customary for knightly friends to ally themselves as 'companions in arms,' or "sworn brothers;" but afterwards the term came to be used more widely, and meant associates in amity or fellowship; favourite friends.

(14) *His faith.* Here used for trust in his friend, and for fidelity to his friend.

(15) *The next block.* The "block" was the mould on which the soft felt hats formerly worn were shaped; and as the style fre-

quently varied, and the form of the hat was capable of being changed by re-blocking, there is to be found in other writers besides Shakespeare, allusion to this practice of altering the fashion of hat-shapes as a type of mutability.

(16) *In your books.* To be in any one's books is a familiar phrase for being in her or his favour. It originated in the custom of entering the names of retainers in the household books of those to whose service they were attached; and perhaps also in the fashion of keeping tablets or books, for lists of special acquaintances, selected visitors, &c.—all persons more or less favoured by the keeper of the book.

(17) *Squarer.* As Shakespeare elsewhere uses "square" for 'quarrel,' 'contest,' 'differ,' he probably means by "squarer" a 'quarreller,' a 'brawler.' To 'square' is still a term among boxers for putting themselves in a position to begin fighting.

(18) *You will never run mad, niece.* Leonato's ironical way of calling Beatrice a mad-cap.

(19) *Charge.* Here used to express 'care' and the "cost" before alluded to.

(20) *The lady fathers herself.* The lady herself proclaims who is her father, resembling him so much. The phrase 'fathers himself,' is said to be used in Dorsetshire, to signify 'like his father.'

(21) *Nobody marks you.* By these three words, sly master Shakespeare lets us into the secret of Beatrice's lurking preference for Benedick. She first attacks him (which no woman does who cares naught for a man); and, in telling him that nobody notices him, shows that she herself does. In fact, she has been observing him from the moment of his entrance, and watching for an opportunity for assailing him with raillery, besides having inquired concerning him (though in her own saucy way) before he came on the scene.

(22) *Meet.* Fit, proper.





*Beatrice.* I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

*Leonato.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick.—Act I. Scene I.





certain I am loved of all ladies,<sup>23</sup> only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank Heaven and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.<sup>24</sup>

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer.<sup>25</sup> But keep your way, in Heaven's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all except BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is,

she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow?<sup>26</sup> or do you play the flouting Jack,<sup>27</sup> to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?<sup>28</sup> Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?<sup>29</sup>

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty,<sup>30</sup> as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?<sup>31</sup> Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.<sup>32</sup> Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale,<sup>33</sup> my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, Heaven forbid it should be so.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, Heaven forbid it should be otherwise.

(23) *I am loved of all ladies.* It is evident that Benedick's playful vaunts on this subject have given Beatrice some warrant for her flout at him as a lady-killer and piercer of hearts in the speech commented on in Note 6.

(24) *You are a rare parrot-teacher.* From the mode in which keepers of parrots often taught their birds (see Note 45, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors"), we may here understand Benedick's fling at Beatrice's aptitude for making rude retorts.

(25) *And so good a continuer.* We must understand 'were' between "and" and "so." Shakespeare frequently has these ellipses in current dialogue.

(26) *With a sad brow?* Seriously, in earnest, with a grave face. "Sad" was often formerly used for sedate, serious, grave, sober; without any significance of sorrowfulness.

(27) *Flouting Jack.* Jeering, flippant fellow. "Jack" was often used as a term of contempt to signify a pert chap,—what we might now call a jackanapes.

(28) *To tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?* Benedick here gives a specimen of the sort of jokes which the "flouting Jacks" of that time dealt in; asking palpable ab-

surdities, such as whether the blind god be a quick seer, and the blacksmith god a good carpenter.

(29) *In what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?* A musical phrase, signifying 'in what key are you singing, that I may sing correctly with you?' Here used figuratively to express 'Are you speaking seriously or jestingly, that I may speak in the same tune?'

(30) *Exceeds her as much in beauty, &c.* Here our friend Benedick betrays that he has noted Beatrice quite as closely as she has observed him; and notwithstanding his profession of indifference, with an appreciative and approving eye.

(31) *Wear his cap with suspicion?* "Put his head in a case to be troubled with jealousy."

(32) *Sigh away Sundays.* Pass even the day of rest in unrest.

(33) *Like the old tale, &c.* This passage refers to an ancient story, told at length by Mr. Blakeway in one of the Variorum Editions of Shakespeare; wherein a young lady goes to the house of a certain Mr. Fox, witnesses some horrors of the Bluebeard description, and afterwards, when Mr. Fox comes to dine with her and her brothers, relates the circumstances she has witnessed, chorusing



*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.<sup>34</sup>

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat<sup>35</sup> winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine<sup>36</sup> is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.<sup>37</sup>

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,<sup>38</sup> and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.<sup>39</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."<sup>40</sup>

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write,

"Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.”

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice,<sup>41</sup> thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporise with the hours.<sup>42</sup> In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of Heaven: from my house, if I had it,—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.<sup>43</sup>

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither:<sup>44</sup> ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience:<sup>45</sup> and so I leave you. [Exit.]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* Oh, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

each incident with the words—"It is not so, nor it was not so." At length, when the young lady reaches the climax of the horrors, Mr. Fox takes up the burden-sentence, and says—"It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so." Whereupon the young lady produces a ghastly proof in the shape of a victim-damsel's braceleted hand, which, from her hiding-place, she had seen Mr. Fox strike off; and then the brothers and their guests fall upon Bluebeard Fox with their swords, and cut him to pieces.

(34) *In the force of his will.* This is said to allude to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

(35) *Recheat.* A note sounded on a hunting-horn to call back the hounds when they pursued a wrong scent; from the old French *recet*, used for *retraite*. A "baldrick" is the belt in which the hunting-horn or bugle was slung. The meaning of the whole passage seems to be, "But that I will run the risk of having a proclaimed shame or a hiddenly-borne one, all women must excuse me."

(36) *The fine.* The end, the conclusion.

(37) *A notable argument.* A conspicuous subject for raillery.

(38) *Hang me in a bottle like a cat.* It was one of the cruel practices of ignorant times to sling up a cat in a kind of wooden bottle, or keg, or cage, and shoot at it with arrows till the poor creature was killed.

(39) *Called Adam.* Adam Bell was so famous an archer, that his name passed into proverbial renown as the type of a good marksman. He is celebrated in an old ballad to be found in Percy's

"Reliques," together with his companions, Clym of the Clough and William of Cloudesly; the three being as noted outlaw-heroes of the northern counties as Robin Hood was of the midland district of England.

(40) *In time the savage bull, &c.* This line is from "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo," by Thomas Kyd; a play which Charles Lamb pronounces to be (with the exception of a scene that he gives in his "Dramatic Specimens") "a *caput mortuum*, such another piece of flatness as "Locrine." It is more than once quoted in derision by Shakespeare.

(41) *Venice.* Then reputed as a place where gallantry greatly prevailed.

(42) *You will temporise with the hours.* Johnson cites this passage as an instance where temporise is used in the sense of "delay," "procrastinate;" but we take the sentence to mean—"When your hour comes for falling in love, you'll succumb."

(43) *Your loving friend, Benedick.* In this and the preceding speech, Don Pedro and Claudio mimic the formal style in which letters were then concluded; Benedick, in his next speech, calling such formalities "old ends."

(44) *Guarded with fragments, and the guards, &c.* "Guarded" is trimmed; and "guards" are the ornamental lace or borderings with which hedges were trimmed. See Note 21, Act iii., "Measure for Measure."

(45) *Examine your conscience.* Benedick means, "See if your own 'discourse' be a whit more good in style than these 'old ends' that you 'flout.'"



*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words.  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  
And I will break with<sup>46</sup> her, and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A room in LEONATO's house.

*Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brother! Where is my cousin,  
your son? hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother,



*Don Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

*Don Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

*Act II. Scene I.*

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader  
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.<sup>47</sup>

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once<sup>48</sup> thou lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then, after, to her father will I break;

I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt  
not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them: but they have  
a good cover; they show well outward. The prince  
and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley  
in my orchard,<sup>49</sup> were thus much overheard by a  
man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that  
he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to  
acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he  
found her accordant, he meant to take the present  
time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

(46) *Break with.* Sometimes used for 'break the matter to.'

(47) *The fairest grant is the necessity.* 'The best thing to be  
granted is that which is needful.'

(48) *'Tis once.* Used for 'once for all;' or 'it's just this.' See  
Note 11, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(49) *Thick-pleached alley in my orchard.* "Thick-pleached"

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow; I will send for him; and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins,<sup>50</sup> you know what you have to do.—Oh, I cry your mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another room in LEONATO'S house.*

*Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good-year,<sup>51</sup> my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure: sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw<sup>52</sup> no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>53</sup> in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said

to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.<sup>54</sup>  
—Who comes here?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

What news, Borachio?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model<sup>55</sup> to build mischief on? What is he for a fool,<sup>56</sup> that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.<sup>57</sup>

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,<sup>58</sup> comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:<sup>59</sup> I whipt me behind the arras;<sup>60</sup> and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

means closely interwoven; and an "alley" means a garden-walk; so that a "thick-pleached alley" means one of those trellised walks over which climbing plants are trained and intertwined emboweringly. "Orchard" was formerly used for a garden or pleasure-ground, as well as for a place wherein fruit-trees are grown.

(50) *Cousins.* Used for kinsmen generally. The relatives of great families were often attached to the household of the head member, as dependants; and were even sometimes employed as domestics.

(51) *What the good-year.* A familiar exclamation of the time. It is to be found used in Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More." Some derive it from the Italian *mal anno*, which Florio translates 'an ill year, continual trouble and sorrow;' adding, 'they use it as a curse in Italy.' The English imprecation "good-year," thus derived, is an ironical form of the Italian one; and perhaps grew out of the bad years of pestilence, scanty harvest, &c., that from time to time occurred in Old England.

(52) *Claw.* Used figuratively for 'flatter,' or 'curry favour.'

(53) *A canker.* The common single brier-rose, or dog-rose. The sullen Don John means that he would rather be a wild hedge-side flower, free though neglected, than be a garden-rose tended and cultivated by his brother.

(54) *For I use it only.* I let nothing else sway me.

(55) *Model.* Sometimes used for platform or groundwork.

(56) *What is he for a fool?* A form of expression then in use, signifying 'What kind of fool is he?'

(57) *Heir of Leonato.* Here, and towards the close of the first scene ("she is his only heir"), "heir" is used for 'heiress.' See Note 6, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(58) *Smoking a musty room.* It was the custom in times when ventilation and cleanliness were less observed, to perfume neglected apartments on special occasions.

(59) *Sad conference.* Serious conversation.

(60) *Behind the arras.* See Note 27, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in LEONATO's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.<sup>1</sup>

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward,<sup>2</sup> and lead his apes into hell.<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* [To HERO.] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make court'sy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another court'sy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

(1) *She's too curst.* She's too shrewish. Be it observed that there is in this passage the analogy between the words "shrewd," "curst," &c., which was pointed out in Note 24, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(2) *Bear-ward.* The keeper of the bear in bear-beating. The Folio spells the word 'berrord,' which probably indicates the corruption then in use when rapidly pronouncing "bear-wara." In some editions it is given 'bear-herd.'

(3) *Lead his apes into hell.* The penalty proverbially assigned to old maids after death. It perhaps originated in the idea that those women who remained unmarried did so from having encouraged apish dangles instead of earnest suitors; and that therefore they were condemned to perform that as a punishment hereafter, which they had heretofore done from choice.

(4) *Marl.* A clayey earth. There is peculiar propriety in the witty Beatrice's using this term here, as a type of husbandhood, for many reasons: among them, by the epithet "wayward" she hints at the obstinacy and unyieldingness of marl's clayey properties;

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till Heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?<sup>4</sup> No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,<sup>5</sup> tell him there is measure in everything,<sup>6</sup> and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero:—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour;<sup>8</sup> for Heaven defend the lute should be like the case!<sup>9</sup>

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof;<sup>10</sup> within the house is Jove.

and she contemptuously calls it (by inference) *manure*, since Bacon in his Natural History says "*marl* is the best compost."

(5) *Important.* Used here for importunate.

(6) *Measure in everything.* "Measure" is here used punningly; in its sense of 'moderation,' and in its sense of a slow and dignified dance. The second and third time this word is used in the speech, it bears the latter signification, and is described in the words "mannerly-modest," and "full of state and ancients." "The cinque-pace," as its name (from the French *cinque*) indicates, was a dance, the details of which were in accordance with the number five.

(7) *Friend.* Sometimes used for 'lover;' and, like that word, was equally applied to both men and women.

(8) *Favour.* Aspect, countenance.

(9) *Heaven defend the lute should be like the case!* A figurative way of hoping that the gentleman's face is better-looking than his mask. "Defend" is used in the sense of forbid; French, *défend*.

(10) *Philemon's roof.* An allusion to the story of Jove's visit to

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.  
*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.<sup>11</sup>

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

*Marg.* Heaven match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And Heaven keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words: the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well,<sup>12</sup> unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down:<sup>13</sup> you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales:"<sup>14</sup>—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible<sup>15</sup> slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy;<sup>16</sup> for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded<sup>17</sup> me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two<sup>18</sup> on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there is a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

*D. John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.<sup>19</sup>

*D. John.* Are not you Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love:<sup>20</sup> he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;<sup>21</sup> Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.<sup>22</sup> This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain?<sup>23</sup>

the "thatched" cottage of Baucis and Philemon, as related in Golding's "Ovid," where the long fourteen-syllable verse is imitated by Shakespeare in the couplet formed by the three speeches of the text,—"Jove" rhyming with "love."

(11) *Well, I would you did like me.* This, and the next two speeches of Balthazar, are assigned in the Folio to Benedick; but the prefixes in the Folio are often misprinted (see Note 1, Act v., "Two Gentlemen of Verona"); and in the present scene the maskers talk in couples,—Don Pedro and Hero, Balthazar and Margaret, Antonio and Ursula, Benedick and Beatrice, each pair coming forward in succession to converse together.

(12) *You could never do him so ill-well.* 'You could never imitate him so cleverly true to the bad original.'

(13) *Up and down.* Tantamount to 'beyond mistake.' See Note 21, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(14) *The "Hundred Merry Tales."* The title of a jest-book, popular in Shakespeare's time; but only a fragment of the sole copy extant was recovered in 1835, and then reprinted. This has been again recently published (February, 1864), together with other jest-books of the sixteenth century, in a small volume, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt.

(15) *Impossible.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word for 'difficult of belief,' 'most unlikely,' 'ludicrously improbable.'

(16) *The commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy.* By this is meant, 'The approval that he meets with from free-livers is not on account of his wit, but on account of the villainous calumnies and "impossible slanders" he invents, which often bring him both praise and wrath, laughter and chastisement.'

(17) *Boarded.* Accosted; French, *aborder*.

(18) *Break a comparison or two.* Give vent to a few jocose similes, or witticisms of analogy. Such, for instance, as "the infernal Até in good apparel." Shakespeare elsewhere uses "comparison" in the sense of 'jesting simile.'

(19) *Bearing.* Deportment, demeanour, carriage.

(20) *Near my brother in his love.* Possessed of my brother's confidence and esteem; in close intimacy with him.

(21) *Therefore, all hearts in love, &c.* The word "let" in the following line, is understood here before "all."

(22) *Blood.* Here used, as elsewhere, by Shakespeare, for impulsive affection, passionate love.

(23) *A usurer's chain.* A chain of gold frequently formed part of the dress of wealthy citizens; who, moreover, practised



or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas! poor, hurt fowl; now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition<sup>24</sup> of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame.<sup>25</sup> I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren:<sup>26</sup> I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might

have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them<sup>27</sup> to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* Oh, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance,<sup>28</sup> upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,<sup>29</sup> there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até<sup>30</sup> in good apparel. I would to Heaven some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in the lower pit as in a sanctuary;<sup>31</sup> and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's<sup>32</sup> foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard;<sup>33</sup> do you any embassy to the Pigmies;<sup>34</sup>—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.<sup>35</sup> You have no employment for me?

usury so notoriously as to incur the satire of the writers of that period.

(24) *The base, though bitter disposition.* This has been altered to "the base, the bitter disposition" by some who find the original phrase difficult of comprehension; but we take it to signify "the mean though insolent disposition of Beatrice, which pretends that the world nicknames me as she does, and thus proclaims me." "Base" seems to stand for "cowardly and lying," "bitter" for "audaciously satirical."

(25) *Played the part of Lady Fame.* By spreading an ill report, or making bad news fly.

(26) *As melancholy as a lodge in a warren.* A "lodge" was a small building or shed, erected in rabbit-warrens or fields that required watching during the season, and was abandoned afterwards; so that a "lodge" early became a type of dreariness and desolation.

(27) *I will but teach them, &c.* Here "them" gives an instance of Shakespeare's use of a pronoun in referring to an implied particular. We point out these instances as affording a guide to the comprehension of Shakespeare's peculiar style, which is full of such ellipses; and they give great conciseness to the effect of rapid colloquy.

(28) *Impossible conveyance.* For "impossible" see Note 15, Act ii. "Conveyance" was a word of the time for jugglery, sleight of hand, dexterity, adroitness.

(29) *Terminations.* "Terminations" here seems to be used for more than "terms"; it appears to us to include a hit at the sharp retorts with which Beatrice ends; the venom she puts into "the last word," which, woman-like, she will have.

(30) *Até.* The goddess of discord and of all evil. "In good apparel" here seems to be equivalent to "in the dress of a lady."

(31) *While she is here, a man, &c.* It has been objected that this passage is "very ambiguous." But we take it to mean that so long as Beatrice is in the place where the speaker is, the place of punishment is without her, and therefore comparatively quiet; so that people desire to go thither to escape from her.

(32) *Prester John.* "The priest John." A name given to a Christian Asiatic potentate. The difficulty of gaining access to him is recorded in these lines:

'While like the mighty Prester John,  
Whose person none dares look upon,  
But is preserv'd in close disguise  
From being cheap to vulgar eyes.'

*Butler's Hudibras.*

(33) *The great Cham's beard.* "The great Cham" is the title of the sovereign prince of Tartary.

(34) *The Pigmies.* A diminutive nation, fabled to be devoured by cranes.

(35) *Harpy.* Thus described by Raleigh:—"The harpies were a kind of birds which had the faces of women, and foul, long claws—very filthy creatures; which, when the table was furnished for Phineus [King of Thrace], came flying in, and devouring or carrying away the greater part of the victuals, did so defile the rest that they could not be endured." This description shows how classically appropriate is Shakespeare's introduction of Ariel as a "harpy," "Tempest," Act iii., sc. 3, when causing the banquet to vanish from before King Alonso; and it also manifests the feeling of Benedick for Beatrice's beautiful face combined with her objectionable attributes.

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* Oh, lord, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *[Exit.]*

*Enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.<sup>36</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use<sup>37</sup> for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord.—I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil as an orange,<sup>38</sup> and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I'faith, lady, I think your blazon<sup>39</sup> to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit<sup>40</sup> is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.<sup>41</sup>

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor fool,<sup>42</sup> it keeps on the windy side<sup>43</sup> of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance!<sup>44</sup>—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned;<sup>45</sup> I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. *[Exit.]*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness,<sup>46</sup> and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* Oh, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* Oh lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to

(36) *Enter Claudio, Beatrice, &c.* The Folio, and the majority of editions, mark the entrance of these characters before Benedick's speech, beginning, "Will your grace command," &c.: but it was often the habit to mark stage-entrances earlier than the actual moment for them; and it is not likely that Benedick would utter all this in the presence of Beatrice, or that she would hear it without retort.

(37) *Use.* Interest, curious advantage.

(38) *Civil, count,—civil as an orange.* A quibble on "civil" and 'Seville'; whence large numbers of oranges were imported. Those oranges known especially as 'Seville oranges' are peculiarly bitter; and Mr. Staunton well suggests that possibly "civil" (as a corruption of Seville) passed into use as a word meaning 'sour and bitter,' like this fruit. Probably, here, Beatrice, in mockery of Claudio's manner, uses the word "civil" with reference to its varied meanings of 'sour and bitter' like an orange; 'courteous and polite'; 'meek and mild'; 'sober and grave'; in which latter senses Shakespeare elsewhere employs the word.

(39) *Blazon.* The art of explaining coats of arms and heraldic colours.

(40) *Conceit.* Jealous conception or surmise.

(41) *Cue.* A theatrical technicality for the concluding words of a speech, which gives warning to the next speaker that his turn is come to speak.

(42) *Poor fool.* Used as a kindly expression. See Note 31, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(43) *On the windy side.* Shakespeare uses this expression for the side sheltered from the wind; protected from buffets, troubles, or perils.

(44) *Good lord, for alliance!* This is said to have been an exclamation equivalent to 'Heaven send me a husband!' But Beatrice also uses it in reference to Claudio's calling her 'cousin;' as if she would say, 'This is how relationships spread!'

(45) *Thus goes every one to the world, &c.* 'To go to the world' was a familiar phrase for getting married. "Sun-burned" is used by Shakespeare to express unattractive; the complexion tanned, injured by exposure to the weather, and the beauty spoilt; therefore no longer likely to win a husband.

(46) *Unhappiness.* Used here in its mingled senses of 'grief' and 'mischievous.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "unhappy" for 'mischievous.'



bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection,<sup>47</sup> the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,<sup>48</sup> of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy<sup>49</sup> stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another room in LEONATO'S house.

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale,<sup>50</sup> such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

*Bora.* Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend<sup>51</sup> a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;<sup>52</sup> and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding;—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent;—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S garden.

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Boy!

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Signior?

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.<sup>53</sup>

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]  
—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the

(47) *A mountain of affection.* Some have taken exception against this expression as being "a strange one;" but it is no more than a humorous exaggeration of such phrases as 'a mass of affection,' or 'a heap of liking.'

(48) *Strain.* Used for stock, descent, race, lineage.

(49) *Queasy.* Squeamish, fastidious.

(50) *Stale.* Used to express a woman hackneyed in evil courses.

(51) *Intend.* Sometimes, as here, used for 'pretend.'

(52) *Term me Claudio.* Theobald proposed that 'Borachio' should here be substituted for "Claudio;" and the proposition

seems plausible. But if we bear in mind that Borachio can induce Margaret to dress up in her lady's clothes, and let him call her "Hero," it is not unlikely that she might term him "Claudio," as carrying out their assumption of the affianced lovers' parts for a joke; while, at the same time, Borachio could so conduct the conversation between them as to mislead the hidden spectators into the belief that the lady she personated knew him to be himself. In Act iii., sc. 3, he says—"Chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made."

(53) *Orchard.* Often used for garden. See Note 49, Act i. Originally spelt 'hortyard;' Latin, *hortus*, a garden.

fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well: another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please Heaven.<sup>54</sup>—Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO, followed by BALTHAZAR and Musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. [Aside to CLAUDIO.] See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. [Aside to D. PEDRO.] Oh, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox<sup>55</sup> with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. Oh, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,— There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing!<sup>56</sup>

[Music.]

Bene. [Aside.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo<sup>57</sup>  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray Heaven his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. [To CLAUDIO.] Yea, marry.—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exeunt BALTHAZAR and Musicians.]—Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. Oh, ay.—[Aside to PEDRO.] Stalk on, stalk on;<sup>58</sup> the fowl sits. [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [Aside.] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. Maybe she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. Oh, lord, counterfeit! There was never

(54) Her hair shall be of what colour it please Heaven. This may be a hit at the fashion of wearing false hair, and of dyeing the hair, as evidenced by a passage in this very play, Act iii., sc. 4, where we find—"I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner." But we feel it to be also a playful conclusion to Benedick's enumeration of the points he should require in the woman he chooses for a wife: rich, wise, virtuous, fair, mild, noble, of good discourse, she must be; but as for the colour of her hair, he leaves that to Heaven.

(55) Kid-fox. Probably an expression for young fox, or cub-fox. There may, however, be reference to a game alluded to, "Hamlet," Act iv., sc. 2, "Hide fox, and all after;" and some editors have proposed to read "hid fox."

(56) Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. "Nothing," printed 'nothing' in the Folio, has been changed to 'noting'; but the spelling should be preserved as in the original, adding a long mark over the ò to signify its pronunciation, and to point out the in-

tended pun between "nothing" and 'noting.' An anecdote from No. 38 of the Ashmolean MSS. serves to show that "nothing" was sometimes thus pronounced:—"Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

'Here lies Ben Jonson,  
Who was once one:'

He gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writ—

'That, while he liv'd, was a slow thing,  
And now, being dead, is nō-thing.'

(57) Sing no mo. "Mo" is an old form of 'more;' here used for the sake of rhyme.

(58) Stalk on, stalk on. A sporting phrase, having reference to the 'stalking horse;' a real or painted and stuffed animal, from behind which sportsmen used to shoot at their game.





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Claudio. Oh, ay.—[*Aside to PEDRO.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.  
 [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man. . . .  
 Benedick. [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?  
 Act II. Scene III.





counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you —[*To CLAUDIO*] you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.<sup>59</sup>

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* Oh,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice in the sheet?—

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* Oh, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;<sup>60</sup> railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries, "Oh, sweet Benedick! Heaven give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy<sup>61</sup> hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should,<sup>62</sup> it were an alms to

hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In everything, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* Oh, my lord, wisdom and blood<sup>63</sup> combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed<sup>64</sup> all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender<sup>65</sup> of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible<sup>66</sup> spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.<sup>67</sup>

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness.<sup>68</sup>

*Claud.* 'Fore Heaven, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.<sup>69</sup>

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside to LEONATO.*] Let there be the

(59) *Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself, &c.* Instance of "himself" used where we should now use 'itself'.

(60) *A thousand halfpence.* Meaning 'a thousand small pieces:' the silver halfpence then current being very minute pieces or coins.

(61) *Ecstasy.* Violent emotion; mental disturbance. See Note 28, Act iii., "Tempest."

(62) *An he should.* 'If he should.' "An," or "an if" were often used for 'if.'

(63) *Wisdom and blood.* "Blood" is here used for vehement affection. See Note 22, Act ii.

(64) *Daffed.* To "daff," like 'doff,' or 'do off,' means to set aside, put by, cast away.

(65) *Tender.* Offer, or proffer.

(66) *Contemptible.* Used for contemptuous, contemning, scornful.

(67) *Proper man.* A well-proportioned, comely, well-made, handsome man.

(68) *He hath indeed a good outward happiness.* He is indeed most felicitous in exterior accomplishment.

(69) *Wit.* Often used for wisdom, and for intellectual power generally.



same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove<sup>72</sup> it; and wise, but for loving me:—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly,—for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some old quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but



Ursula. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [*Exeunt* HERO and URSULA.]

BEATRICE advances.

Beatrice. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Act III. Scene I.

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.<sup>70</sup> They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent.<sup>71</sup> Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair;—'tis a

doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

(70) *Sadly borne*. Seriously carried on. See Note 26, Act i.

(71) *Bent*. Used for inclination or tendency towards; leaning to, attachment for. As used by Shakespeare, this word seems to

include (figuratively) the sense of the utmost strain or tension, like that of a bow; and also the sense of scope, or object aimed at.

(72) *Reprove*. Used for disprove, refute, disallow.









*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

*Bene.* Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me;"—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—LEONATO'S garden.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing<sup>1</sup> with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleachèd<sup>2</sup> bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley<sup>3</sup> up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

*[They advance to the bower.]*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.<sup>4</sup>

*Urs.* But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince and my new-trothèd lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish<sup>5</sup> him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* Oh, god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man:

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising<sup>6</sup> what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project<sup>7</sup> of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

(1) *Proposing.* Conversing, discoursing; French, *propos*, discourse, conversation, talk. Farther on, in the same speech, we have—"To listen our *propose*;" the reading of the Quarto, and misprinted 'purpose' in the Folio.

(2) *Pleached.* Intertwined with climbing plants. See Note 49, Act i.

(3) *Alley.* See Note 49, Act i.

(4) *Haggards of the rock.* A "haggard" was an untameable or

irreclaimable hawk; French, *hagard*, wild, fierce. The wild hawk known as the "haggard" was peculiarly unsocial and "coy" in its habits.

(5) *To wish.* Used by Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, for 'to recommend.'

(6) *Misprising.* Taking amiss, depreciating, disparaging, despising.

(7) *Nor take no shape nor project.* Instance of double negative.

But she would spell him backward :<sup>8</sup> if fair-fac'd,  
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;  
 If black,<sup>9</sup> why, Nature, drawing of an antic,<sup>10</sup>  
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;  
 If low, an agate<sup>11</sup> very vilely cut ;  
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;  
 If silent, why, a block mov'd with none.  
 So turns she every man the wrong side out ;  
 And never gives to truth and virtue that  
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No, not to be so odd,<sup>12</sup> and from all fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :  
 But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,  
 She would mock me into air ; oh, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit !  
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :  
 It were a better death than die with mocks,  
 Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No ; rather I will go to Benedick,  
 And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
 To stain my cousin with : one doth not know  
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* Oh, do not do your cousin such a wrong !  
 She cannot be so much without true judgment  
 (Having so swift and excellent a wit<sup>13</sup>  
 As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse  
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,—  
 Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
 Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick,  
 For shape, for bearing, argument,<sup>14</sup> and valour,  
 Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—  
 When are you married, madam ?

*Hero.* Why, every day to-morrow.<sup>15</sup> Come,  
 go in :

I'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel,  
 Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* [Aside.] She's lim'd,<sup>16</sup> I warrant you : we  
 have caught her, madam.

(8) *Spell him backward.* Turn him into ridicule, by giving a perverse interpretation to all his qualifications.

(9) *Black.* Dark-complexioned ; with black hair, beard, eyebrows, and eyes.

(10) *An antic.* A grotesque figure, a distorted form.

(11) *An agate.* There was a fashion of wearing in the hat an agate stone cut into the semblance of a human figure ; and these little images became the type of persons of diminutive stature.

(12) *No, not to be so odd.* An instance of the double negative, which Shakespeare, in his rapid dialogues (as persons often do in rapid speaking), sometimes uses.

(13) *So swift and excellent a wit.* "Swift" is here used for prompt in perception, quick in discernment ; as "wit" is used for intelligence, discrimination.

(14) *Argument.* Here used for powers of conversation.

(15) *Why, every day to-morrow.* This is given, in many editions, with a break ( ; — ) between "day" and "to-morrow ;" but the Folio printed it as we give it in the text ; and we take it to mean, 'Why, to-morrow I shall be ever after married,' in sportive reply

*Hero.* [Aside.] If it prove so, then loving goes  
 by haps :  
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO and URSULA.]

BEATRICE advances.

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears ?<sup>17</sup> Can this be true ?

Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much ?  
 Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such.<sup>18</sup>  
 And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,  
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.<sup>19</sup>  
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band :  
 For others say thou dost deserve, and I  
 Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A room in LEONATO's house.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I towards Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither,<sup>20</sup> my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman<sup>21</sup> dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I : methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the toothache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it !

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.<sup>22</sup>

to Ursula's asking, "When are you married?" instead of "When are you to be married?"

(16) *She's lim'd.* Ensnared, as a sparrow with bird-lime.

(17) *What fire is in mine ears?* In reference to the ancient popular belief that the ears burn, glow, and tingle, when we are talk'd of in our absence.

(18) *No glory lives behind the back of such.* An instance of Shakespeare's elliptical way of referring to an implied particular, and meaning—"No credit exists for those who overhear what is said of them while they are supposed to be away, and who are proud, scornful, and contemptuous."

(19) *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.* A metaphor in allusion to her having been called a wild bird, when her spirits were compared to "haggards of the rock."

(20) *Bring you thither.* "Bring" was sometimes used for accompany, attend, escort.

(21) *Hangman.* Used for a rogue, a mischievous boy ; as we might now say 'the little villain,' 'the young rascal.'

(22) *Hang it first, and draw it afterwards.* There is here punning allusion to the ancient barbarous punishment for high treason,



*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the toothache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I he is in love.<sup>23</sup>

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy<sup>24</sup> in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a French-

with him; and the old ornament of his cheek has already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.



*First Watch.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

*Act III. Scene III.*

man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops,<sup>25</sup> and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.<sup>26</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

consisting in hanging the delinquent partially, cutting him down while still alive, drawing forth his bowels, and burning them before his face. This sentence was sometimes varied by (and afterwards changed to) drawing on a hurdle to the place of execution, and then hanging till quite dead. See Note 27, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(23) *Yet say I he is in love.* That "toothache" was supposed to be a symptom of being "in love," we find from a passage in

Beaumont and Fletcher's "False One:"—"You had best be troubled with the toothache too, for lovers ever are."

(24) *Fancy.* Here played on in its sense of love or affection, and in its sense of fantasy, caprice, or whim.

(25) *Slops.* Large loose trousers; still worn by sailors, purchased of 'slop-sellers.'

(26) *Crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.* A lute was the instrument to which love-songs were generally sung. There



*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.<sup>27</sup>

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache.— Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses<sup>28</sup> must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this, played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter* DON JOHN.

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you!

*D. Pedro.* Good den,<sup>29</sup> brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* [To CLAUDIO.] Means your worship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, cir-

cumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who, Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal!

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night,<sup>30</sup> you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* Oh, day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* Oh, mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* Oh, plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter* DOGBERRY and VERGES,<sup>31</sup> with the Watch.

*Dog.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation,<sup>32</sup> body and soul.

*Dog.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for

is a play on the word "stops;" which mean the portions of the lute whereon the notes are formed by pressing or *stopping* with the finger, and the pauses or checks that "his jesting spirit" is now subject to on account of his love "melancholy."

(27) *Buried with her face upwards.* There have been various explanations given of this passage; but to us it seems probably a playful rejoinder to Claudio's remark that there is a lady dying for Benedick, meaning—"Depend upon it, she'll die and be buried like other people."

(28) *Hobby-horses.* The "hobby-horse" was a character in the old May-games, and was represented by a man in as much paste-board as formed the head and hinder parts of a horse, while the legs were concealed by a long drapery or foot-cloth that nearly reached the ground. The performer pranced and curveted as burlesquely as possible; so that the word "hobby-horse" came to signify an extravagant buffoon. Milton thus uses it in a passage that aptly illustrates this:—"The word politician is not usual to his maw, and thereupon he plays the most notorious hobby-horse, jesting and frisking in the luxury of his nonsense."—*Colasterion*.

(29) *Good den.* An abbreviation of 'good even,' or 'good evening'; but the expression was also used for 'good day.'

(30) *Go but with me to-night.* Shakespeare, by these words, here brings the time of the action of the play up to the eve of the wedding-day; as he has marked Dramatic Time throughout the progress of the scenes hitherto. The first Act opens about afternoon or evening, for there is talk of "supper" soon after Don Pedro's arrival. The second Act commences after supper; then comes the masked ball, the wooing Hero and bestowing her on Claudio, who

begs that their nuptials may take place on the morrow, when Leonato replies, "Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night;" this week's interval Don Pedro proposes to beguile by the plot on Benedick and Beatrice; in the next scene Borachio proposes the scheme against Hero, with the words, "Bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding;" and the following scene (Act II., sc. 3) is occupied with the conversation in the garden overheard by Benedick, which may be supposed to be any day during the week's interval; for be it remarked, that there is no farther indication of time in that scene than the words, "How still the evening is," &c., and "Let us send her to call him in to dinner;" which, by the by, seems as if it should be 'supper,' since that was the evening meal at that period; but Shakespeare sometimes purposely puts these vaguenesses where he wishes to give indefinitely specified Time. The third Act begins with the conversation listened to by Beatrice in the arbour, and closed by Hero's speaking of the "attires" she is to wear "to-morrow;" thus bringing the time to the day before the nuptials, and followed up by the present scene.

(31) *Dogberry and Verges.* "Dogberry" is one of the names of the cornelian cherry-tree, the fruit of which is remarkably austere; and "Verges" is a provincial corruption of verjuice, which is made from crab-apples. The exquisite fun of giving these names to men, one of whom has "always been called a merciful man," and the other "a good old man,"—"honest as the skin between his brows," is of a piece with the whole humour of these two delectable characters, who consider themselves exemplars of legal severity.

(32) *Salvation.* Both Verges and Dogberry seem to take "salva-



them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge,<sup>33</sup> neighbour Dogberry.

*Dog.* First, who think you the most desartless man<sup>34</sup> to be constable?

*First Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dog.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured<sup>35</sup> man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*Sec. Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dog.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom<sup>36</sup> men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*Sec. Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

*Dog.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dog.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable<sup>37</sup> and not to be endured.

*Sec. Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dog.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman;<sup>38</sup> for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills<sup>39</sup> be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*Sec. Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dog.* Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*Sec. Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dog.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man;<sup>40</sup> and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them,<sup>41</sup> why, the more is for your honesty.

*Sec. Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dog.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dog.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

*Sec. Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

*Dog.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge.—You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes,<sup>42</sup> he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own: and good night.—Come, neighbour.

*Sec. Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant,<sup>43</sup> I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* What, Conrade!—

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!—

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

tion" for something as terrible in the way of punishment, as Elbow imagines "continue" to be. See Note 26, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(33) *Give them their charge.* To give his fellows their charge was part of a constable's duty.

(34) *Most desartless man.* For the man of most desert, or merit.

(35) *Well-favoured.* Good-looking.

(36) *Vagrom.* For vagrant.

(37) *Tolerable.* For intolerable.

(38) *Ancient and most quiet watchman.* There is, we think, a play on the word "ancient" here; in its sense of 'old' (and all who can remember what old-fashioned watchmen were, even down to so late an era as the first quarter of the nineteenth century, can testify to the stolidity of the old watchman; in the lively words of the delightful essayist, Leigh Hunt,—"heavy, indifferent, more coat

than man, pondering yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless"), and in its sense of belonging to the 'ancientry,' which meant venerable men, elders of honourable station, persons of dignity and reverence.

(39) *Bills.* These were long staves with hooked ends, like halberds; borne on the shoulders by watchmen going their rounds at night.

(40) *True man.* Sometimes used by Shakespeare for 'honest man.' So, at the beginning of this scene, we have, "Are you good men and true?" which, besides meaning 'true to your trust,' or 'trustworthy,' means 'honest,' 'upright.'

(41) *Make with them.* Have to do with them. See Note 26, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(42) *Statues.* For statutes.

(43) *Vigilant.* For vigilant.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard,<sup>44</sup> utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed.<sup>45</sup> Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting;<sup>46</sup> sometime like good Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched<sup>47</sup> worm-eaten tapestry?

*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by

my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband.

*First Watch.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

*Sec. Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of witchery<sup>48</sup> that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*First Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a wears a lock.<sup>49</sup>

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

*Sec. Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

*First Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.<sup>50</sup>

*Con.* A commodity in question,<sup>51</sup> I warrant you. —Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A room in LEONATO's house.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit.*]

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato<sup>52</sup> were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

(44) *Like a true drunkard.* In allusion to his name, Borachio; which is a Spanish word for a skin used to keep wine in, also for a cask or bottle. The Spanish word for 'drunk' is *borracho*.

(45) *Unconfirmed.* Inexperienced, unpractised, unproficient, ignorant.

(46) *Reechy painting.* Painting discoloured by smoke; one name of smoke being 'reek.'

(47) *Smirched.* Soiled, sullied, obscured by dirt.

(48) *Recovered the most dangerous piece of witchery.* "Recovered" for 'discovered;' "witchery" for 'treachery.'

(49) *'A wears a lock.* "'A" is a colloquial corruption of 'he.' The fashion of wearing a long lock of hair, sometimes called a love-lock, was originally introduced from the Continent by young gallants; and thence descended to the adoption by ruffianly fellows, thieves, &c. Its foreign origin is shown by a quotation from Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592; wherein a barber asks his customer, "Will you be Frenchified with a love-lock down to your shoulders, wherein you may hang your mistress' favour?"

These "locks" were sometimes worn ornamented with showy ribbons; and were occasionally so large that they could be drawn over the face, and serve as a sort of mask for bravoes and lawless persons. The celebrated Puritan, Prynne, wrote a treatise called "The Unloveliness of Love-locks, or a Discourse proving the wearing of a Locke to be uselessly," 1628.

(50) *A goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.* Borachio plays on the words: using "commodity" in the sense of 'advantage' or 'profit,' and in that of 'goods' or 'articles of merchandise;' "taken up" in its sense of 'apprehended' or 'arrested,' and in that of 'obtaining goods on credit;' "bills" in its sense of 'watchmen's staves,' and in that of 'bonds' or 'notes of hand.'

(51) *In question.* Conrade uses this expression in a double sense; that of to be 'examined,' or 'undergo an examination,' and that of subject to inspection as questionable goods.

(52) *Rabato.* A ruff, made to fall back on the shoulders; from the French, *rabattre*, to fall back.



*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another : I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner;<sup>53</sup> and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* Oh, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts,<sup>54</sup> and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round,<sup>55</sup> underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* Heaven give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of wedlock.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—“a husband:” an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in “the heavier for wedlock?” None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into “Light o' love;”<sup>56</sup> that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, “Light o' love,” with your heels!—'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.<sup>57</sup>

(53) *The new tire within excellently, if the hair, &c.* “Tire” was a name for a head-dress. See Note 22, Act iii., “Merry Wives.” “The hair” here mentioned is the ‘false hair’ spoken of in Note 54, Act ii., of this play, which it was then the fashion to wear in addition to the wearer's own tresses.

(54) *Cuts.* We take this to mean the ‘slashes’ or openings filled in with puffed silk or satin, then sometimes forming ornaments of dresses.

(55) *Down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round.* A phrase that would now be written ‘down the sleeves, the side-sleeves, and round the skirts.’ “Side-sleeves” mean long sleeves (“side,” or ‘syde,’ being still a word in North provincial use to express long or ample, as applied to garments): wide, open, or hanging sleeves; worn in addition to the under sleeves, or sleeves proper.

(56) “*Light o' Love.*” See Note 21, Act i., “Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

(57) *For the letter that begins them all, H.* A pun on the word ‘ache,’ then pronounced *aitch*. See Note 59, Act i., “The Tempest.” “For” is here used in the sense of ‘because of,’ ‘on account of.’

(58) *Turned Turk.* Margaret means to hint that Beatrice has become an apostate to her creed that no man is worthy of being her husband.

(59) *Trow?* A form of inquiry, sometimes varied by ‘I trow?’ or ‘trow you?’ It came from the Gothic *trawan*, to think, to believe firmly, to be thoroughly persuaded of; and meant originally, ‘think you?’ ‘believe you?’ But from the way in which Shakespeare and other writers of his time use the expression, it has more the effect of ‘I wonder.’

(60) *An excellent perfume.* The fashion of scented gloves then

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk,<sup>58</sup> there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?<sup>59</sup>

*Marg.* Nothing I; but Heaven send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.<sup>60</sup>

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O Lord, help me! Lord, help me! how long have you professed apprehension?<sup>61</sup>

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.<sup>62</sup>—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,<sup>63</sup> and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.<sup>64</sup>

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not<sup>65</sup> to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging:<sup>66</sup> and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.<sup>67</sup>

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter URSULA.*

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

prevailing is alluded to more than once by Shakespeare, as well as by Molière in his “*Precieuses Ridicules*,” where Mascarille requests the young ladies to “allow their olfactory nerves to hover for a moment over his gloves;” and the reply is, “They smell terribly sweet.”

(61) *Apprehension.* Here used for intellectual quickness, prompt perception of witty analogies, aptness at making witticisms.

(62) *You should wear it in your cap.* By this subtly ironical flatter at the displayful and coarser character of Margaret's attempted wit, Beatrice fully vindicates her own thorough possession of that native refined wit which she is accused of having “left.”

(63) *Carduus Benedictus.* The varied and wonderful qualities of Blessed Thistle, or “holy-thistle,” are attested by citations from many old writers; and, among other things, it was said to be “much used in the time of any infection or plague, as also to expel any evil symptom from the heart.”

(64) *Moral in this Benedictus.* “Moral” is used for occult signification, pointed meaning; as the “moral” of a fable. By the way in which Beatrice starts at the word “Benedictus,” she betrays her sense of the application of its first three syllables.

(65) *To think what I list; nor I list not, &c.* Margaret uses the word “list” here in the sense of ‘like,’ ‘prefer,’ ‘incline to,’ ‘desire;’ but, as it seems to us, in the words “to think what I list” she makes covert punning allusion to Beatrice's believing what she has listened to from the arbour.

(66) *He eats his meat without grudging.* He eats the food (love) prepared for him in common with all men, instead of scoffing at it as he used to do.

(67) *You look with your eyes as other women do.* You can recognise a handsome man when you see him, as all we women can.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another room in LEONATO's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns<sup>68</sup> you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, Heaven help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.<sup>69</sup>

*Verg.* Yes, I thank Heaven I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

*Dog.* Comparisons are odorous: palabras,<sup>70</sup> neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers;<sup>71</sup> but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ha!

*Dog.* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis;<sup>72</sup> for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting

your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dog.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: Lord, help us! it is a world to see!<sup>73</sup>—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, he's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but all men are not alike,—alas! good neighbour.

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dog.* Gifts that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dog.* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons,<sup>74</sup> and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dog.* It shall be suffigance.<sup>75</sup>

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.*]

*Dog.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination those men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dog.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you [*pointing to his forehead*]; here's that shall drive some of them to a non com:<sup>76</sup> only get the learned writer to set down the excommunication,<sup>77</sup> and meet me at the gaol.  
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a church.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the

plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*F. Fran.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

(68) *Decerns.* For concerns.

(69) *Honest as the skin between his brows.* A proverbial saying: most likely originating in the practice of branding on the forehead those convicted of dishonesty.

(70) *Palabras.* The Spanish for 'words.' It passed into current use in England; and still exists in the corrupted form of 'palaver,' used vulgarly for 'futile words,' or for 'coarse flattery.' We have a synonyme for Dogberry's "palabras," in Mr. Burchell's "Fudge!" and in the more modern slang, "Bosh!"

(71) *The poor duke's officers.* This joke of a transposed word occurs also in "Measure for Measure," Act ii., sc. 1, where Elbow says, "I am the poor duke's constable."

(72) *A thousand pound more than 'tis.* The Folio gives 'a thousand times;' but "a thousand pound" (the reading of the

Quarto) is more characteristic of the speaker's style; "a thousand pound" seeming to be used by Shakespeare as a current phrase for some indefinite quantity or amount. See Note 4, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(73) *It is a world to see!* A common exclamation of the time, equivalent to 'It is wonderful to see!' Probably the expression originated in something like 'It is so strange a thing, as to be worthy that the whole world should see it!'

(74) *Comprehended two aspicious persons.* "Comprehended" for 'apprehended'; 'aspicious' for 'suspicious.'

(75) *Suffigance.* For 'sufficient.'

(76) *Non com.* An abbreviation of the Latin phrase, *non compos mentis*; signifying 'not of right mind.'

(77) *Excommunication.* For 'examination.'









*F. Fran.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*F. Fran.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.<sup>1</sup>

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*F. Fran.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer,—none.

*Claud.* Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!<sup>2</sup>

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul  
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again:  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—  
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!  
Oh, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows? But she is none:  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married;

Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,  
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say.

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thee! Seeming!<sup>3</sup> I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?<sup>4</sup>

*Claud.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?<sup>5</sup>

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.<sup>6</sup>

*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True!<sup>7</sup>—O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power<sup>8</sup>

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God! defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name  
With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero:

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then, are you no maiden.—

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;  
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal<sup>9</sup> villain,

(1) *To utter it.* This address is borrowed from the marriage ceremony; which was nearly verbally the same in Shakespeare's time as at present.

(2) *As, Ha, ha, he!* Benedick, to mark the irrelevance of Claudio's exclamations, irrelevantly quotes from the *Accidence*, or first grammar.

(3) *Out on thee! Seeming!* Punctuated in the Folio, "Out on thee seeming;" and altered in some editions to "Out on thy seeming!" in others to "Out on the seeming!" But it appears to us to be an indignant exclamation on Hero, and then a repetition of the word she has used; adding he will "write against it." To "write against" any one, or anything, was a phrase used by Shakespeare for 'protest against' or 'denounce.' For his employment of the word "seeming," see Note 83, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(4) *Speak so wide?* "Wide" is here used for 'wide of (or far from) the truth,' and for 'wide of (or far from) delicacy and propriety.' Just as, before, "word too large" means word too gross, too improper.

(5) *Sweet prince, why speak not you?* In the Folio this speech is given to Leonato; but it is more likely that Leonato says nothing at this point till he says—"Are these things spoken," &c.; whereas, "Sweet prince" is Claudio's style of address to Don Pedro, and, moreover, it is characteristic of him to refer to the prince for

support, in reminder of his highness's promise (Act iii., sc. 2)—"I will join with thee to disgrace her." It is worthy of observation how consistently the Poet has drawn the mean character of Claudio throughout. Dramatic purpose required that he should be comely of person and exteriorly a gentleman, or he would not have won a prince's favour and gained the love of a young lady; but it also required that he should be of an inferior nature, or he would have been incapable of throwing her off at the altar; and Shakespeare has shown him in the first instance anxious about the dower of Hero, by the inquiry, "Hath Leonato any son, my lord?" (Act i., sc. 1); then, facile in suspecting his friend and patron of being false to his word, where he says immediately upon hearing the accusation—"The prince woos for himself;" and then, equally facile in believing his mistress to be false to her love, when he hears her accused of infidelity; following his quick belief by as quick a resolve to publicly "shame her" (Act iii., sc. 2).

(6) *Stale.* See Note 50, Act ii.

(7) *True!* Hero repeats Don John's last word. This is one of the several instances we shall point out, where Shakespeare makes a speaker refer farther back than to the speech or words immediately preceding those in which the reference occurs.

(8) *Kindly power.* Used for 'right derived from kindred.'

(9) *Liberal.* Sometimes, as here, used for free, licentious.

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are  
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;  
There is not chastity enough in language,  
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.<sup>10</sup>

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,<sup>11</sup>  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.<sup>12</sup>

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO swoons.]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink  
you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things, come  
thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up. [Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON  
JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—  
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!—  
friar!

*Leon.* O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wished for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*F. Fran.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*F. Fran.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly  
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>13</sup>—  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,<sup>14</sup>  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?<sup>15</sup>  
Oh, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
Who smirch'd<sup>16</sup> thus and mir'd with infamy,  
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her; why, she—Oh, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul<sup>17</sup> tainted flesh!

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! Oh, that is stronger  
made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!  
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

*F. Fran.* Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away<sup>18</sup> those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading nor my observation,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenour of my book;<sup>19</sup> trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.<sup>20</sup>

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left  
Is that she will not add to her transgression  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.  
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

*F. Fran.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me: I know none:  
If I know more of any man alive,  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy!—Oh, my father!  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet,<sup>21</sup> or that I yesternight

(10) *Misgovernment.* This word is here used with greater force of meaning in criminality than ill-governed behaviour, misconduct; as Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "government" (for a womanly attribute) with more ample signification than it now bears.

(11) *On my eyelids shall conjecture hang.* "My eyes shall conjecture hidden defects in every woman they see."

(12) *Gracious.* Used for winning, attractive, captivating.

(13) *Printed in her blood.* Testified to be true by her blushes.

(14) *On the rearward of reproaches.* "Rearward" (the word in the Quarto) is misprinted 'reward' in the Folio; but the passage means 'I would, following up these reproaches by death, kill thee myself.'

(15) *Frame.* Used here for order, ordination, disposal of events. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Act iii., sc. 1, Shakespeare has the word precisely in the sense of 'order,' 'regular condition':—"Like a German clock, still a repairing, ever out of frame."

(16) *Smirch'd.* See Note 47, Act iii.

(17) *Foul.* For foully. An adjective used adverbially is a poetic licence employed by many writers; and yet it has been proposed to change "foul tainted" here, as if the expression were wrong.

(18) *In angel whiteness bear away, &c.* The Quarto prints 'beat' instead of "bear;" and many editors follow the Quarto reading. But "bear" (the word in the Folio) appears to us to be more in harmony with the whole passage.

(19) *The tenour of my book.* "Book" here refers to the "reading" mentioned in the line above: and the whole sentence means—"Which ['my observation'] confirms with the seal of experience what my reading asserts."

(20) *Biting error.* It has been proposed to change "biting" for 'blighting' here; but Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "biting" to express 'keenly piercing,' 'acutely painful,' 'sorely distressing.' For instance, in "Merry Wives," Act v., sc. 5, we find—"To repay that money will be a biting affliction."

(21) *Unmeet.* Unfit, unseemly, improper.





*Friar Francis.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?  
*Claudio.* No.  
*Leonato.* To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.  
*Friar Francis.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?  
*Hero.* I do.

Act IV. Scene I.





Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*F. Fran.* There is some strange misprision<sup>22</sup> in the princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;<sup>23</sup>  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.<sup>24</sup>

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,  
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them thoroughly.<sup>25</sup>

*F. Fran.* Pause a while,  
And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead:  
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
And publish it that she is dead indeed:  
Maintain a mourning ostentation,<sup>26</sup>  
And on your family's old monument  
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? what will this do?

*F. Fran.* Marry this, well carried, shall on her behalf

Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:  
But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
But on this travail look for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd  
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value,<sup>27</sup> then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us,  
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed; then shall he mourn,

(If ever love had interest in his liver),<sup>28</sup>  
And wish he had not so accus'd her,—  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim<sup>29</sup> but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And if it sort not well,<sup>30</sup> you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation)  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though you know my inwardness and love<sup>31</sup>  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly, as your soul  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
The smallest<sup>32</sup> twine may lead me.

*F. Fran.* 'Tis well consented: presently away;  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the  
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day  
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and  
endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR FRANCIS, HERO, and LEONATO.]

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this  
while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wronged.

*Beat.* Ah! how much might the man deserve of  
me that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way,<sup>33</sup> but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as  
you: is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It  
were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so  
well as you: but believe me not: and yet I lie not;  
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry  
for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and  
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

(22) *Misprision.* Used for mistake, misconception.

(23) *The very bent of honour.* The utmost degree or strain of honour. See Note 71, Act ii.

(24) *Frame of villainies.* Framing, construction, or composition of villainies.

(25) *To quit me of them thoroughly.* To procure me thorough requital or redress from them. See Note 44, Act v., "Measure for Measure," and Note 18, Act iii., "The Tempest."

(26) *Ostentation.* Show, appearance, demonstration.

(27) *Rack the value.* Exaggerate or overstrain the value; stretch it to its utmost.

(28) *In his liver.* See Note 7, Act iv., "The Tempest."

(29) *All aim.* "Aim" is here used for 'desired end,' 'drift,' or 'scope'; rather the object or mark aimed at, than the aim taken.

(30) *If it sort not well.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "sort" to

express 'fall out,' 'happen or concur befittingly;' so in the last scene of this play we find—"I am glad that all things sort so well."

(31) *Inwardness and love is very much, &c.* Shakespeare uses "inwardness" for 'intimacy' here, as he uses "inward" for 'intimate' (see Note 51, Act iii., "Measure for Measure"); and he frequently has the verb in the singular after two nouns, as "is" after "inwardness and love."

(32) *Being that I flow in grief, the smallest, &c.* Not only is this facile yielding to friendly representations true to human nature in distress, but it is conveyed in an illustrative metaphor as perfectly true to the laws of natural philosophy.

(33) *A very even way.* Shakespeare here uses the word "even" in its senses of smooth, unrugged, level, and direct, straightforward, undeviating.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?  
*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it.  
 I protest I love thee.  
*Beat.* Why, then, Heaven forgive me!  
*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?  
*Beat.* You have stay'd me in a happy hour: I  
 was about to protest I loved you.  
*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.  
*Bene.* We'll be friends first.  
*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than  
 fight with mine enemy.  
*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?  
*Beat.* Is he not approved<sup>36</sup> in the height a vil-  
 lain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my  
 kinswoman?—Oh, that I were a man!—What! bear



*Dogberry.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Act IV. Scene II.*

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that  
 none is left to protest.  
*Bene.* Come, bid me do anything for thee.  
*Beat.* Kill Claudio.  
*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.  
*Beat.* You kill me to deny it.<sup>34</sup> Farewell.  
*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.  
*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here:<sup>35</sup>—  
 there is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let  
 me go.  
*Bene.* Beatrice,—

her in hand<sup>37</sup> until they come to take hands; and  
 then with public accusation, uncovered slander,  
 unmitigated rancour,—O Heaven! that I were a  
 man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window!—a  
 proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is  
 slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

(34) *Deny it.* Refuse to do it.

(35) *I am gone, though I am here.* Beatrice's way of saying she is gone in spirit, though held there personally by Benedick's detaining hand. She wishes him to think that he keeps her there against her will; but she feels that she pretends to go, while she can't help staying. Anything more perfectly characteristic than this charming

little love-declaration scene, was never written even by the Prince of Dramatists himself.

(36) *Approved.* Used here, as elsewhere, for 'proved.'

(37) *Bear her in hand.* To "bear in hand" was an idiom for 'beguile onward,' 'lure by false encouragement,' 'delude by main-  
 taining an appearance of good-will.'



*Beat.* Princes and counties!<sup>38</sup> Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect;<sup>39</sup> a sweet gallant, surely! Oh, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too:<sup>40</sup> he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough! I am engag'd; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

*Dog.* Is our whole dissembly<sup>41</sup> appeared?

*Verg.* Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sex.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dog.* Marry,<sup>42</sup> that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.<sup>43</sup>

*Sex.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dog.* Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dog.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con.* } Yea, sir, we hope.  
*Bora.* }

*Dog.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend<sup>44</sup> but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dog.* A marvellous witty<sup>45</sup> fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you we are none.

*Dog.* Well, stand aside.—Fore Heaven, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

*Sex.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, that's the eitest<sup>46</sup> way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

*First Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dog.* Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dog.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sex.* What heard you him say else?

*Sec. Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats<sup>47</sup> of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dog.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sex.* What else, fellow?

*First Watch.* And that Coun<sup>t</sup> Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dog.* Oh, villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption<sup>48</sup> for this.

*Sex.* What else?

*Sec. Watch.* This is all.

*Sex.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused; in this very manner refused; and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.]

*Dog.* Come, let them be opinioned.<sup>49</sup>

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands—<sup>50</sup>

(38) *Princes and counties!* "County" was a title applied to noblemen generally.

(39) *Count confect.* "Confect" (now corrupted into 'comfit') and the modern word 'confectionary' are derived from the Italian word *confetti*, sugar-plums. Beatrice's nickname for the contemptible Claudio is characteristic and apt indeed.

(40) *Turned into tongue, and trim ones too.* Shakespeare sometimes gives easy effect to his dialogue, by thus using a singular substantive (as "tongue" here) followed by a plural reference (as "trim ones"). By "trim" he seems to mean neat, spruce, dapper, dainty, smooth-spoken.

(41) *Dissembly.* For assembly.

(42) *Marry.* A corruption of 'By Mary.'

(43) *The exhibition to examine.* Verges means to say—"We have the examination to exhibit;" that is, to show Leonato, who has said (Act iii., sc. 5)—"Take their examination yourself and bring it

me." Shortly after, in this scene, the sexton says—"I will go before, and show him their examination."

(44) *God defend but, &c.* "Defend" is here used in the sense of 'forbid.' See Note 9, Act ii.

(45) *Witty.* Used for sharp, clever, quick-witted.

(46) *Eitest.* Quickest, speediest, readiest.

(47) *Ducats.* A "ducat" was a coin so named from having originally been minted by dukes. A silver ducat was worth about four shillings and sixpence; a gold ducat, nine and sixpence.

(48) *Redemption.* Dogberry uses this word as Verges used "salvation." See Note 32, Act iii.

(49) *Opinioned.* For pinioned.

(50) *Let them be in the hands —* Steevens altered this to 'Let them be in band.' In the Folio, this and the next speech appear as one, printed thus:—*Sex.* Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe. But Dogberry's words, "Let him write down—the prince's officer,

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dog.* Od's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dog.* Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years?<sup>51</sup>—Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full

of piety,<sup>52</sup> as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a house-holder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away.—Oh, that I had been writ down an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S house.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:— If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; Cry "Sorrow, wag!" and hem, when he should groan;<sup>1</sup>

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters:<sup>2</sup>—bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man: for, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine<sup>3</sup> to rage,

coxcomb," show it to have been uttered by one of the delinquents. The Folio gives the prefixes in this scene very confusedly.

(51) *Suspect.* For 'respect.'

(52) *Piety.* For 'perfidy;' or, perhaps, for 'infamy;' or even, perhaps, for 'impiety.'

(1) *Cry "Sorrow, wag!" and hem, when he should groan.* This line is printed in the Folio—'And sorrow, wagge, erie hem, when he should grone.' Numerous alterations have been proposed: but Johnson's, which is a mere transposition of the words "cry" and "and," appears to us the most probable correction; therefore we give it in our text.

(2) *Candle-wasters.* This expression has been variously explained here. Some suppose it to mean rakes and revellers, who sit up all night carousing; others show it to have been used by Ben Jonson and writers of that time, for bookworms, consumers of the midnight oil, or tallow. The context, "Patch grief with proverbs,"

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air,<sup>4</sup> and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring<sup>5</sup> under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue nor sufficiency<sup>6</sup> To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.<sup>7</sup>

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace,—I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.<sup>8</sup>

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied; And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Ant.* Here come the prince and Claudio hastily.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.<sup>9</sup>

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

renders the latter the more probable; in which case, the meaning would be—'Stupefy the sense of misfortune by the conventional maxims of bookish people.'

(3) *Preceptual medicine.* The medicine of precept; which expression confirms the interpretation we adopt of "candle-wasters." (4) *Charm ache with air.* "To charm" is here and elsewhere used for 'to subdue as by a charm or spell.'

(5) *Wring.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this verb to express feeling an acute pang, to writhe under grief; in "Cymbeline," iii. 6, we find, "He wrings at some distress."

(6) *Sufficiency.* Used for 'ability,' 'capacity,' 'efficiency,' 'competent power,' 'sufficient strength.'

(7) *My griefs cry louder than advertisement.* My griefs out-clamour your admonitions.

(8) *Made a push at chance and sufferance.* "Push!" was an old way of writing the interjection 'pish!' or 'pshaw!' "Chance" is here used for 'mischance;' as "sufferance" is (and elsewhere) for 'suffering.'

(9) *Good den, good den.* See Note 29, Act iii.



*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,  
my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,<sup>10</sup>  
If it should give your age such cause of fear:  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man! never flee and jest  
at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do,  
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,  
That I am fore'd to lay my reverence by,  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her  
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,—  
Oh! in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

*Claud.* My villainy!

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,  
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,  
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.<sup>11</sup>

*Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me?<sup>12</sup> Thou hast  
killed my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:  
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—  
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—  
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow  
me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining<sup>13</sup> fence;  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

*Ant.* Content yourself. Heaven knows I lov'd  
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;  
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks,<sup>14</sup> milksops!—

*Leon.*

Brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I know  
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—  
Scambling,<sup>15</sup> out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog,<sup>16</sup> and flout, deprave, and slander,  
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,<sup>17</sup>  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter:  
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake  
your patience.<sup>18</sup>

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.  
*Leon.* No?—

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.

*Ant.* And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went  
to seek.

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost  
come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses  
snapped off with two old men without teeth.<sup>19</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What  
thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should  
have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour.  
I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee;  
for we are high-proof<sup>20</sup> melancholy, and would fain  
have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many  
have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw,  
as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.<sup>21</sup>

(10) *Beshrew my hand.* For 'a mischief upon my hand,' or 'ill betide my hand.' See Note 24, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(11) *Lustihood.* Vigour, physical strength, energy, robustness.

(12) *Daff me.* Put me off, set me aside. See Note 64, Act ii.

(13) *Foining.* Thrusting. See Note 55, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(14) *Jacks.* Used as we now use the word 'jackanapes.' See Note 62, Act i., "Merry Wives;" and Note 27, Act i., of the present play.

(15) *Scambling.* Scrambling, turbulent, contentious.

(16) *Cog.* Deceive, delude. See Note 7, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(17) *Go anticly, and show outward hideousness.* Dress up like swaggering buffoons, and put on exterior formidableness.

(18) *Wake your patience.* Rouse, stir, or excite your patience,

and convert it into wrath. Shakespeare has a similar expression in "Coriolanus," iii. 1:—"Awake your dangerous lenity."

(19) *Two old men without teeth.* This heartless speech of Claudio's, relative to the father and uncle of the woman he had once loved, and whom he supposes to be dead in consequence of his own severity, gives the crowning touch of unfeelingness to his base character, as analysed in Note 5, Act iv.

(20) *High-proof.* We take this to be inversely applied to "melancholy," in punning allusion to the phrase, 'spirits above proof.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "proof" for 'tested or tried strength.'

(21) *As we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.* As we bid the minstrels draw their bows, to give us pleasure. Mercutio calls his sword his "fiddlestick," in connection with the word "minstrels," "Romeo and Juliet," iii. 1.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.<sup>22</sup>

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>23</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* Heaven bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right,<sup>24</sup> or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What! a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he hath bid<sup>25</sup> me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?<sup>26</sup>

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," says she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman."<sup>27</sup> "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues."<sup>28</sup> "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday; there's a double<sup>29</sup> tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest<sup>30</sup> man in Italy.

(22) *Broke cross.* This speech, and the previous one, allude figuratively to tilting. To "meet in the career" meant 'to encounter at full gallop;' and it was reckoned a great disgrace to have the lance broken across the body of the opponent, instead of by a thrust with the point.

(23) *Turn his girdle.* This was a phrase used familiarly to express giving a challenge to fight. It arose from the practice of wearing the sword at the back; so that, to bring it round ready for use, the belt or girdle had to be turned or shifted. The belt was fastened in front by a buckle, which, in wrestling, used to be turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle; and thus the phrase, as a challenge, had a double origin.

(24) *Do me right.* An expression used in duelling and in drinking: in the former it was equivalent to the more modern 'give me satisfaction;' in the latter it meant 'pledge me,' 'drink foot to foot with me.'

(25) *Bid.* Used for 'invited.'

(26) *A woodcock.* This bird being supposed to have no brains, its name became used for a simpleton, one easily caught; and Claudio alludes to Benedick's having been snared by the plot laid for him.

(27) *A wise gentleman.* Probably an ironical term then in use for a pretender to wisdom; as now, a wiseacre.

(28) *Hath the tongues.* Can speak various languages. See Note 3, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly:—the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and, moreover, Heaven saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man?"

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, Heaven be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [Exit.]

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose,<sup>31</sup> and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.<sup>32</sup>

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad!<sup>33</sup> Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dog.* Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance.<sup>34</sup> Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once,<sup>35</sup> you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence,<sup>36</sup> my lord.

(29) *Double.* Used for 'deceitful,' 'deluding.' In this sense it is used when conjoined with 'dealer' or 'dealing;' in contradistinction to plain, single (in the sense of pure, uncorrupt, simple, as 'single-minded'), direct, straightforward, honest.

(30) *Properest.* Handsomest, comeliest.

(31) *In his doublet and hose.* This phrase seems to have been equivalent to 'stripping to fight,' or preparing for combat. In the "Merry Wives," iii. 1, Page says to Sir Hugh—"And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw, rheumatic day?"

(32) *A doctor to such a man.* "Doctor" is here used for 'a wise man;' from the Latin *doctus*, 'learned,' 'instructed.' The sense of the whole passage seems to be:—"When a man dresses himself ridiculously, and divests himself of his intelligence, he is an ape of a large size; but, then, an ape is an intelligent being compared with such a man."

(33) *Pluck up, my heart, and be sad!* "Pluck up" was a phrase of the time, applied to the heart or spirits, meaning 'be aroused,' 'be alert.' Here Don Pedro seems to say—"Cease light talking; let me think seriously."

(34) *Weigh more reasons in her balance.* A pun on "reasons" and "raisins;" which Shakespeare has again elsewhere. The figure of Justice with her scales conveying to the constable the idea of a grocer weighing out plums, is excellently in keeping.

(35) *Once.* Used here for 'once for all,' 'once and always.'

(36) *Hearken after their offence.* Shakespeare sometimes uses the





*Don Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?  
*Claudio.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it. *Act V. Scene I.*





*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division;<sup>37</sup> and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.<sup>38</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood:<sup>39</sup> what's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed<sup>40</sup> me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—  
And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear  
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

*Dog.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton had reformed<sup>41</sup> Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when the time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath  
hast killed  
Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to<sup>42</sup> what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I:  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter  
live,—

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,  
Possess<sup>43</sup> the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died; and if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,<sup>44</sup>  
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:—  
To-morrow morning come you to my house;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us:<sup>45</sup>  
Give her the right you should have given her  
cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* Oh, noble sir!  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.  
I do embrace your offer; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;

word "hearken" in a different sense from merely that of 'hear,' or 'listen.' In this passage it seems to mean 'inquire after,' 'endeavour to obtain the knowledge of.'

(37) *Division.* A technical expression for the parts into which an oration is divided.

(38) *One meaning well suited.* 'One meaning provided with several suits of apparel;' in allusion to the way in which Don Pedro has humoured Dogberry's mode of dressing up the same question in various forms.

(39) *Too cunning to be understood.* "Cunning" was formerly used for 'clever,' 'skilful,' 'knowing;' from Saxon *connan*, to know.

(40) *Incensed.* Incited, instigated.

(41) *Reformed.* Dogberry uses this for 'informed,' as he uses "plaintiffs" for 'defendants.'

(42) *Impose me to.* Impose upon me.

(43) *Possess.* Used for 'put in possession of the knowledge of,' 'inform,' 'tell.'

(44) *Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb.* This line, as also the

passage in Act iv. sc. 1 ("On your family's old monument hang mournful epitaphs"), alludes to a kindly custom that formerly prevailed. Not only the relations of the dead, but those who revered them, placed these posthumous tributes near their last resting-place. Izaak Walton, in his "Life of Doctor Donne," records that "The next day after his burial, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning writ this epitaph, with a coal, on the wall over his grave:—

'Reader! I am to let thee know  
Donne's body only lies below:  
For, could the earth his soul comprise,  
Earth would be richer than the skies!'

(45) *She alone is heir to both of us.* As Antonio's son is mentioned, Act i. sc. 2, we imagine this assertion, that the fictitious Hero is the old men's sole heir, to be equally a fiction; possibly invented by Leonato, with the instinctive feeling that it would induce mean Master Claudio to accept the proposed match,—which he

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty<sup>46</sup> man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who I believe was pack'd<sup>47</sup> in all this wrong,  
Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not ;  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to  
me ;  
But always hath been just and virtuous,  
In anything that I do know by her.

and will lend nothing for Heaven's sake : pray you,  
examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dog.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful  
and reverend youth ; and I praise Heaven for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dog.* Heaven save the foundation !<sup>49</sup>

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and  
I thank thee.



*Claudio.* Is this the monument of Leonato ?

*Attendant.* It is, my lord.

*Claudio.* [Reads from a scroll.]

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Act V. Scene III.

*Dog.* Moreover, sir (which indeed is not under  
white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did  
call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in  
his punishment. And also, the watch heard them  
talk of one Deformed : they say he wears a key in his  
ear, and a lock hanging by it ;<sup>48</sup> and borrows money  
in Heaven's name,—the which he hath used so long,  
and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,

*Dog.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship ;  
which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for  
the example of others. Heaven keep your worship !  
I wish your worship well ; Heaven restore you to  
health ! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if  
a merry meeting may be wished, Heaven prohibit<sup>50</sup>  
it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

immediately does. Poor Claudio, indeed ! A truly poor soul  
he is !

(46) *Naughty.* This word had far greater force formerly than  
now ; it came from expressing a thing good for naught, worthless,  
bad, and meant 'wicked,' 'evil,' 'corrupt.'

(47) *Pack'd.* Joined as a conspirator ; combined as an accomplice.

(48) *A key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.* The fashion of

wearing long, dangling love-locks has been explained in Note 49,  
Act iii. ; but Dogberry cannot conceive of a "lock" without a  
"key."

(49) *Heaven save the foundation !* The usual phrase when alms  
were received at the gate of religious houses ; and, probably, Dog-  
berry uses "foundation" for 'founder.'

(50) *Prohibit.* For 'promote.'





*Claudio.* And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;  
For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Act V. Scene IV.*





*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.  
[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd<sup>51</sup> fellow.  
[*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE II.—LEONATO'S garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?<sup>52</sup>

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

*Marg.* And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.<sup>53</sup>

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.—Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

[*Exit MARGARET.*]

The god of love,<sup>54</sup>  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve,—  
[*Singing.*]

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of brokers, and a whole bookfull of these quondam carpet-mongers,<sup>55</sup> whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find

out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby,"—an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn,"—a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool,"—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.<sup>56</sup>—

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* Oh, stay but till then!

*Beat.* "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* "Suffer love,"—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance,<sup>57</sup> Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours.<sup>58</sup> If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question:<sup>59</sup>—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:<sup>60</sup> therefore is it most

(51) *Lewd.* Idle, ignorant, wicked.

(52) *Shall I always keep below stairs?* From the apparent discrepancy in the first and last portions of this speech, some editors imagine that a word has been omitted; but the waiting-woman seems to mean—'Shall I always remain on the kitchen story? Shall I never be promoted to having a man woo me with his love-lies?' To "come over" is a phrase still in vulgar use for 'beguile,' 'deceive,' 'delude.'

(53) *I give thee the bucklers.* A phrase borrowed from sword and buckler practice; and, passing into current use, meant 'I yield,' 'I own myself defeated.'

(54) *The god of love, &c.* This was the commencement of an old song of the time.

(55) *Quondam carpet-mongers.* "Quondam" is a word (generally used jocosely) for 'having formerly existed.' "Carpet-mongers" has been said to have the same signification as 'carpet knights'; that is, knights who have received knighthood on a carpet, in times

of peace, by mere court favour. But, by "carpet-mongers," Benedick rather seems to mean those who are lovers of ease, frequenters of carpets, kneeling or lying—perhaps both, kneeling and telling lies—at ladies' feet.

(56) *Festival terms.* Fine language; phraseology fit for a grand occasion. "Festival terms" here is like "speaks holiday" in "Merry Wives." See Note 10, Act iii. of that play.

(57) *An old instance.* Shakespeare sometimes uses the word "instance" for maxim or proverbial saying.

(58) *In the time of good neighbours.* In the time when good fellowship and neighbourly feeling prevailed; when men would give credit to each other for their respective merits.

(59) *Question.* Into this single word is colloquially condensed: "That is your question—now comes my answer."

(60) *Rheum.* Shakespeare uses this word variously: here, and elsewhere, for the aqueous matter from the lachrymal glands, tears.

expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil<sup>61</sup> at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thine eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—*The inside of a church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* *[Reads from a scroll.]*

"Done to death<sup>62</sup> by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon<sup>63</sup> of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

*[Appending it; as* EPITAPH.  
Praising her when I am dumb."

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

### SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight;<sup>64</sup>  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan,

(61) *Old coil.* "Old" signifies abundant, excessive; "coil" means confusion, bustle, uproar, noise, tumult. In Act iii., sc. 3, we have:—"The wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night." See Note 23, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" and Note 56, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(62) *Done to death.* An old form of 'put to death;' originating, probably, in the French idiom, *faire mourir*.

(63) *Guerdon.* Recompense, compensation.

(64) *Knight.* Applied to maidens as well as to men, by poetical writers formerly; probably in its meaning of disciple or follower, as vowed to Diana the virgin goddess, who was addicted to the knightly sport of the chase.

(65) *Heavily, heavily.* This is the reading of the Quarto here: which is given in the Folio, 'Heavenly, heavenly.' But it appears to us that "Heavily, heavily" is a repeated burthen to the song.

Heavily, heavily:  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.<sup>65</sup>

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!—  
Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, master; put your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.  
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE IV.—*A room in LEONATO'S house.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET,<sup>66</sup> URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

*F. Fran.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.<sup>67</sup>

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,  
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.  
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me.—You know your office, brother:

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. *[Exeunt Ladies.]*

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*F. Fran.* To do what, signior?

(66) *Margaret.* In all the old copies, this character makes her appearance here; though most modern editors omit her name from the list of those who now enter. But she has been acquitted of having willingly participated in the plot against her mistress's honour and peace, therefore the poet allowed her to take her place as usual by her lady's side in the last scene of the play. That she is spoken of in the third person by Leonato does not prove her absence any more than the Friar's saying of Hero, "Did I not tell you she was innocent?" proves Hero to be absent. The train of ladies seem to enter on the stage somewhat by themselves; as is shown by Leonato's addressing them specially, after speaking with the gentlemen around him, in the words—"Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all," &c.

(67) *All things sort so well.* See Note 30, Act iv.



*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof I think you had from me,  
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir; is enigmatical:  
But, for my will, my will is, your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the state of honourable marriage:—  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*F. Fran.* And my help.—  
Here come the prince and Claudio.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince; good morrow,  
Claudio:

We here attend you.<sup>68</sup> Are you yet determin'd  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother; here's the friar  
ready. [*Exit ANTONIO.*]

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's  
the matter,

That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

*Claud.* I think he thinks upon the savage  
bull.—

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with  
gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.<sup>69</sup>

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me  
see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her  
hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy  
friar:

I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband. [*Unmasking.*]

*Claud.* Another Hero!

*Hero.* Nothing certainer:  
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,  
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is  
dead!

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander  
liv'd.

*F. Fran.* All this amazement can I qualify:  
Whenafter<sup>70</sup> that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:  
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,  
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

*Beat.* [*Unmasking.*] I answer to that name.  
What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no; no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then, your uncle, and the prince,  
and Claudio  
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and  
Ursula  
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for  
me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead  
for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter.—Then, you do not  
love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the  
gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves  
her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against  
our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this  
light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you;—but, by this good  
day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to  
save your life, for I was told you were in a con-  
sumption.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.<sup>71</sup>

[*Kissing her.*]

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married  
man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of  
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour.  
Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?  
No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall  
wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since

(68) *We here attend you.* "Attend" was sometimes used in the  
sense of 'await,' 'expect'; French, *attendre*.

(69) *I do give you her.* This speech is wrongly assigned in the  
old copies to Leonato; and Theobald first showed that it belongs  
to Antonio, who has just promised to perform the part of "father"  
to Hero, and "give her to young Claudio."

(70) *Whenafter.* An old form of 'when;' like 'whenas,' 'when-  
ever,' &c.

(71) *I will stop your mouth.* This speech is also assigned to  
Leonato in the old copies; one of the many manifestly misprinted  
prefixes to be found there. See Note 11, Act ii.

I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy<sup>72</sup> thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer;<sup>73</sup> which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have

a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore, play, music! —Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers!

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]

(72) *Giddy.* Used for fickle, variable, inconstant, unstable.

(73) *A double-dealer.* A term for those who were false to their vows in love or marriage. See Note 20, Act v.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

|             |   |                                            |
|-------------|---|--------------------------------------------|
| BIRON,      | } | Lords attending on the King.               |
| LONGAVILLE, |   |                                            |
| DUMAIN,     |   |                                            |
| BOYET,      | } | Lords attending on the Princess of France. |
| MERCADE,    |   |                                            |

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.

HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.

DULL, a Constable.

COSTARD, a Clown.

MOTH, Page to Armado.

A Forester.

Princess of France.

|            |   |                                   |
|------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| ROSALINE,  | } | Ladies attending on the Princess. |
| MARIA,     |   |                                   |
| KATHARINE, |   |                                   |

JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.

Lords and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE—*Navarre.*





# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A park, with a palace in it.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON,<sup>2</sup> LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,<sup>3</sup>  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are pass'd: and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.<sup>4</sup>

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.<sup>5</sup>

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over;  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years.

(1) The first known copy of this play is one published in quarto, 1598; the title being as follows:—"A pleasant Comedie called Love's labor's lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W., for Cuthbert Burby." It stands seventh in the Folio 1623; whose order of succession for the plays, by-the-by, we follow in the present edition. The words "newly corrected and augmented," in the 1598 Quarto, give support to a belief we entertain that this play was one of Shakespeare's very early productions; one of those which we mentioned in our first note to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," as being, according to our theory, already sketched out, if not actually written down, when he first went up to London in 1586. Like the "Two Gentlemen," the "Love's Labour" has a perfect air of youth about it; it "smells April and May." The story is a mere thread to string pearls of graceful love-making upon; the characters are purely elegant,—more personages than characters,—the leading ones pleasing, gay-mannered, accomplished; the subordinate ones odd, grotesque; while the wit and diction have just that touch of stiffness and elaboration which mark the first efforts of a youthful writer. We have always fancied this play the product of Shakespeare's student imagination, fresh from the schools, the introduction to images of social refinement in books, and the awaking admiration of polish among high-bred men and women in the world, as he dreamed them to exist, judging from these perused models. It has been thought that Shakespeare either borrowed his plot from the Italian stage

or from some French romance: the titles of "Braggart" (given in the Folio to Armado) and "Pedant" (given in the Folio to Holofernes) making for the former idea, because these characters figured in the old Italian drama; while the names of the king, princess, lords, and ladies make for the latter theory. But it is probable that Shakespeare had met with some translated French story or play, which had its source from Italian origin; as most of the French plots of that day (witness, among others, many of the productions of Molière) were directly derived from the old Italian comedies.

(2) *Biron.* This name is spelt in the old copies 'Berowne,' to signify that it was to have the accent on the last syllable, in accordance with French accentuation, and to give something like the way in which it was to be pronounced: which (from a couplet in Act iv., sc. 3, where the name rhymes with "moon") seems to have been 'Biron.'

(3) *Brazen tombs.* Here, and elsewhere, Shakespeare alludes to the custom of ornamenting the tombs of renowned people with plates of brass bearing figures or inscriptions commemorative of their worthy deeds.

(4) *Your deep oaths, and keep it too.* Instance of Shakespeare's use of a pronoun in reference to an implied particular. Here, "it" refers not to "oaths," but to 'that which you have vowed to do.'

(5) *With all these living in philosophy.* Dumain speaks of himself in the third person, and then in the first; declaring that he will henceforth be dead to worldly love, wealth, and pomp, while living with them as they exist (ungrossly) in philosophy.

But there are other strict observances :  
 As, not to see a woman in that term,—  
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;  
 And one day in a week to touch no food,  
 And but one meal on every day beside,—  
 The which I hope is not enrolled there ;  
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
 And not be seen to wink of all the day  
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
 And make a dark night too of half the day),—  
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there :  
 Oh, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,—  
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please :

I only swore to study with your grace,  
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—

What is the end of study ? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on, then ; I will swear to study so,  
 To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;<sup>6</sup>

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid ;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while

Doth falsely<sup>7</sup> blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

(6) *To feast expressly am forbid.* "Feast" is misprinted 'fast' in the Folio.

(7) *Falsely.* Used here for treacherously, insidiously.

(8) *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed.* "Heed" seems to be here used in the sense of beacon, loadstar, or guiding light ; and the sense of the whole passage to be—'Whoever dazzles himself thus (by fixing his eye upon one more beautiful,—a woman's), shall have that eye for his beacon to afford him light after having temporarily deprived him of sight.'

(9) *Too much to know, is to know, &c.* To know overmuch is not to be wise, but to get the name of being wise ; and every godfather (like "these earthly godfathers" that name the stars) can give a man a name for wisdom.

(10) *Proceeded well, to stop, &c.* Dumain puns on the word

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,<sup>8</sup>

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixèd star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;<sup>9</sup>

And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading !

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !<sup>10</sup>

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that ?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something, then, in rhyme.

*King.* Birón is like an envious sneaping<sup>11</sup> frost,  
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;<sup>12</sup>

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out !<sup>13</sup> go home, Birón : adieu.

*Biron.* No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,<sup>14</sup>

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper,—let me read the same ;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

*Biron.* [*Reads.*] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,—Hath this been proclaimed ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

"proceeded," which is an academical term for taking a degree.

(11) *Sneaping.* Nipping, checking.

(12) *Shows.* This has been said to have reference to the May games and pageants ; but we take the passage to mean—'At Christmas I no more desire a rose, than I wish snow amidst the newly decked-out floral displays of spring.'

(13) *Sit you out.* Misprinted in the Folio 'fit you out ;' but the *f* and the long *s* were often mistaken the one for the other, and 'to sit out' is an expression used at games of cards for taking no part in the play.

(14) *Keep to what I swore.* In the Folio this is given 'keepe what I have sworne ;' but the rhyme requires "swore" at the end of the line, and probably the line ran as above.



*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.—[*Reads*] on pain of losing her tongue.—Who devised this penalty?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility!<sup>15</sup>

[*Reads.*] Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admirèd princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree;

She must lie here<sup>16</sup> on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects<sup>17</sup> is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions<sup>18</sup> are to others, as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick<sup>19</sup> recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is. Our court, you know is haunted

With a refinèd traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements,<sup>20</sup> whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,<sup>21</sup>

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.<sup>22</sup>

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,<sup>23</sup>

A man of fire-new<sup>24</sup> words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow: what wouldst?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend<sup>25</sup> his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:<sup>26</sup> but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm — Arm — commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts<sup>27</sup> thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in heaven for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven:<sup>28</sup> God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear laughing?<sup>29</sup>

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.<sup>30</sup>

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.<sup>31</sup>

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-

(15) *A dangerous law against gentility!* The old copies print this line as though it made part of Longaville's speech; but it is evidently Biron's comment before he proceeds to read the next item. "Gentility" is here used in the sense of refinement, amenity, elegance, courtesy; all of which are induced by the presence and influence of women.

(16) *She must lie here.* To "lie" was sometimes used for lodge, dwell, reside, take up abode. Sir Henry Wootton availed himself of the double meaning of this expression, in his witty definition—"An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

(17) *Affects.* Used here for affections, inclinations, propensities.

(18) *Suggestions.* Temptations, incitements.

(19) *Quick.* Lively, animated.

(20) *Complements.* Accomplishments: proficiency in punctilio and ceremonious observances; things that, in such a man's estimation, mark the finished gentleman. Points included in what Armado himself calls, in the next scene, "the varnish of a complete man."

(21) *Hight.* An old word for called, named.

(22) *Use him for my minstrelsy.* "Use him for my entertainment;" minstrels entertaining their hearers by the relation of wonderful stories, as well as by their music.

(23) *Wight.* An old word for person or personage.

(24) *Fire-new.* This expression, like 'bran-new' (a corruption of 'brand-new'), originated in a reference to the forge or melting-house; fresh from its heat; newly-coined or smelted metal being especially bright.

(25) *Reprehend.* For 'represent.'

(26) *Tharborough.* A corruption of 'thirdborough'; an under-constable, or peace-officer.

(27) *Contempts.* For 'contents.'

(28) *A low heaven.* "Heaven," here, has been altered to 'having,' and to 'hearing;' but the original word seems used to mark the speaker's sense of Biron's extreme form of aspiration.

(29) *Laughing?* Misprinted 'hearing' in the Folio; but Longaville's rejoinder shows "laughing" (Capell's correction) to be the right word.

(30) *To climb in the merriness.* 'To rise higher and higher, or increase, in our mirth;' the word "climb" is used as a pun upon the word "style," or 'stile.'

(31) *Taken with the manner.* A legal form of expression for 'taken in the fact.' Costard quibbles on the word "manner" (spelt in the old law-books 'mainour'; meaning the article stolen, then in the thief's possession) and the "manor-house" mentioned in his next speech.

house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] Great deputy, the welkin's<sup>32</sup> vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron,—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* [*Reads.*] So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.<sup>33</sup>

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* [*Reads.*] So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeelped<sup>34</sup> thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:<sup>35</sup> there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow<sup>36</sup> of thy mirth,—

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [*Reads.*]—that unlettered small-knowing soul,—

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [*Reads.*]—that shallow vassal,<sup>37</sup>—

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* [*Reads.*]—which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

*Cost.* Oh, me.

*King.* [*Reads.*]—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—oh, with—but with this I passion to say<sup>38</sup> wherewith,—

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* [*Reads.*]—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I—as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on—have sent to thee, to receive the meed<sup>39</sup> of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

*King.* [*Reads.*] For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.]

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir; for truth it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!<sup>40</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the park. Before ARMADO'S house.

*Enter* ARMADO and MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.<sup>41</sup>

*Moth.* No, no; O Lord! sir, no.

of foolish, ignorant; also on the word "vassal," in its nearness of sound to 'vessel.'

(38) *I passion to say.* 'I grieve to say.' To "passion" is a verb used by Shakespeare and writers of his time. See Note 6, Act v., "Tempest."

(39) *Meed.* That which is deserved; that which is meet, or fit.

(40) *Sit thee down, sorrow!* This seems to be a proverbial expression, as was, probably, "Sorrow, wag!" (see Note 1, Act v., "Much Ado"); the one meaning, 'Sorrow, bide quiet until thou changest to joy;' the other, 'Avaunt, sorrow!' or 'Away with thee, sorrow!'

(41) *Imp.* An offshoot, or scion of a tree; thence used for

(32) *The welkin's.* 'The sky's.' See Note 11, Act i., "Tempest."

(33) *But so.* Equivalent to the more modern 'but so-so.'

(34) *Yeelped.* Called; the past tense of the verb 'to clepe,' from the Saxon *clypian*, to call.

(35) *Curious-knotted garden.* Ancient gardens were laid out in fantastically shaped 'knots,' figures, or flower-beds; formed with lines intersecting each other in various directions.

(36) *Minnow.* This, one of the smallest of fish, is used by Shakespeare here, and in "Coriolanus," iii. 1, as a type of insignificance. "Minnow of thy mirth" means the despicably minute object whom you deign to make a source of amusement.

(37) *That shallow vassal.* A pun seems to be intended on the word "shallow," in its sense of undeeep, unprofound, and its sense





THE SINGING OF THE SONGS

OF THE SINGING OF THE SONGS

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*Dull.* There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell  
you more.

*Act I. Scene I.*





*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?<sup>42</sup>

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign<sup>43</sup> praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.<sup>44</sup>

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning,—it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and

study three years in two words, the dancing horse<sup>45</sup> will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised court'sy.<sup>46</sup> I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* Oh, well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too:—who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers;<sup>47</sup> but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate<sup>48</sup> thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

offspring, or younger branch of a noble family; and, generally, for a stripling or youth.

(42) *Juvenal.* Used, as we use 'juvenile,' for a youth, a lad.

(43) *Condign.* Suitable, fit, deserved, merited; Latin, *condignus*.

(44) *Crosses love not him.* Moth plays on the word "crosses" in its sense of money; many coins anciently bore the mark of a cross on one side. This is one of several hits in this play at the poverty of haughty Spaniards; not only a favourite theme with English satirists at that time, but also made subject of joke by Spanish writers themselves. Witness the humorous little volume, "Lazarillo de Tormes," in its episode of the hunger-pinched hidalgo.

(45) *The dancing horse.* An allusion to Morocco, more frequently called 'Bankes's horse,' from the name of its proprietor, who taught it to perform a number of tricks, such as to dance, to count, to restore a glove to the owner when bidden by its master, &c. &c. These feats procured Bankes and his horse the repute of being conjurors; and it was said that they were burnt at Rome for practising magic.

(46) *Court'sy.* Was formerly used for a man's bow, as well as for a woman's act of reverence or salutation.

(47) *Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers.* The commentators contest that here "green" has allusion either to jealousy, to green-

hued eyes (then thought a beauty), or to the willow, as a badge of unsuccessful love. But we think "green," as "the colour of lovers," includes also various other allusions which make it Shakespearianly appropriate, according to his way of combining several meanings in one word. "Green" has been sometimes used for an emblem of hope, and thus is suitable for favoured lovers; it is occasionally significant of desertion, and therefore applicable to forsaken or rejected lovers. [That this was a popular belief may be attested by the fact that when Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV., was neglected by her husband, it was observed that the first time she appeared at court after this became publicly known, she wore a green dress.] It is used as a synonyme for 'pale' and 'sickly' by writers of his time, as well as by Shakespeare himself, and a pallid complexion was thought an accompaniment of love-sick persons; it poetically embodies youth and spring, the season of lovers; and moreover, "green" is often used, even to this day, as a term for 'inexperienced,' 'unripe in judgment,' 'immature,' 'raw,'—which by elderly gallants of Armado's description may well be supposed characteristic of falling in love. Moth uses the word in this last sense immediately after, when he says—"She had a green wit."

(48) *Maculate.* Spotted, stained; Latin, *maculatus*; here used for impure.



*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known;  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale-white shown:  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know;  
For still her cheeks possess the same  
Which native she doth owe.<sup>49</sup>

A dangerous<sup>50</sup> rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?<sup>51</sup>

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression<sup>52</sup> by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind<sup>53</sup> Costard: she deserves well.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>54</sup> Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid!

*Jaqu.* Man!

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaqu.* That's hereby.<sup>55</sup>

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaqu.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaqu.* With that face?<sup>56</sup>

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaqu.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so, farewell.

*Jaqu.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave: away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank Heaven I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground,<sup>57</sup> which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love: and how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar;<sup>58</sup> Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted,—and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,—and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft<sup>59</sup> is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause<sup>60</sup> will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love;<sup>61</sup> yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer.<sup>62</sup> Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

(49) *Which native she doth owe.* Which she possesses by nature. See Note 63, Act i., "Tempest."

(50) *Dangerous.* Used here, as "perilous" is sometimes used, to express menacing, severe, keen, sharp. The word is employed in the same sense, in the first scene, where Biron exclaims:—"A dangerous law against gentility!"

(51) *King and the Beggar.* In allusion to a ballad called "King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid," which is to be found printed in "Percy's Reliques."

(52) *Digression.* Used in its sense of deviating from the right way, passing out of bounds; as "transgression."

(53) *Rational hind.* Armado uses "hind" in its sense of peasant, or boor, hardly a degree in intellect above the animal of that name; as if he would have called him 'the reasoning brute,' 'the beast capable of discoursing.'

(54) *Day-woman.* Dairy-woman. Day, or dey, was an old word for milk, and hence came to be used for a dairy-maid; from the Icelandic *deggia*, to give milk. The term 'dey-woman' is still in use in Scotland; and we find it thus employed by Sir Walter Scott in chap. xv., vol. ii., of his "Fair Maid of Perth."

(55) *That's hereby.* The country girl Jaquenetta jeeringly says this in the sense that the phrase bears in provincial use, 'That's as hereafter may be;' but Armado takes it in its usual sense of 'near here,' 'close by.'

(56) *With that face?* A flippant rejoinder; used also by Fielding as a specimen of the second-hand wit in vogue among those who have none of their own, and therefore resort to cant phrases when they would indulge in raillery.

(57) *I do affect the very ground.* To "affect" is to hold in affection, to love. There may also be a kind of play on the word, in its meaning of incline towards, have a tendency towards.

(58) *Familiar.* The name for a demon, or spirit, supposed to attend at call.

(59) *Butt-shaft.* An arrow used for shooting at butts with; the "butt" being the place on which the mark to be aimed at was set.

(60) *The first and second cause.* These, "the passado," and "the duello," are terms borrowed from the school of fence, as discussed in certain treatises of that time by Italian writers.

(61) *Your manager is in love.* In this fantastical construction of sentences, Armado having used the word "rapier," applies the term "manager" to "valour" and to "drum" as well as to his weapon; and for the latter application we have warrant in the passage—"Come, manage me your caliver" ("2 Henry IV.," iii. 2).

(62) *Sonneteer.* Printed 'sonnet' in the old copies. Various alterations have been made; but we adopt Sir Thos. Hanmer's, as the probable correction.





Armado. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid!  
Jaquenetta. Man!  
Act I. Scene II.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A part of the park: a pavilion and tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest<sup>1</sup> spirits:

Consider whom the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,<sup>2</sup>  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain,—a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

(1) *Dearest.* Used here for best, highest.

(2) *Owe.* Own, possess.

(3) *Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.* "Utter'd" is here used in its sense of sold, vended. A "chapman," a market-

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:<sup>3</sup>  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker:—good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold<sup>4</sup> of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

man (from 'cheap,' a market), a bargainer, was employed sometimes for a seller, sometimes for a buyer; here, of course, for a seller.

(4) *Bold.* Used here for 'confident,' 'bold in the persuasion,' 'bold from conviction.'

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace:  
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit* BOYET.]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?<sup>5</sup>

*First Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,  
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir<sup>6</sup>  
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnizèd  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted<sup>7</sup> in the arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—  
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours  
know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they  
grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd  
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.  
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;  
And much too little of that good I saw  
Is my report to<sup>8</sup> his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,  
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor<sup>9</sup>—  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in  
love,

That every one her own hath garnishèd  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

*First Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;  
And he and his competitors<sup>10</sup> in oath  
Were all address'd<sup>11</sup> to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,—  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.

[*The Ladies mask.*]

*Enter* KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and  
Attendants.

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of  
Navarre.

*Prin.* "Fair" I give you back again; and  
"welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court  
is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide  
fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my  
court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome, then: conduct me  
thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an  
oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing  
else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where<sup>12</sup> now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly<sup>13</sup> resolve me in my suit.

[*Gives a paper.*]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;  
For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant  
once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it, then, to ask the  
question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you<sup>14</sup> that spur me with such  
questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,  
'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

(5) *Duke.* This title was formerly used indiscriminately with that of 'king,' by writers of Shakespeare's time.

(6) *Heir.* Used for 'heirress.'

(7) *Well fitted.* Well versed, well skilled, proficient.

(8) *My report to.* 'Compared' must be understood here, between 'report' and 'to.' Similar ellipses of construction are frequent in Shakespeare's style. See Note 26, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(9) *Conceit's expositor.* "Conceit" is here used for humorous conception, jocose idea.

(10) *Competitors.* Used for confederates, consociates.

(11) *Address'd.* Prepared.

(12) *Where.* Here used for 'whereas.'

(13) *Suddenly.* Formerly used for immediately, without delay.

(14) *'Tis 'long of you.* A pun upon "long," in its sense of lengthily or slowly (in reference to Biron's word "quick"); and in



*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one-half of an entire sum  
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.  
But say that he or we—as neither have—  
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valu'd to the money's worth.  
If, then, the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth;  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain;<sup>15</sup>  
Which we much rather had depart withal,<sup>16</sup>  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Than Aquitain, so curtail'd as it is.  
Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much  
wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseemingly to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;  
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word.—  
*Boyet,* you can produce acquittances  
For such a sum from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not  
come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound:  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates:  
But here without, you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your  
grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!  
[*Exeunt KING and his train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own  
heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I would  
be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack! let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physic says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No point,<sup>17</sup> with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is  
that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine her  
name.<sup>18</sup>

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.  
[*Exit.*]

*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the  
white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in  
the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light. I desire  
her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire  
that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]  
*Biron.* [*Coming forward.*] What's her name in  
the cap?

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir: adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]  
*Mar.* That last is Birón, the merry mad-cap  
lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at  
his word.

its sense of "long" as used in the colloquial phrase, 'it's all along of you;' meaning, it's all through you, or owing to you.

(15) *His title live in Aquitain.* The meaning of the entire passage is—He here demands repayment of a hundred thousand crowns, instead of offering to repay us the hundred thousand crowns which would restore him his right to Aquitain.

(16) *Depart withal.* Here used for 'part with,' or 'relinquish.'

(17) *No point.* A quibble on the point of a knife, and the French negative, *point*, none, not at all, by no means.

(18) *Katharine.* In the Folio this name is here misprinted 'Rosaline;' as, a little farther on, "Rosaline" is misprinted 'Katharine,' evident transpositions of the printer. Not only do the gentlemen interested in the respective ladies inquire after their particular fair one, recognising them in spite of their wearing

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps,<sup>19</sup> marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?  
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:  
My lips are no common, though several they be.<sup>20</sup>

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,<sup>21</sup> agree:

This civil war of wits were much better us'd  
On Navarre and his bookmen; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation,—which very seldom lies,—

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough<sup>22</sup> desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,<sup>23</sup>  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,<sup>24</sup>

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:

His face's own margent<sup>25</sup> did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.<sup>26</sup>

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What, then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the park. Before ARMADO'S house.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. [Singing.] Concolinel<sup>1</sup>—

masks, but the word "Alençon" in this speech tallies with what Katharine says previously:—"I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once."

(19) *Two hot sheeps*. A play on the words "sheeps" and "ships;" provincially pronounced alike. See Note 9, Act I., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(20) *No common, though several they be*. There is a pun on the words "common" and "several" here. "Common" is played on in its sense of 'common land,' and of 'being common property;' while "several" is played on in its sense of 'a portion of land set apart from common land for more exclusive use,' and in its sense of 'that which may be severed or separated,' and 'more than one.'

(21) *Gentles*. Shakespeare uses this word as more modern diction uses 'gentle folk,' persons of good birth and good breeding.

(22) *Thorough*. Sometimes used for 'through;' as "thoroughly" was for 'thoroughly.'

(23) *Like an agate, with your print impress'd*. It was the fashion to engrave or sculpture figures on agates.

(24) *To speak and not see*. This passage has been pronounced by the commentators to be "extremely odd;" but if we take "not see" to imply 'not see, because it is not the tongue's faculty to see,' the sentence means that his tongue hurried to his eyes that it might express what they beheld.

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately<sup>2</sup> hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>3</sup>

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

(25) *His face's own margent*. It was the custom to print notes, quotations, &c., in the margin (or "margent," as it was then spelt) of books.

(26) *Dispos'd*. This word was used by Shakespeare, and writers of his time, to express 'inclined to be too free in talk,' 'inclined to unseemly merriment.' The princess, rebuking Boyet's freedom of speech, uses the word in this sense; but the old courtier parries the reproach, by taking the word in its more simple and ordinary acceptation, and framing his rejoinder accordingly.

(1) *Concolinel*. This has been conjectured to be probably the beginning or name of an old song usually sung by the boy who performed Moth; it being frequently the way to leave still more indefinitely the song to be introduced in a play—merely inserting the Latin word *cantant*, or the words 'Here they sing.' But we think that "Concolinel" may have been merely a few syllables strung together to express warbling, or humming a tune, as we now use 'la li ra, la li ra,' &c.

(2) *Festinately*. Hastily, speedily. Latin, *festinato*.

(3) *Brawl*. The name of a dance, wherein the dancers held hands, and swayed or moved to and fro, from the French *branle*, movement.





Drawn by J. MCL. RALSTON.

Engraved by J. QUARTLEY.

# ARMADO AND COSTARD.

*Armado.* Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta ; there is remuneration.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," Act III., Scene I.







*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.  
*Princess.* I will be welcome, then; conduct me thither.  
*Act II. Scene I.*





*Moth.* No, my complete<sup>4</sup> master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary<sup>5</sup> to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note,—sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love,—sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin body's doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements,<sup>6</sup> these are humours; these betray nice wenches,—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note (do you note,—men?)—that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny<sup>7</sup> of observation.

*Arm.* But oh,—but oh,—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot.<sup>8</sup>

*Arm.* Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had!

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live;—and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot obtain her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more,—and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minimè*,<sup>9</sup> honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift,<sup>10</sup> sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!—  
By thy favour, sweet welkin,<sup>11</sup> I must sigh in thy face:—  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.<sup>12</sup>—  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a Costard<sup>13</sup>  
broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle; come,—thy  
*l'envoy*,<sup>14</sup>—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all,<sup>15</sup> sir: oh, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain!<sup>16</sup>

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen:<sup>17</sup> the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling,—oh, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?<sup>18</sup>

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been  
sain.<sup>19</sup>

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

(4) *Complete*. Here, as elsewhere, used for accomplished.

(5) *Canary*. The name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by castanets, and supposed to have derived its name from the Canary Islands, where it was much in favour.

(6) *Complements*. Accomplishments; niceties which are the completion of excellence. See Note 20, Act i., and Note 4, Act iii.

(7) *Penny*. Sometimes used formerly to express an indefinite sum. See Note 12, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(8) *The hobby-horse is forgot*. Armado sighing forth, "But oh,—but oh," Moth follows it up by adding the remainder of a line of a song, probably written when the hobby-horse was omitted from the May games at the instance of the Puritans; which was their first step in doing their utmost to suppress these popular sports. See Note 28, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(9) *Minimè*. Not in the least, by no means.

(10) *Swift*. Moth plays on the word in its sense of 'ready-witted,' and in its sense of 'rash,' 'hasty.'

(11) *Welkin*. The sky; the region of air.

(12) *Gives thee place*. This seems to have been an idiom tantamount to 'gives thee warrant,' 'forms thine excuse.' Armado's Spanish grandiloquence and courtesy—praying leave to sigh in the sky's face, and saying that his valour will warrant this rudeness of his melancholy—although deteriorated by affectation, smacks strongly of Don Quixote's lofty style in amenities of this kind. Any connecting link between those large-minded thinkers, Shakespeare and Cervantes, is pleasant; and although strict accuracy

prevents our still saying they died on the same day, yet they wrote and benefited the world at the same period.

(13) *Costard*. A name for the head; which supplies the pun that Moth calls "a wonder."

(14) *L'envoy*. A term used in old French poetry for certain concluding verses which served to point the application of the story, or addressed it to the reader, or to some special person. The term was adopted in ancient English poems.

(15) *No salve in them all*. The Folio misprints this 'no salve, in three male sir.' This has been given by some editors, altering 'thee' to 'the,' and explained to mean 'no salve in the bag, or trunk;' but we adopt Tyrwhitt's reading, which seems to accord with what follows of Costard's taking enigma, riddle, and *l'envoy* to be various kinds of salve.

(16) *Plantain*. A herb, the healing properties of which were highly esteemed; and it was reckoned a sovereign cure for wounds.

(17) *Spleen*. Believed to be the seat of immoderate mirth, as well as of its opposites—melancholy and anger.

(18) *Is not l'envoy a salve?* After the others have been using the word "salve," in its sense of 'unguent,' Moth puns upon it, in its sense as a Latin form of salutation. The latter is pronounced differently (*salvé*); but as the words are spelt alike, it is quite enough for Master Moth's love of quibbling.

(19) *Sain*. An old form of 'said;' here used for the sake of rhyme.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.<sup>20</sup>

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would  
you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain,<sup>21</sup> a goose,  
that's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and  
loose:

Let me see—a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this  
argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a  
shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came your  
argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you  
bought;

And he ended the market.<sup>22</sup>

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Costard  
broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.<sup>23</sup>

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*: I will  
speak that *l'envoy*:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise<sup>24</sup> thee.

*Cost.* Oh, marry me to one Frances:—I smell  
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at  
liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured,  
restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my pur-  
gation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from  
durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing

but this [*giving a letter*]:—bear this significant<sup>25</sup> to  
the country maid Jaquenetta. [*Giving money.*] There  
is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour  
is rewarding my dependents.—*Moth*, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.<sup>26</sup>—Signior Costard,  
adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony  
Jew!<sup>27</sup>— [*Exit MOTH.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-  
tion! Oh, that's the Latin word for three far-  
things: three farthings,—remuneration.—“What's  
the price of this inkle?”<sup>28</sup>—“A penny.”—“No, I'll  
give you a remuneration:” why, it carries it.<sup>29</sup>—  
Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French  
crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* Oh, my good knave Costard!<sup>30</sup> exceed-  
ingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband  
may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Biron.* Oh, why, then, three-farthings-worth of  
silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

*Biron.* Oh, stay, slave; I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* Oh, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* Oh, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow  
morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark!  
slave, it is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. [*Gives him money.*] There's  
thy guerdon; go.

(20) *Four*. Here used for 'a fourth,' to make the rhyme.

(21) *Sold him a bargain*. "Sold" was, and is still, a slang expres-  
sion for being made a dupe of, made a fool of. See Note 9, Act iii.,  
"Comedy of Errors."

(22) *And he ended the market*. An allusion to the old proverb,  
"Three women and a goose make a market."

(23) *Sensibly*. *Moth* uses this word in its usual acceptation of  
plainly, simply, with good sense; meaning that he will tell how  
Costard broke his shin, without punning on the words. But Costard  
takes "sensibly" in the signification it sometimes bore of 'feel-  
ingly,' 'sensitively,' and replies with a quibble.

(24) *Enfranchise*. Costard, not being able to make out the mean-  
ing of this word, fancies it involves a promise of giving him in  
marriage to some girl of the name of "Frances." It has been sug-  
gested that "sirrah" (spelt 'sirra' in the Folio) is a misprint for  
'marry,' which would make Costard's misconception still more  
evident; but we think that as the passage stands, his blundering  
interpretation of a word he does not comprehend into a threat of  
putting him into the bonds of matrimony, instead of giving him his  
freedom, is quite in character, and sufficient to suggest to the lout's  
mind a suspicion of some trap, "some *l'envoy*, some goose."

(25) *Significant*. The magniloquent Armado uses this word for  
his letter, as that which is to signify his mind to the person he  
addresses.

(26) *Like the sequel, I*. "Sequel" is here used in its sense ■  
derived from the Latin word *sequela*; one of the meanings of which  
is 'a train, or retinue of followers.' *Moth* fleers at his master's  
train of attendants consisting in a single page—his diminutive self.  
There is a similar allusion in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." See  
Note 50, Act i., of that play.

(27) *My incony Jew!* "Incony," as appears from various passages  
where it occurs in the old dramatists, seems to mean dainty, deli-  
cate, delectable. Its derivation is uncertain; though some have  
thought that it has analogy with our North British word "canny,"  
which means neat, nice, gentle, mild, knowing. "Jew" is here,  
and once elsewhere, used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment;  
and it strikes us that it may have been a corruption of the French  
fondling words 'choux,' 'chou-chou,' or 'joujou,' the latter meaning  
a plaything; or possibly an abbreviation of *bijou*, jewel.

(28) *Inkle*. A kind of tape. This was well given by Steele as a  
name for the narrow-souled hero in his tale of "Inkle and Yarico"  
(*Spectator*, vol. i., No. 11).

(29) *It carries it*. An idiomatic expression, used by Shakespeare,  
meaning something similar to the familiar phrase, 'It carries the  
day!' 'It surpasses, it transcends.'

(30) *Oh, my good knave Costard!* "Knave" was formerly often  
used simply for boy or lad. See Note 46, Act iii., "Merry Wives of  
Windsor."



*Cost.* Gardon,<sup>31</sup>—Oh, sweet gardon! better than remuneration: eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.<sup>32</sup>—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

*Biron.* Oh,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
A very beadle to a humorous<sup>33</sup> sigh;  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!  
This wimpled,<sup>34</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
This senior-junior,<sup>35</sup> giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
Sole emperor<sup>36</sup> and great general  
Of trotting paritors:<sup>37</sup>—Oh, my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>38</sup>  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!<sup>39</sup>  
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman, that is like a German clock,<sup>40</sup>  
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;<sup>41</sup>  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A whitely<sup>42</sup> wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
To pray for her! Go to;<sup>43</sup> it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:  
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.<sup>44</sup> [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Another part of the park.

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king,<sup>1</sup> that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.

(31) *Gardon.* Costard's mispronunciation of "guerdon;" which means reward, recompence. Old French, *guerdon*.

(32) *In print.* An idiom of the time, signifying exactly, precisely, punctually, faithfully, accurately, literally; as we now say, 'to the letter.' See Note 16, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(33) *Humorous.* Shakespeare uses this word with various significations; he here employs it to signify full of amorous fancies, passionate imaginings; as he puts the word "humours" into Mercutio's mouth, by way of bantering appellation for his bewitched friend: "Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!" "Romeo and Juliet," ii. 1.

(34) *Wimpled.* A wimple was strictly a covering for the throat, or for the head and throat, such as was worn by nuns; but the word was also used for a veil or hood. Here Shakespeare uses "wimpled" as 'veiled;' Cupid's eyes being represented as covered or bandaged.

(35) *This senior-junior.* Misprinted in the Folio, 'this signior Junios;' the italics and the title 'signior' making it look as if it were a proper name, in the extremely misleading way of many similar typographical mistakes in that volume. But the words that follow—"giant-dwarf"—show such compound word of antithetical meaning to have been intended by the poet; as he elsewhere has these sequences of contradictory epithets (for instance, "dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!") "Romeo and Juliet," iii. 2. Moreover, "senior-junior" precisely tallies with the description of Cupid in Act v. sc. 2 of the present play, where he is said to have "been five thousand years a boy." Theobald had the correction suggested to him, but hesitated to adopt it, which Johnson afterwards did; and he has been followed by most subsequent editors.

(36) *Imperator.* Commander.

(37) *Trotting paritors.* A "paritor," or apparitor, was an officer of spiritual courts, employed to carry out citations; and as these citations were generally served upon offenders against the laws of love-propriety, Biron states "paritors" to be under Cupid's command. The epithet "trotting" is graphically appropriate to those whose duty it is to carry and serve summonses hither and thither; moreover, "trotting paritors" includes the idea of the whole tribe of busy-bodies, go-betweens, match-makers, letter-carriers, billet-conveyers, frequently employed in love-affairs to summon refractory hearts.

(38) *Corporal of his field.* A 'corporal of the field' was an officer similar in grade and duty to what is now called an *aide-de-camp*; who is employed in carrying to and fro the orders of the general, or other of the higher officers of the field.

(39) *Wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.* There is a treble allusion here: to wearing the uniform or badge of a leader; to the then fashion among young gallants of wearing their mistress's favourite colour as a favour, as a token of vowing themselves to her service, and as manifesting their allegiance to her; and to the custom of tumblers in decorating their hoops with bright-coloured ribbons.

(40) *A German clock.* There is more than one allusion in the elder dramatists to the intricate machinery of German clocks (at that time first imported into England), as affording illustration of women's elaborate 'making-up,' frequently being 'out of sorts,' and constantly requiring to be 'put to rights.'

(41) *Out of frame.* Here used for 'out of order.' See Note 15, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(42) *Whitely.* This word (misprinted 'whitly' in the Folio) has been proposed to be altered to 'witty' by some editors, who think "whitely" inapplicable to a *dark beauty*; which, from many passages in the play, we find Rosaline to be. But "whitely" appears to us the very epithet for Biron to use, when—unwilling to allow her to be *fair*—he involuntarily expresses the effect of a brilliant complexion looking almost white—certainly, dazzling—in contrast with her black eye-brows, eye-lashes, and hair.

(43) *Go to.* An idiomatic expression, like the Italian *via*, and the French *allons*: it has various meanings; but here it is, 'Well, well,' or 'Even so.'

(44) *Joan.* Shakespeare uses this name, here and elsewhere, to express the ordinary run of women, the common sort of woman-kind.

(1) *Was that the king, &c.* This is just one of those touches that Shakespeare throws in, to mark the way in which a woman unconsciously betrays her growing preference for a man who loves her. The Princess recognises the horseman, though he is at such a distance that her attendant lord is unable to distinguish whether it be the king or not; and then she immediately covers her self-betrayal, by the pretendedly indifferent words, "Who'er he was," &c. Shakespeare in no one of his wondrous and numerous instances of insight into the human heart more marvellously manifests his magic power of perception, than in his discernment of the workings of female nature; its delicacies, its subtleties, its reticences, its revelations, its innocent reserves, and its artless confessions. He, of all masculine writers, was most truly feminine in his knowledge of what passes within a woman's heart, and the multiform ways in which it expresses itself through a woman's acts, words, manner—nay, even her very silence. He knew the



*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he showed a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch:<sup>2</sup>  
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Hereby, upon the hedge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.<sup>3</sup>

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again  
say no?

Oh, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass,<sup>4</sup> take this for telling true:

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by  
merit.

Oh, heresy in fair,<sup>5</sup> fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes,—

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst<sup>6</sup> wives hold that self-  
sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the common-  
wealth.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Cost.* God dig-you-den<sup>8</sup> all! Pray you, which is  
the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest  
that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth  
is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should  
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest  
here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Birón to  
one Lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* Oh, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good  
friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.<sup>9</sup>

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [Reads.]—By heaven, that thou art fair, is most  
infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou  
art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer  
than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The  
magnanimous and most illustrious<sup>10</sup> King Cophetua set eye upon  
the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon;<sup>11</sup> and he it was  
that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomise in the  
vulgar,—oh, base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, He came, saw, and  
overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came?  
the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome.  
To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar.  
Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on  
whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side?  
the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the  
king's,—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so

eloquence of a look, the significance of a gesture, the interpretation of a tacit admission; and moreover, knew how to convey them in his might of expression by ingenious inference. Such remarks as these have never hitherto been thought to come within the province of an annotator; but from the nature of our notes—which we have made, as much as our given space would allow, an interesting commentary upon each play as it proceeds—we have included many points worthy of observation, in beauties of character, of style, and of dramatic construction, as well as points to be explained in difficulties of diction or allusion.

(2) *To-day we shall have our despatch.* Here is one of the means whereby Shakespeare times his dramas. In the first scene of the 2nd Act, Boyet says "the packet is not come," and promises that "to-morrow" the king shall have a sight of its contents; now, the fact that "to-morrow" is arrived is verified by the words, "to-day we shall have our despatch,"—the "packet" in question; thus giving us the time at which the 4th Act opens.

(3) *A stand where you, &c.* See Note 26, Act v., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(4) *Good my glass.* The Princess calls the Forester her "glass" because he represents her faithfully.

(5) *Oh, heresy in fair.* "Fair" is here, as often elsewhere, used substantively for 'beauty.'

(6) *Curst.* Shrewish. See Note 1, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing." "Self-sovereignty" here means sovereignty vested in self, not exercised over self.

(7) *Here comes a member of the commonwealth.* This line has been given by many editors to the Princess; but it seems quite as naturally to belong to Boyet, to whom it is assigned in the Folio. The old courtier calls Costard "a member of the commonwealth" because he is a commoner, one of the common herd; and because he belongs to the consociation formed by the king "to keep those

statutes recorded in this schedule," mentioned at the opening of the play.

(8) *God dig-you-den.* A corruption of 'God give you good even.'

(9) *Break up this capon.* To "break up" was a technicality in carving, when applied to fowls; and also a technicality in opening letters, as appears from various passages in our old English dramatists. A "capon" was a term for a love-letter; as *poulet*, with the French, was a term for a *billet-doux*. The occasion of these names is said, by some authorities, to be the fashion of secretly conveying notes of gallantry in fowls sent as presents; by others (French explainers of the word), to be the manner of folding these amorous epistles; which was to twist them into two points resembling the wings of a chicken. That it was an old French term, thus equivocally used, we have evidence in passages of Molière, and in anecdotes from the history of Henry IV. of France (one of which is that the king's sister, Catherine, said to La Varenne, who had been her cook before being governor of Anjou, "You have gained much more by carrying my brother's pullets than by larding mine"); and that it is a modern term still used in France, we find from seeing packets of French stationery labelled '*Poulet batonné*,' meaning 'Ruled Note-paper.' It is possible that the analogy between pullets and notes originally arose from the Italian word *pollizetta*; which meant a little letter, note, or billet, and which sounded like *pollicetta*, a young fowl or pullet.

(10) *Illustrate.* Sometimes used by writers of Shakespeare's time for 'illustrious.'

(11) *Zenelophon.* This name is thus printed in the Folio, though it is printed in the version of the ballad alluded to in Note 51, Act i., 'Penelophon,' and though some say that the latter sounds more like the name of a woman. But Armado may have thought that though Penelophon is like Penelope, a Grecian woman's name,



stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.—Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, re-pasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.<sup>12</sup>

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps<sup>13</sup> here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,<sup>14</sup> and one that makes sport To the prince and his bookmates.

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word: Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my Lord Birón, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—

[To Ros.] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.<sup>15</sup>

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and train.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?<sup>16</sup>

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.<sup>17</sup>

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well, then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever<sup>18</sup> of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it?

*Ros.*

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,<sup>19</sup>  
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

*Boyet.*

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! Oh, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow-hand!<sup>20</sup> i' faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.<sup>21</sup>

She's too hard for you at this, sir: challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing.<sup>22</sup> Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony<sup>23</sup> vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato<sup>24</sup> o' the one side,—oh, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological<sup>25</sup> nit!

[*Shouting within.*] *Sola, sola!*<sup>26</sup>

[*Exit COSTARD, running.*]

"Zenelophon" is more like what he conceives an African beggar-maid's should be: and the scene of the ballad-story is in Africa.

(12) *Going o'er it erewhile.* The Princess puns on the words "style" and "stile" (See Note 30, Act i.); and "erewhile" means "just now," "quite lately," "a short time ago."

(13) *Keeps.* Used here, and elsewhere, in the sense of dwells, remains, resides.

(14) *A phantasm, a Monarcho.* "Phantasm" is here used in the sense of 'fantastic.' "Monarcho" was the name of an Italian, a Bergamasco, known about the court, whose craze it was to fancy himself king of the world; he is mentioned by other writers at that time.

(15) *'Twill be thine another day.* The Princess gives Rosaline the letter to keep; adding that it will become hers by being exchanged for her own some day, when hers will come in its turn.

(16) *Who is the suitor?* "Suitor" was pronounced like 'shooter;' which affords the pun here.

(17) *Continent of beauty.* Boyet's whimsical way of calling Rosaline a container of beauty, instead of a possessor of beauty: and of inferring that she has as large a share as would compose a hemisphere.

(18) *Queen Guinever.* Wife to King Arthur. Her story is made

familiar to readers of the present day in Tennyson's beautiful "Idylls of the King."

(19) *Hit it.* There was an old song, or dance, of this name.

(20) *Wide o' the bow-hand.* A term in archery for a shot too much to the left of the mark.

(21) *The clout.* The white mark at which archers took aim.

(22) *Rubbing.* A term of the bowling-green, for impediments in the course of the bowl. Boyet plays on the word in its sense of snubbing, meeting with checks or rough retorts, in the course of his rallying-about with Maria.

(23) *Incony.* Here this word, meaning delectable, delightful, seems to have still more direct analogy with the word "canny" in its sense of 'knowing,' as derived from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know. See Note 27, Act iii.

(24) *Armato.* Costard's mispronunciation of Armado. In this passage, the clown seems to revert ponderingly to Armado's and Moth's cleverness in talk, as the school in which he has lately taken a lesson, thus enabling him on the present occasion to join the ladies in "putting down" Boyet.

(25) *Pathetical.* Originally did not, as now, mean calculated to inspire pity or grief; but meant powerfully moving, passionately eloquent.

(26) *Sola, sola!* Shakespeare uses this to express shouting in

SCENE II.—*Another part of the park.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;<sup>27</sup> ripe as a pomewater,<sup>28</sup> who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.<sup>29</sup>

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.<sup>30</sup>

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed<sup>31</sup> fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice-sod<sup>32</sup> simplicity, *bis coctus*! Oh, thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be—

Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.<sup>33</sup>

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning,<sup>34</sup> to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*,<sup>35</sup> say I; being of an old father's mind,—

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

excitement. Costard hears the noise of the hunters, and runs to join them and see the sport.

(27) *In blood*. A term of the chase; signifying in season, in good condition, fit for killing.

(28) *Pomewater*. A then favourite kind of apple.

(29) *A buck of the first head*. Here, and in the course of the scene, the deer is called by the various distinctive names that it then bore in the language of the chase; and these are enumerated in a play entitled "The Return from Parnassus," 1606, as follow:—"A buck is the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorel; the fourth year, a sore; the fifth year, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck."

(30) *Haud credo*. The pedagogue rejoins in Latin—"I don't believe so; which Dull mistakes for one of the terms expressive of the deer's age. It is a perfect exemplification of pedantry (as defined by Sydney Smith to be "an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathise"), Holofernes using sentences which it is impossible Dull can understand, and then despising him for misinterpreting them.

(31) *Unconfirmed*. Ignorant, unskilled, unproficient. See Note 45, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(32) *Twice-sod*. "Sod" is a form of 'sodden,' or 'seethed,' the preterite of 'to seethe.' The application of seethed, boiled, cooked, to stupidity, probably originated in the antithesis (with similitude of sound) between the two Latin words *doctus*, learned, and *coctus*, seethed.

(33) *More than he*. 'More than in him.' This license is here taken for the sake of rhyme.

(34) *A patch set on learning*. "Patch" is here used in its sense of

*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, And raught not<sup>36</sup> to five weeks when he came to fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.<sup>37</sup>

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* Lord comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollusion<sup>38</sup> holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*,<sup>39</sup> good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.<sup>40</sup>

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter,<sup>41</sup> for it argues facility.

The preyful princess<sup>42</sup> pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores: oh, sore l!<sup>43</sup> Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more l.

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw,<sup>44</sup> look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolu-

a piece of stuff used as a repair, and in its sense of fool, blockhead, numskull. See Note 11, Act iii., "Tempest."

(35) *Omne bene*. Latin; all's well.

(36) *Raught not*. Reached not, did not attain.

(37) *The exchange*. This refers to the substitution of Adam's name by Holofernes for Cain's name as used by Dull.

(38) *Pollusion*. Dull gives this word and "collusion" as a repetition of "allusion;" and this variation might suffice to show that Shakespeare intended these differences in blunders; therein (as usual) being more true to nature than some of his editors, who are bent on making him what they call "consistent," when they square these kind of errors into uniformity.

(39) *Perge*. Latin; go on, proceed, continue.

(40) *Abrogate scurrility*. Abolish impropriety. Shakespeare uses "scurrility" for coarseness of language, ribaldry.

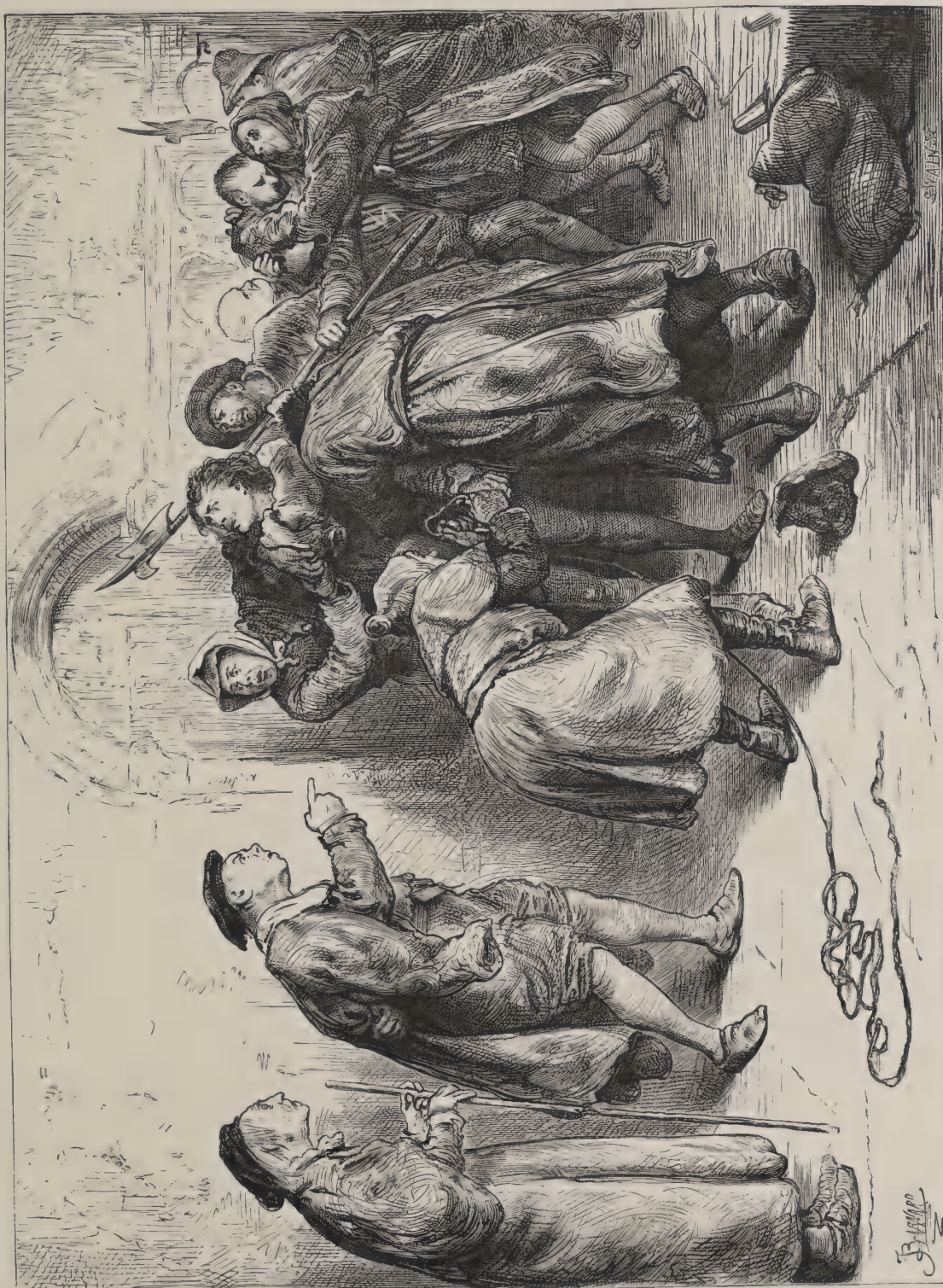
(41) *Affect the letter*. Lean towards alliteration. The composition of verses introducing words beginning with the same letter was an affectation in vogue at that time, which Shakespeare has more than once satirised.

(42) *The preyful princess*. "Preyful" is an affected epithet coined by Holofernes to signify pursuing prey or game.

(43) *Oh, sore l!* There is a pun here on the word "sorel," as signifying a three-year-old deer, and as signifying a wound (also a four-year-old deer) with an l added; the latter being the Roman numeral for fifty.

(44) *If a talent be a claw*. There is a quibble on the words "talent" and "talon." To "claw" is a verb vulgarly used to signify flattering, currying favour. See Note 52, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."





Engraved by J. SWAIN.

# DOGERRY AND THE WATCH.

*Dogberry.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?  
 "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," Act IV., Scene II.

Drawn by F. BARNARD.







*Princess.* Stand aside, good bearer — Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

*Act IV. Scene I.*





tions: these are begot in the ventricle<sup>45</sup> of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,<sup>46</sup> and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*,<sup>47</sup> if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*.<sup>48</sup> A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.<sup>49</sup>

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on.<sup>50</sup> And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master person [*giving a letter to NATH.*], be so good as to read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,<sup>51</sup>—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*Venegia, Venegia,*<sup>52</sup>  
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.<sup>53</sup>—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his [*sees the writing in the letter*].—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine*.<sup>54</sup>

*Nath.* [*Reads.*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon love this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. [*Takes the letter.*] Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*.<sup>55</sup> Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*<sup>56</sup> is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse<sup>57</sup> his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.<sup>58</sup>

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript: [*reads*]

To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.

I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: [*reads*]

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent<sup>59</sup> of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear

(45) *Ventricle*. Stomach. The ancients had a theory that the stomach was the seat of the intellect.

(46) *Pia mater*. A thin and delicate membrane which lies under the *dura mater*, and immediately covers the substance of the brain.

(47) *Mehercle*. A form of *mehercule*, or *mehercules*; a Latin exclamation, meaning 'By Hercules,' or 'So help me, Hercules.'

(48) *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. 'That man knows much (or is wise) who speaks little.'

(49) *Master person*. 'Parson' was often spelt and pronounced 'person'; and, indeed, the title is derived from the Latin, *persona ecclesiæ*.

(50) *Quasi pers-on*. 'Quasi' means 'as it were,' or 'almost.' 'Pers-on' is a stiff and very forced play on the word, in allusion to the pronunciation (which was then not uncommon) of 'pierce' like 'perse,' and 'one' like 'on.'

(51) *Fauste, precor gelidâ, &c.* This is the beginning of a Latin eclogue by Baptista Spagnolus, surnamed *Mantuanus*, from the place of his birth. The pedants of that time preferred his writings to those of Virgil; and Holofernes quotes this line from his first eclogue as a favourite poem.

(52) *Venegia, Venegia, &c.* This Italian proverb, in honour of Venice, was well known in Shakespeare's time.

(53) *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*. Shakespeare makes Holofernes hum the notes of the musical scale, or gamut, to denote his impatience while Sir Nathaniel reads over the letter to himself.

(54) *Lege, domine*. 'Read, sir.' Holofernes here addresses Sir Nathaniel by his clerical title. See Note 2, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(55) *Caret*. It is wanting, it is not here.

(56) *Imitari*. To imitate.

(57) *The 'tired horse*. The horse attired or decked out with trappings; the horse ornamented and trained for exhibition.

(58) *Ay, sir, from one, &c.* This speech is, in the Folio, assigned to Jaquenetta; and also by subsequent editors given to her, though they own that they cannot make its import accord with her having previously said that the letter was sent to her from Don Armado. But it is evident that the speech belongs to Sir Nathaniel, who replies for Jaquenetta, though she is addressed. In the first place, he usually begins his speeches to Holofernes with "Ay, sir;" and in the next, Holofernes sets the mistake respecting Biron right by the words—"Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king;" showing who it is that has made the mistake of asserting that Biron is "one of the strange queen's lords." Moreover, many of the prefixes throughout this scene, in the Folio, are obviously misappropriated.

(59) *A sequent*. A follower.



colourable colours.<sup>60</sup> But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*;<sup>61</sup> where I will prove those verses<sup>62</sup> to be very unlearned, neither

shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.<sup>64</sup> Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the park.

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am



*Holofernes.* What, my soul, verses?

*Sir Nathaniel.* Ay, sir, and very learned. Act IV. Scene II.

savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes,<sup>63</sup> the text most infallibly concludes it. [To DULL.] Sir, I do invite you too; you

coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch<sup>65</sup>—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow!<sup>66</sup> for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep;<sup>67</sup> it kills me, I a sheep: well

(60) *I do fear colourable colours.* A proverbial phrase of the time (borrowed from the military profession) was, 'Fear no colours'; and Holofernes alludes to it here, owning that he does mistrust appearances that wear a show of plausibility.

(61) *Ben venuto.* Welcome.

(62) *I will prove those verses, &c.* The pedantic schoolmaster's eagerness to depreciate the lines of another, while seizing every opportunity to spout his own and get them belauded, is not only characteristic, but is a satire on one of the glaring follies of that time, also pungently held up to ridicule by Molière in those admirable scenes of his "*Misanthrope*," "*Femmes Savantes*," and "*Précieuses Ridicules*;" where Oronte, Trissotin, and Mascarille, each in their several styles of conceit, remind one of Holofernes' itch to

bring forward his verse-compositions. The finishing touch to the pedant's absurdity is given in his desire to have even Dull among his audience: "Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay." In his fever to show off, even Dull is welcome, to swell the company of admiring listeners.

(63) *Certes.* Certainly, assuredly.

(64) *Pauca verba.* Few words.

(65) *I am toiling in a pitch.* Biron plays on the word "pitch," as a snare or entanglement; declaring that he is "defiled," or degraded by falling into that snare (love) which he had always contemned.

(66) *Sit thee down, sorrow!* See Note 40, Act I.

(67) *It kills sheep.* Alluding to the account of Ajax: who, in his mad rage at having the arms of the dead hero, Hector, adjudged to



proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. Oh, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.<sup>68</sup>—Here comes one with a paper: Heaven give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt<sup>69</sup> under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!

King. [Reads.]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
Oh, queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.

[Aside.] What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

Long. Ah me, I am forsworn!

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers!<sup>70</sup>

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Ulysses instead of to himself, slew a whole flock of sheep in mistake for the sons of Atreus; they having pronounced for Ulysses.

(68) *If the other three were in.* Again alluding to the snare into which he himself has fallen, and into which he could wish his three consociates might fall.

(69) *Bird-bolt.* See Note 7, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(70) *Like a perjure, wearing papers.* "Perjure" is an old form of 'perjurer'; and it was the penalty for one convicted of perjury to wear papers on the breast, describing the offence.

(71) *Shape of Love's Tyburn.* The gallows at Tyburn was of triangular form.

(72) *Guards.* Trimmings, facings, ornaments. See Note 21, Act iii., "Measure for Measure."

(73) *Disfigure not his slop.* The Folio gives 'shop' (altered by some editors to 'shape') for "slop," which accords best with "hose" in the preceding line. See Note 25, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn<sup>71</sup> that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—

Oh, sweet Maria, empress of my love!—

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] Oh, rhymes are guards<sup>72</sup> on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.<sup>73</sup>

Long. This same shall go.— [Reads.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,—

'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,—

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein,<sup>74</sup> which makes flesh a deity,

A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

Heav'n amend us, Heav'n amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [Steps aside.

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid,<sup>75</sup> an old infant play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill!<sup>76</sup> Oh, heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks<sup>77</sup> in a dish!

Dum. Oh, most divine Kate!

Biron. [Aside.] Oh, most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. [Aside.] By earth, she is not: corporal, there you lie.<sup>78</sup>

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.<sup>79</sup>

Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

(74) *This is the liver vein.* See Note 7, Act iv., "Tempest."

(75) *All hid, all hid.* The child's game now known as 'hide-and-seek.'

(76) *More sacks to the mill.* The name of a boyish sport; where there is a heaping up of players.

(77) *Four woodcocks.* "Woodcock" was used for a brainless fellow. See Note 26, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(78) *By earth, she is not: corporal, &c.* This has been altered in stopping, and in changing "not" to 'but,' by those who find the passage, as it stands, difficult of comprehension. But, to our thinking, it may be thus interpreted: Biron contradicts Dumain in his assertion that Katharine is "the wonder of a mortal eye;" and styles him "corporal," as he has before called himself a "corporal of his (Love's) field," and in allusion to his being "mortal," material, or corporeal,—for which latter word Shakespeare often uses "corporal."

(79) *Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.* "Coted" is here

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no  
sun must shine.

*Dum.* Oh, that I had my wish!

*Long.* [*Aside.*] And I had mine!

*King.* [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good lord!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine: is not  
that a good word?

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood! why, then  
incision

Would let her out in saucers:<sup>80</sup> sweet misprision!

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have  
writ.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love  
can vary wit.

*Dum.* [*Reads.*]

On a day—alack the day!—  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air;  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Thou, for whom Jove<sup>81</sup> would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting<sup>82</sup> pain.  
Oh, would the king, Birón, and Longaville,  
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note;  
For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [*Advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far from  
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

used in its sense of gone side by side with, surpassed, outvied; and in its sense of quoted (often thus pronounced), observed, marked, noted. Thus Dumain means that in the varied shades of colour and clouded beauty of amber, his mistress's hair surpasses it; and that in comparison with her hair, amber may be cited as ugly.

(80) *Incision would let her out in saucers.* "Incision" is (strictly) cutting as in surgery; but Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses it for "blood-letting." It was a fashion for young gallants to wound themselves in the arm, as a proof of devotion, that they might toast their lady's name, or write it, in the liquor that flowed.

(81) *Thou, for whom Jove.* "Thou" (as printed in the old copies) has been sometimes changed to 'Thee,' as an emphatic repetition of the final word of the preceding line; but the change is not needful.

(82) *Fasting.* Used in the sense of famishing, hungering, longing, desirous.

(83) *Wreathèd arms.* Crossed arms, folded arms. The same expression occurs in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii., sc. 1,

*King.* [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush: as his  
your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile,

Nor never lay his wreathèd arms<sup>83</sup> athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush:

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ah me! says one; Oh Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

[*To Long.*] You would for paradise break faith and  
troth;

[*To Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe  
an oath.

What will Birón say when that he shall hear

Faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[*Descends from the tree.*]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms<sup>84</sup> for loving, that are most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches;<sup>85</sup> in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears;

You'll not be perjurd, 'tis a hateful thing;

Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting:

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did  
see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

Oh, what a scene of foolery have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!<sup>86</sup>

Oh me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformèd to a gnat;<sup>87</sup>

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,<sup>88</sup>

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And Critic Timon<sup>89</sup> laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief, oh, tell me, good Dumain?

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the breast:—

A caudle, ho!

where Speed tells his master that he has "learned to wreath his arms like a mal-content."

(84) *These worms.* Biron uses this epithet here for human beings submitting to their mortal destiny of falling in love, as Prospero uses it when he sees his daughter yield to her fascination for Ferdinand:—"Poor worm! thou art infected."

(85) *Your eyes do make no coaches.* Biron alludes to the line in the king's sonnet, "No drop but as a coach doth carry thee." The Folio misprints 'couches' for "coaches" here.

(86) *Teen.* Grief, trouble. See Note 19, Act i., "Tempest."

(87) *Gnat.* Used here, and elsewhere, by Shakespeare, to express something extra small and insignificant.

(88) *Gig.* A kind of top, made of horn; like a cup, and hollow.

(89) *Critic Timon.* "Critic" is here used in the sense of 'cynic,' as Biron has previously used the same word for a harsh censor, a rigorous reviewer, where he says he has been "a very beadle to a humorous sigh; a critic, nay, a night-watch constable." The term originally meant a judge, an examiner; one who discerned and



*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?  
*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by  
you:  
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
To break the vow I am engag'd in;  
I am betray'd, by keeping company  
With men, like men,<sup>90</sup> of strange inconstancy.  
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
Or groan for Joan?<sup>91</sup> or spend a minute's time  
In pruning me?<sup>92</sup> When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
A gait, a state,<sup>93</sup> a brow, a breast, a waist,  
A leg, a limb?<sup>94</sup>—  
*King.* Soft! whither away so fast?  
A true man, or a thief,<sup>94</sup> that gallops so?  
*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA, with letter, and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!  
*King.* What present hast thou  
there?<sup>95</sup>  
*Cost.* Some certain treason.  
*King.* What makes treason  
here?<sup>96</sup>  
*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.  
*King.* If it mar nothing  
neither,  
The treason and you go in peace away together.  
*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be  
read:  
Our person<sup>97</sup> misdoubts it; it was treason, he  
said.  
*King.* Biron, read it over.—[*BIRON takes the letter  
from JAQUENETTA.*]  
Where hadst thou it?  
*Jaq.* Of Costard.  
*King.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.  
[*BIRON tears the letter.*]  
*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou  
tear it?  
*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs  
not fear it.  
*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.  
*Dum.* [*Picking up the pieces.*] It is Birón's  
writing, and here is his name.

pronounced on the *beauties* as well as defects of a literary work; but in the proneness of men to find fault, the word soon came to signify almost wholly a discoverer of blemishes and blamer of demerits.

(90) *With men, like men.* This has been variously changed to 'moon-like men,' 'vane-like men,' &c.; but the passage, as it stands, appears to us to mean—'with men, like men (men in general, or mankind), of strange inconstancy.' The first Folio omits the word 'strange;' which was supplied in the second, 1632.

(91) *Groan for Joan?* This has been altered to 'groan for love;' but besides that we lose the jocular effect of the chiming sound between 'groan' and 'Joan,' it has been already pointed out that Shakespeare uses 'Joan' to represent the ordinary race of woman-kind. See Note 44, Act iii.

(92) *Pruning me.* Arranging myself, setting myself in order, making myself spruce; as a bird trims and smooths out his feathers.

(93) *A state.* The word 'state' here seems to include the meaning of stationary position, dignity and grace while standing still, and stature.

*Biron.* [*To COSTARD.*] Ah, you loggerhead! you  
were born to do me shame.—  
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.  
*King.* What?  
*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to  
make up the mess:<sup>98</sup>  
He, he, and you,—and you, my liege,—and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
Oh, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you  
more.  
*Dum.* Now the number is even.  
*Biron.* True, true; we are  
four.—  
Will these turtles be gone?  
*King.* Hence, sirs; away!  
*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the  
traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, oh, let us  
embrace!  
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his  
face;  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hands<sup>99</sup> must we be forsworn.  
*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love  
of thine?  
*Biron.* Did they, quoth<sup>100</sup> you? Who sees the  
heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?  
*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee  
now?  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.  
*Biron.* My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I Birón:  
Oh, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants that want itself doth  
seek.

(94) *A true man, or a thief.* See Note 40, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(95) *What present hast thou there?* The word "present" here has been changed to 'peasant' and to 'presentment.' But "present" is here used in the sense (which it bears in legal language) of a letter or mandate exhibited *per presentes* (by these presents). Shakespeare has introduced this very law phrase in "As You Like It," i. 2.—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."

(96) *What makes treason here?* What does treason do here? See Note 26, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(97) *Our person.* See Note 49, Act iv.

(98) *Mess.* As at great festive dinners the company was usually divided into fours, called *messes*, and served together, the word came to mean a set of four persons.

(99) *Of all hands.* This idiomatic phrase has been explained to have the same signification as 'in any hand;' that is, in any case, at any rate, at all events. But inasmuch as "of" was often used for 'on,' the phrase seems to us to mean 'on all hands,' on all sides, on every account.

(100) *Quoth.* Said. Gothic, *quithan*, to say.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
 Fie, painted rhetoric! oh, she needs it not:  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,—  
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.  
 A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:  
 Oh, tis the sun that maketh all things shine.  
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.  
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? Oh, wood divine!  
 A wife of such wood were felicity.  
 Oh, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,  
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
 No face is fair that is not full so black.  
*King.* Oh, paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
 The hue of dungeons, and the scowl<sup>101</sup> of night!  
 And beauty's crest<sup>102</sup> becomes the heavens well.  
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits  
 of light.  
 Oh, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair<sup>103</sup>  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect!  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days,  
 For native blood is counted painting now;  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black,<sup>104</sup> to imitate her brow.  
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers  
 black.  
*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted  
 bright.  
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
 crack.  
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is  
 light.  
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
 For fear their colours should be wash'd away.  
*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you  
 plain,  
 I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday  
 here.  
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as  
 she.  
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.  
*Long.* Look, here's thy love [*showing his shoe*]:  
 my foot and her face see.  
*Biron.* Oh, if the streets were pavèd with thine  
 eyes,  
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!  
*King.* But what of this? are we not all in love?  
*Biron.* Oh, nothing so sure; and thereby all  
 forsworn.  
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now  
 prove  
 Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.  
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this  
 evil.  
*Long.* Oh, some authority how to proceed;  
 Some tricks, some quillets,<sup>105</sup> how to cheat the  
 devil.  
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.  
*Biron.* Oh, 'tis more than  
 need.—  
 Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms!<sup>106</sup>  
 Consider what you first did swear unto,—  
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman;—  
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
 Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;  
 And abstinence engenders maladies.  
 And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
 In that each of you have forsworn his book,—  
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?  
 For when would you,<sup>107</sup> my lord, or you, or you,  
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
 Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,—  
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean  
 fire.  
 Why, universal plodding prisons<sup>108</sup> up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,<sup>109</sup>

(101) *Scowl*. Misprinted 'schoole' in the Folio. 'Stole,' 'shade,' 'soil,' have been proposed; but "scowl" (Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald) seems best, as nearest to the word given in the old copy.

(102) *Beauty's crest*. A poetic equivalent for 'fairness;' as the opposite to "black," in the previous line. "Crest" is used in conformity with "badge;" both being heraldic terms.

(103) *Usurping hair*. Alluding to the false hair then fashionably worn. See Note 53, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(104) *Paints itself black*. "Black" was often used for what we now call 'dark.' These recurring allusions to Rosaline's being a dark-complexioned beauty, and the emphatic eulogium passed upon brunette charms in this play, consist markedly with the praises lavished on a black-haired and black-eyed beauty in Shakespeare's Sonnets, 127 and 132; and it is possible that the passages thus distinguished in "Love's Labour's Lost" were inserted at a subsequent period to its first composition. There are several indications that this drama was a re-written one, re-touched and altered, as if its author, when producing it on the stage, modified certain passages; and this makes for our opinion, that it was originally written at an early period of his life, and brought out in London some years afterwards. 1598 is the date of the first Quarto copy published, Shakespeare then being about thirty-four years of age; and it strikes us that that was probably the period when the poet was enthralled by the dark beauty of the "Sonnets," whose unworthiness he deprecates at the very time that he extols her attractions.

(105) *Quillets*. The word "quillet" is supposed to have been derived from the Latin *quidlibet*, 'what you please;' or perhaps from 'quiblet' as the diminutive of 'quibble;' or possibly was a corruption of the French *Qu'il est*, 'that it is' (which phrase formed

the commencement of allegations in law proceedings), as the word "quillet" frequently has a legal reference in Shakespeare's use of the term. It means a sophistical quibble, a subtlety of evasion, a pretended ground of argument.

(106) *Affection's men-at-arms*. A man-at-arms is a soldier armed at all points, offensively and defensively; therefore, by "affection's men-at-arms," Biron means that they are Love's soldiers well armed by argument to enrol themselves under his leadership.

(107) *For when would you, &c.* The essence of this, and the following five lines, are so closely repeated farther on in the speech, that they are believed to be an altered passage of the author, left in by mistake, and accordingly are omitted from the text by some modern editors. The same thing applies to the eight lines commencing "For where is any author," &c.; but we have given the speech entire, as it stands in the Folio, because it is hazardous to determine where the erasures were originally made.

(108) *Prisons*. Misprinted 'poysons' in the Folio.

(109) *Arteries*. Shakespeare, with his universal knowledge—so universal as to seem miraculous that one man's brain should possess its vast amount,—used this word here, apparently aware that it included nerves as well as blood-channels: for Quincy informs us that "each artery is composed of three coats, of which the first seems to be a thread of fine blood-vessels and nerves;" and certainly, the effect of bookish "plodding" affects the "spirits" and the nervous system, as well as the current of the blood and the blood itself. The poet's pathological knowledge is so accurate as to make pathologists believe he must have been a student in pathology; as his botanical knowledge, his nautical knowledge, his legal knowledge, make botanists, mariners, and lawyers each believe him to have made their several pursuits his particular study.





King. Ah me!  
Biron. [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!

Act IV. Scene III.





As motion and long-during action tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
 And study too, the causer of your vow;  
 For where is any author in the world  
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 Oh, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books:  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation, have found out  
 Such fiery numbers<sup>110</sup> as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep<sup>111</sup> the brain;  
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:  
 But love, first learn'd in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immur'd in the brain;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye,—  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled<sup>112</sup> snails:  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in  
 taste:  
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?<sup>113</sup>  
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
 And when Love speaks, the voice<sup>114</sup> of all the  
 gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:  
 Oh, then his lines would ravish savage ears,

(110) *Numbers*. The poetical word for verses, rhythmical lines. The word is thus used by Holofernes in the previous scene, where he says—"Here are only *numbers* ratified." The meaning of the present passage is, 'When would you, in heavy plodding, have been inspired with such ardent poetry, as your ladies' eyes have suggested?'

(111) *Keep*. Used for occupy, dwell in, reside in.

(112) *Cockled*. This term comprises a double meaning: that of shelled, like a cockle-fish; and of spiral-formed, from the Latin *cochlea*, a screw. The comparison of "Love's feeling" to the tender horns of the snail, can scarcely be surpassed in felicity of simile,—nothing being more shrinkingly susceptible, more delicately sensitive, than they are.

(113) *Hesperides*. The name given to the daughters of Hesperus, who were appointed to guard the golden apples presented by Juno to Jupiter, and kept in the renowned garden watched by a dragon. One of the labours of Hercules was to procure some of this vigilantly kept fruit. Shakespeare, by an ellipsis in use with other writers of his time as well as himself, calls the garden of the Hesperides "the Hesperides."

(114) *And when Love speaks, the voice, &c.* The sense of this beautiful couplet has been variously explained; to our thinking it means—"When Love speaks, the accordant voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."

(115) *Promethean fire*. The fire for which Prometheus climbed the heavens; stealing it from the chariot of the sun, and with it animating the clay man and woman he had made. The creative

And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;<sup>115</sup>  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;<sup>116</sup>  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;  
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn;  
 For charity itself fulfils the law,—  
 And who can sever love from charity?

*King*. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron*. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.<sup>117</sup>

*Long*. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by:<sup>118</sup>

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King*. And win them too: therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron*. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon  
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
 Forerun fair Love,<sup>119</sup> strewing her way with flowers.

*King*. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
 That will be time,<sup>120</sup> and may by us be fitted.

*Biron*. *Allons! allons!*<sup>121</sup>—Sow'd cockle reap'd<sup>122</sup> no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt*.]

element that sparkles forth from women's eyes is elegantly styled "the right Promethean fire."

(116) *A word that loves all men*. 'A word that is pleasing to all men.' This form of phrase was not unusual in Shakespeare's time; as, "it likes me well," for 'it pleases me well.' In the present passage, this form is used for the sake of antithesis with "a word that all men love."

(117) *Get the sun*. It was a great object in contests of archery, to have the sun at the back of the bowmen. In modern days of pugilism, the boxers "toss up for the sun."

(118) *Glozes*. Special pleadings, sophistical representations; insinuations, innuendoes.

(119) *Love*. Used for Venus, Queen of Love. See Note 25, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(120) *That will be time*. 'Sufficient' must be understood before "time." This ellipsis means—"We will omit to use no time that can be made sufficient time for getting up the proposed "revels," "dances," or "masks."

(121) *Allons! allons!* A French exclamation of encouragement; 'let us go,' 'let us be gone!' The Folio misprints the word 'alone' in this passage, and in the next scene of the present play; while in "Henry V.," iii. 4, it gives it 'alons.'

(122) *Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn*. An old proverb; quoted by Biron here as apposite to the point that he and his associates, having begun by forswearing themselves, may perchance gain ladies equally untrue to their vows.





*Holofernes.* He is too peregrinate, as I may call it.  
*Sir Nathaniel.* A most singular and choice epithet.

Act V. Scene I.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Another part of the park.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Hol.* *Satis quod sufficit.*<sup>1</sup>

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your reasons<sup>2</sup> at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>3</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion,<sup>4</sup> and strange without heresy.<sup>5</sup> I did converse this *quondam*<sup>6</sup> day with a companion of the king's, who is

intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem tanquam te:*<sup>7</sup> his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>8</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.<sup>9</sup> He is too picked,<sup>10</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate,<sup>11</sup> as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity

(1) *Satis quod sufficit.* Literally, 'that satisfies which is sufficient;' freely, 'enough is as good as a feast.'

(2) *Reasons.* Here used, as 'reason' elsewhere is, for discourse, conversation; the French use the verb *raisonner* for to talk, to discourse, to converse.

(3) *Affection.* Used for 'affectation.' "Audacious" here means bold in fancy and originality.

(4) *Opinion.* Here used for dogmatism, or for being opinionated.

(5) *Strange without heresy.* Shakespeare employs the word "strange" with large latitude of meaning. Here, and elsewhere (for instance, at the close of the immediately preceding scene, we have "some strange pastime"), he uses the word in anything but an

unfavourable sense. "Strange without heresy" seems to signify 'New and striking without being heretical.'

(6) *Quondam.* The word strictly means 'having formerly existed.' But here, it is affectedly used by Holofernes in the phrase "This *quondam* day" to signify the portion of the day gone by, the forenoon.

(7) *Novi hominem tanquam te.* 'I know the man as well as thyself.'

(8) *Filed.* Polished.

(9) *Thrasonical.* A word coined in allusion to Thraso; a boasting character in one of Terence's comedies.

(10) *Picked.* Over-nice, too particular or precise.

(11) *Peregrinate.* The pedant uses this word in its Latin sense of



finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,<sup>12</sup> such insociable and point-devise<sup>13</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur*<sup>14</sup> nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This

*Nath.* *Videsne quis venit?*<sup>19</sup>

*Hol.* *Video, et gaudeo.*<sup>20</sup>

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Arm.* [*To MOTH.*] Chirrah!

*Hol.* *Quare*<sup>21</sup> chirrah, not sirrah?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountered.



*Holofernes.* I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

*Moth.* The sheep; the other two concludes it,—o, u.

*Armado.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit.

*Act V. Scene I.*

is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie;<sup>15</sup> *ne intelligis, domine?*<sup>16</sup> to make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath.* *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*<sup>17</sup>

*Hol.* Bone!—bone for bene: Priscian<sup>18</sup> a little scratched; 'twill serve.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* [*Aside to COSTARD.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* [*Aside to MOTH.*] Oh, they have lived long on the alms-basket<sup>22</sup> of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so

*peregrinus*, foreign, outlandish; and in its sense of travelling out of common forms or ordinary courses.

(12) *Phantasms*. Fantastics. See Note 14, Act iv.

(13) *Point-devise*. Precise, finical, over-exact. From the French *point de vice*, without vice or blemish.

(14) *Vocatur*. Is called.

(15) *Insanie*. Misprinted 'infamie' in the Folio; but probably "insanie" is a word that Holofernes mints from the Latin, *insania*, madness, distraction.

(16) *Ne intelligis, domine?* 'Dost thou not understand me, sir?'

(17) *Laus Deo, bone intelligo*. 'Praise to God, I understand good.' The pedagogue instantly snaps at the slip in the curate's

Latin, and corrects him by substituting "bene" (well) for "bone" (good).

(18) *Priscian*. A famous grammarian at Athens (in the age of the Emperor Justinian); who would have winced at Sir Nathaniel's blunder.

(19) *Videsne quis venit?* 'Dost thou not see who is coming?'

(20) *Video, et gaudeo*. 'I see, and I rejoice.' It is edifying to observe how the schoolmaster's disgust at the dealer in fine words abates at his approach; and actually takes the shape of adulation when he arrives.

(21) *Quare*. Wherefore. Holofernes catches at Armado's affected pronunciation of chirrah for sirrah.

(22) *Alms-basket*. It was the custom for pieces of broken meat



long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:<sup>23</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.<sup>24</sup>

*Moth.* [*Aside to COSTARD.*] Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* [*To HOL.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.<sup>25</sup>—What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*,<sup>26</sup> with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*,<sup>27</sup> thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

*Moth.* The sheep; the other two concludes it,—o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew<sup>28</sup> of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.<sup>29</sup>

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,<sup>30</sup>—a gig of a blockhead's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. Oh, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unquem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*;<sup>31</sup> we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house<sup>32</sup> on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.<sup>33</sup>

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure

and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled; choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend:—for what is inward<sup>34</sup> between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy<sup>35</sup>—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,<sup>36</sup> with my mustachio,—but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world,—but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,<sup>37</sup> with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate,<sup>38</sup> and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great;<sup>39</sup> the page, Hercules,—

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.*—Shall I have audience?<sup>40</sup> he shall present

from the tables of the rich to be put into a basket and given to the poor; therefore Moth and Costard call the stilted language they are listening to, ors, or refuse bits.

(23) *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*. Alluded to by other writers besides Shakespeare as the longest word in the language.

(24) *A flap-dragon*. A small ignited substance; which toppers used to set floating on their wine, and swallow as a dashing feat.

(25) *Horn-book*. The first or alphabet book of children; the pages of which were covered with thin horn, to prevent soiling and tearing.

(26) *Pueritia*. 'Childhood.' Holofernes' affected name for the childish Moth.

(27) *Quis, quis*. 'Who, who.'

(28) *Venew*. Hit. A term of the fencing-school; French, *venue*. See Note 31, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(29) *Gig*. Top. See Note 88, Act iv.

(30) *Circum circa*. About and about; round and round.

(31) *Præambula*. By this word (printed in the Folio '*præambulat*') Armado may either mean 'Let us enter upon our discourse, commence our preamble;' or 'Let us walk about, apart, aside.' The context, 'We will be singled from the barbarous,' seems to indicate the latter; and that he leads Holofernes away from the others.

(32) *Charge-house*. Probably a common school, where a small stipend for tuition was paid; in contradistinction to a free school.

(33) *Sans*. French, without. See Note 51, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(34) *Inward*. Confidential; intimate. See Note 51, Act iii., "Measure for Measure."

(35) *Remember thy courtesy*. A phrase of the time, bidding a person who is courteously standing with his hat off to put it on; equivalent to 'Be covered.'

(36) *Excrement*. A word affectedly used (in its originally derived sense, from the Latin *excrecere*, to grow out of) for the hair or beard.

(37) *Chuck*. A term of endearment; a corruption of chick or chicken.

(38) *Illustrate*. Used for 'illustrious.' See Note 10, Act iv.

(39) *Pass Pompey the Great*. Shakespeare sometimes uses "pass" in the sense of 'pass muster for,' 'allowed to stand good as:' and here it is thus used (as is proved by the words "I am to stand for him," in the last scene); also meaning to 'represent,' 'enact,' in the same way that "present" is so used in the next speech but one.

(40) *Shall I have audience?* Holofernes' impatience at interruption, and his pomposity of rebuke, are thoroughly characteristic of the pedagogue accustomed to harangue rustic urchins standing struck dumb before him.



Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology<sup>41</sup> for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious,<sup>42</sup> though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antic.<sup>43</sup> I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*,<sup>44</sup> Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!*<sup>45</sup> we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.<sup>46</sup>

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull!—to our sport, away! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the park. Before the PRINCESS'S pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings<sup>47</sup> come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

(41) *Apology.* Here used for an address of explanation, justification, and vindication.

(42) *To make an offence gracious.* 'To pass off an awkwardness smoothly:' that is, by causing the hisses to seem those of the snake; and by drawing attention to the fact that there Hercules is in the period of childhood, when he destroyed the serpents sent by Juno to destroy him.

(43) *We will have, if this fadge not, an antic.* To "fadge" is to suit, to fit, to go off prosperously, to succeed. An "antic" is described in Armado's previous speech, where he talks of "some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework."

(44) *Via.* Used as an exclamation of encouragement. See Note 47, Act ii., "Merry Wives." It would be difficult to match this and the next little speech for a concentrated picturing of gape-mouthed inapprehensiveness. And yet this Dull is the man whom Holofernes was anxious to have as one of his auditors! See Note 62, Act iv.

(45) *Allons!* See Note 121, Act iv.

(46) *The hay.* Some authorities affirm that to "dance the hay" meant to dance in a ring, as country folk dance round a haycock; and this is probably the sense in which "honest Dull" uses the expression. Other authorities derive "the hay," or hey, from an old rural dance called 'haydigyes,' or 'heydeguyes,' while still others assert it to be borrowed from the French, as eight (*huit*)

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax,<sup>48</sup>

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows<sup>49</sup> too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might ha' been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse,<sup>50</sup> of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;<sup>51</sup>

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed I weigh<sup>52</sup> not you, and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—oh, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.<sup>53</sup>

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.<sup>54</sup>

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great;<sup>55</sup> be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:

The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

Oh, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Anything like?

*Ros.* Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.<sup>56</sup>

persons figured in it, and that it classed among their 'brawls.' See Note 3, Act iii.

(47) *Fairings.* Originally presents bought at a fair; but became used for presents or gifts generally.

(48) *Wax.* Used punningly in the sense of the verb 'to grow,' and the noun 'sealing-wax.'

(49) *Gallows.* The name of the gibbet early came to be applied to those deserving the gibbet.

(50) *Mouse.* Formerly used as a term of endearment, or of familiarity.

(51) *Taking it in snuff.* An idiom, meaning 'Taking it in anger;' there is also a pun on the word "snuff" (of a candle) in reference to the words "light" and "darkly."

(52) *Weigh.* Said in the sense of 'being equally heavy;' repeated, in the sense of 'value,' or 'esteem.'

(53) *Past cure is still past care.* An old proverb to which Rosaline refers; though the Folio transposes "cure" and "care."

(54) *Well bandied both; a set of wit, &c.* "Bandied" and "set" are terms borrowed from tennis-playing: a "set" meaning a game; and "to bandy" to send the ball from one to another.

(55) *My favour were as great.* Rosaline plays on the word "favour" here; in its sense of present or gift, of approval, and of beauty in countenance or appearance.

(56) *Fair as a text B in a copy-book.* In some early illuminated

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils, ho!<sup>57</sup> let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter:  
Oh, that your face were not so full of O's!<sup>58</sup>

*Kath.* A pest of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.<sup>59</sup>

*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and, moreover,  
Some thousand<sup>60</sup> verses of a faithful lover,—  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Birón I'll torture ere I go:

Oh, that I knew he were but in by the week!<sup>61</sup>  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless<sup>62</sup> rhymes,  
And shape his service wholly to my 'hests,  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!<sup>63</sup>  
So portent-like<sup>64</sup> would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.<sup>65</sup>

books, and, subsequently, printed alphabet-books, the letters were given in alternate colours of red and black. Rosaline, the dark beauty, is twitted with being like the letter B; and Katharine, the fair, light-haired beauty, is called "My red dominical, my golden letter." There is probably also allusion to the dominical letters and red-letter-days of calendars.

(57) *'Ware pencils, ho!* Misprinted *'Ware pensals*. How? in the Folio. Rosaline bids Katharine beware of drawing likenesses, for fear of retaliation.

(58) *So full of O's!* A way of saying 'so pitted with the small pox; for the sake of keeping up the punning allusion to letters of the alphabet.

(59) *I beshrew all shrows*. I curse all curst women; or, ill betide all ill-conditioned women. See Note 24, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(60) *Thousand*. Used for an indefinite number, a large amount. See Note 72, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(61) *In by the week!* A phrase formerly used when hiring attendants or labourers. Rosaline means to say, 'Oh, that I knew he were really engaged as my servant!' "servant" being then a term for a suitor or admirer. See Note 11, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(62) *Bootless*. Fruitless, useless, unproductive. See Note 15, Act i., "Tempest."

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Boyet.* Oh, I am stabb'd with laughter!<sup>66</sup>  
Where's her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—  
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are<sup>67</sup>  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armèd in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:  
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Denis to Saint Cupid!<sup>68</sup> What are they  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear,—  
That, by-and-by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conned his embassy:  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"  
And ever and anon they made a doubt  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."<sup>69</sup>  
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."  
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before;  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, "*Via!*"<sup>70</sup> we will do't, come what will come;"  
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

(63) *Make him proud to make me proud that jests!* 'Make him proud to minister to my pride who turn him into jest.'

(64) *Portent-like*. Misprinted 'pertaunt-like' in the Folio. Hamner suggested the correction; and Shakespeare uses the word "portent" for an embodiment of ascendancy, or impending influence.

(65) *Simplicity*. Here used for 'simpletonism;' as "profound simplicity" was employed by Katharine, a few speeches back, for 'deep shallowness, silliness, or simpletonism.'

(66) *Stabb'd with laughter!* Given the side-ache with laughter. There are modern equivalents in the phrases 'killed with laughter,' 'die of laughter.'

(67) *Encounters mounted are*. This impersonation of things ("encounters" for 'encounterers') is a poetical license not unfrequent in Shakespeare.

(68) *Saint Denis to Saint Cupid*. "Saint Denis" being the patron saint of France, the French princess gives his name for a battle-cry, as the King of Navarre gives that of "Saint Cupid," when he and his companions enlist themselves under Love's banner.

(69) *Audaciously*. Shakespeare sometimes uses this word without the ill-meaning of impudency involved in the usual sense of audacious. Here it means, boldly, confidently, with spirit. See Note 3, Act v.

(70) *Via!* See Note 44, Act v.





*Princess.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
A lady waul'd about with diamonds!—  
Look you what I have from the loving king.—*Act V. Scene II.*





That in this spleen ridiculous appears,<sup>71</sup>  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;  
And every one his love-feat<sup>72</sup> will advance  
Unto his several mistress,—which they'll know  
By favours several which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear!  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

*Kath.* But in this changing what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No, to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;  
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [The Ladies mask.]

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians and Attendants.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.<sup>73</sup>

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!—

*Biron.* "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

*Boyet.* True; "out" indeed.

*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

*Biron.* "Once to behold," rogue.

*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beam'd eyes,

—with your sun-beam'd eyes—

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;  
You were best call it "daughter-beam'd eyes."

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [Exit Moth.]

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:  
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure<sup>74</sup> with her on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,  
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If to come hither you have measur'd miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without account.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

(71) In this spleen ridiculous appears. Not only was the spleen believed to be the seat of mirth as well as of anger and melancholy, but it is used sometimes as a violent fit, or spasm of either emotion. Here "this spleen ridiculous" means "this ridiculous fit of laughter."

(72) Love-feat. This word (given thus in the Folio) has been plausibly altered to 'love-suit;' but "love-feat" refers to the various feats of parleying, courting, and dancing, mentioned in the previous line.

(73) Beauties no richer than rich taffeta. In allusion to the black

silk masks worn by the ladies. This line is assigned to Biron in the Folio: but that it belonged to Boyet is evidenced by his desire to interrupt and perplex Moth's speech, and by the probability that he would venture on a flouting speech relative to the ladies' eclipsed beauty, which Biron would not have done; he, moreover, being occupied in watching and prompting the page in the delivery of his address.

(74) A measure. Here used punningly, in its sense of a meted space, and of a dance. See Note 6, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

*King.* Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!<sup>75</sup>  
 Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine—  
 Those clouds remov'd—upon our wat'ry eyne.  
*Ros.* Oh, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
 Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.  
*King.* Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change.  
 Thou bidd'st me beg: this begging is not strange.  
*Ros.* Play, music, then!—Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*]  
 Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.  
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?  
*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.  
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
 The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.  
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.  
*King.* But your legs should do it.  
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
 We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.  
*King.* Why take we hands, then?  
*Ros.* Only to part friends:—  
 Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.<sup>76</sup>  
*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.  
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.  
*King.* Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?  
*Ros.* Your absence only.  
*King.* That can never be.  
*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;  
 Twice to your visor, and half once to you.  
*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.  
*Ros.* In private, then.  
*King.* I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*]  
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.  
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar,—there are three.  
*Biron.* Nay, then, two treys,—an if you grow so nice,—  
 Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run, dice!—  
 There's half-a-dozen sweets.  
*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu:  
 Since you can cog,<sup>77</sup> I'll play no more with you.  
*Biron.* One word in secret.  
*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.  
*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall! bitter.  
*Biron.* Therefore meet. [*They converse apart.*]  
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?  
*Mar.* Name it.  
*Dum.* Fair lady,—  
*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—  
 Take that for your fair lady.  
*Dum.* Please it you,  
 As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*]  
*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?  
*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.  
*Kath.* Oh, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.  
*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
 And would afford my speechless visor half.  
*Kath.* Veal,<sup>78</sup> quoth the Dutchman:—is not veal a calf?  
*Long.* A calf, fair lady!  
*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.  
*Long.* Let's part the word.  
*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:  
 Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.  
*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!  
 Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.  
*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.  
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.  
*Kath.* Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*]  
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
 As is the razor's edge invisible,  
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—  
 Above the sense of sense: so sensible  
 Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings  
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.  
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.  
*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten<sup>79</sup> with pure scoff!  
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wifs.  
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. [*Exeunt KING, Lords, Musicians, and Attendants.*]  
 Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?  
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.  
*Ros.* Well-liking<sup>80</sup> wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.  
*Prin.* Oh, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!<sup>81</sup>

(75) *Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!* The gallant king calls the masks "clouds" privileged to touch the heavenly countenances they veil.

(76) *Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.* In allusion to the salutation which formerly began and ended a dance. See Note 61, Act i., "Tempest."

(77) *Since you can cog.* To "cog" meant to falsify the dice; and, figuratively, to deceive, delude, tell falsehoods. The words "well run, dice!" show the allusion; as well as the word "treys," a gaming technicality for groups of threes.

(78) *Veal.* Katharine plays on the word in its sense of meat, and in its sense as a foreign mispronunciation of 'well.'

(79) *Dry-beaten.* Severely beaten. "Dry" in the sense of 'hard,' 'severe,' comes indirectly from *drien*, an ancient verb for endure or suffer, and the Scottish and old English verb, to "dree," which has the same meaning. Lord Bacon, and Butler in his "Hudibras," use the word in this sense; and Shakespeare has it in "Comedy of Errors," Act ii., sc. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse says, "Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting."

(80) *Well-liking.* Well-conditioned. "Liking" is used elsewhere by Shakespeare in the sense of physical state or condition. See Note 6, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(81) *Kingly-poor flout!* This has been variously altered by various editors; but the fact that "kingly" stands in the Folio





*Boyet. Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.*  
*Act V. Scene II.*





Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* Oh, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point,<sup>82</sup> quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.<sup>83</sup>

But will your hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear: Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, Heaven knows,

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud;  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds,<sup>84</sup> or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity!<sup>85</sup> What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;<sup>86</sup>

And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE,  
and MARIA.]

*Re-enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
in their proper habits.

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.  
[*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,  
And utters<sup>87</sup> it again when God doth please:

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares

At wakes and wassails,<sup>88</sup> meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,—

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve<sup>89</sup> too, and lisp: why, this is he

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables,<sup>90</sup> chides the dice

In honourable terms: nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly;<sup>91</sup> and in ushering,<sup>92</sup>

Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whalés bone;<sup>93</sup>

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

with a capital K makes for the probability of its being the right word. We take "kingly-poor" to mean something equivalent to 'royally rubbing,' 'famously flat,' 'supremely simple or silly.'

(82) *No point.* A quibble on the point of the sword, and the French negative 'none,' 'not at all,' 'by no means.' See Note 17, Act ii. These and other instances show that a play on a word did not require similar pronunciation; but that similar spelling, or similarity to the eye, sufficed. See Note 18, Act iii.

(83) *Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.* In 1571 there was an Act of Parliament, or a statute, passed, that the commonalty should wear woollen caps, for the benefit of those employed in their manufacture. Other writers of the time, besides Shakespeare, have allusions to this law, and to the lack of wit among those bound to observe it. The nobility, and better educated class, enjoyed immunity; and Rosaline has a fleer at the student king and his lords being less witty than those allowedly ignorant.

(84) *Angels vailing clouds.* 'Angels causing clouds to sink down from before them.' Shakespeare uses "vail" for lower, sink down (see Note 1, Act v., "Measure for Measure"); and "clouds" have been figuratively employed before, for masks, in this scene. See Note 75, Act v.

(85) *Avaunt, perplexity!* The Princess exclaims, 'Away with perplexity!' or 'Let us have done with perplexity!' in rebuke of Boyet's perseveringly flowery speeches; as she has before bid him "speak to be understood."

(86) *In shapeless gear.* Alluding to the long straight gowns worn in Muscovite costume. It seems that a mask of Russians was no uncommon recreation in the time of Shakespeare; and in the account of one that was given in the first year of Henry VIII.'s reign, there is mention made of the "long gowns of yellow satin

traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin," &c., worn by the maskers.

(87) *Utters.* Used punningly here in its sense of pronounces, speaks; and in its sense of vends, sells. See Note 3, Act ii.

(88) *Wakes and wassails.* A "wake" was a night-festival, and a "wassail," a drinking bout or merry-making. The word "wassail," or wassel, was originally derived from the Saxon *Waes hael*, 'be in health;' and as it was subsequently a village custom to carry round a wassail bowl from house to house, the word "wassail" came to be used for festive excess and festivity.

(89) *Carve.* This act—both in its usual sense of dividing and dispensing food at table, and in its sense of a peculiar sign made with the little finger—was a distinguishing accomplishment with persons of gallantry, and courtiers of Boyet's stamp. See Note 43, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(90) *Tables.* The old name for the game now known as 'back-gammon.'

(91) *A mean most meanly.* "Mean" was the term for the tenor part in music; from its lying in the medium portion of the scale. Biron puns in this phrase; as if he had said—'He can sing a middle part very middlingly.'

(92) *Ushering.* This duty involved many services of extreme deference and devotion; though the post of gentleman-usher was held by men in the households of ladies greatly inferior in rank to princesses. To stand bare-headed in their lady's presence, to run hither and thither on her most trivial errands of ceremony, to dance attendance on her minutest whims, were among the offices expected of these gentry; and old books edifyingly describe a class, of whom Boyet stands forth as super-exquisite type.

(93) *White as whalés bone.* The tooth of the horse whale—morse

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou  
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*King.* All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail,<sup>94</sup> is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjurd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* Oh, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:

A mess of Russians<sup>95</sup> left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam! Russians!

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord.

My lady,—to the manner of the days,<sup>96</sup>—

In courtesy, gives undeserving<sup>97</sup> praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.<sup>98</sup>—Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* Oh, I am yours, and all that I possess!

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous case  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!—Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

Oh, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;<sup>99</sup>

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles,<sup>100</sup> spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical;—these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove—how white the hand, Heav'n knows!

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:<sup>101</sup>

And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans "sans," I pray you.<sup>102</sup>

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:<sup>103</sup>—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—

Write, "Lord, have mercy on us,"<sup>104</sup> on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

or walrus—often furnished the elder poets with comparisons of whiteness, as ivory supplies the like similes now-a-days.

(94) *All hail.* Punned upon in the sense of a term of salutation ('All health to you!' Saxon, *hael*, health); and in the sense of nothing but hailstones.

(95) *A mess of Russians.* A company of four Russians. See Note 98, Act iv. A "mess" was used for four, as 'pair,' 'brace,' or 'couple,' is used for two; and 'leash' for three.

(96) *To the manner of the days.* An ellipsis for 'according to the manner of the day, or present time.'

(97) *Undeserving.* Undeserved.

(98) *This jest is dry to me.* "Dry" is here punningly used in the sense of sapless, wanting in vital juice, spiritless; and in the sense of hard, severe. See Note 79, Act v.

(99) *Friend.* Used in Shakespeare's time for lover or mistress.

(100) *Three-pil'd hyperboles.* 'Exaggerated expressions, finer than the finest velvet.' See Note 22, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(101) *Russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.* "Russet" was often used to express a plain rustic dress; from the custom that prevailed among country folk of dyeing homespun clothes with the bark of trees, which made them russet-coloured or brown. "Kersey" is a coarse stuff.

(102) *Sans.* The affectation of using this French word for 'without,' Rosaline especially reproves, since Biron has said that he will abjure finical phrases, and use none but the most simple. See Note 51, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(103) *Yet I have a trick of the old rage.* 'I have still a touch of the former malady.'

(104) *"Lord, have mercy on us."* These words were written over the doors of those houses where persons ill of the plague lay.



These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens<sup>105</sup> on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens  
to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?<sup>106</sup>

*Biron.* Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect  
her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will  
reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.



*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Rosaline.* In private, then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

*Act V. Scene II.*

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an  
end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude  
transgression  
Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.  
Were you not here but even now, disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?<sup>107</sup>

*Prin.* Peace, peace! forbear:  
Your oath once broke, you force<sup>108</sup> not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of  
mine.

*Prin.* I will: and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eyesight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

(105) *The Lord's tokens.* The name given to the discoloured spots which were the first "tokens" or symptoms of being plague-stricken.

(106) *Stand forfeit, being those that sue?* She asks, 'How can those be subject to forfeiture who bring the action?' playing on the word "sue;" which signifies to prosecute by law, and to petition, or act as a suitor or wooer.

(107) *Were you well advis'd?* 'Did you bethink you well?' 'Did you act with forethought and precaution?' Shakespeare uses "advice" and "advised" in this sense.

(108) *Force.* Used in the sense of 'lay stress upon,' 'care for;,' an ancient employment of the word. "You force not to forswear" means, 'You care not for the sin of forswearing yourselves.'



*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my  
troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it  
plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith and this the princess I did give:  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear.—  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.—  
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,<sup>109</sup>  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,<sup>110</sup>  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some  
Dick,<sup>111</sup>—

That smiles his cheek in years,<sup>112</sup> and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,<sup>113</sup>—  
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.<sup>114</sup>  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.<sup>115</sup>  
Much upon this it is:—[*To Boyet*] and might not  
you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,<sup>116</sup>

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?<sup>117</sup>  
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;<sup>118</sup>  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.  
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily  
Hath this brave manage, this career,<sup>119</sup> been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have  
done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents<sup>120</sup> three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope  
it is not so.

You cannot beg us,<sup>121</sup> sir, I can assure you, sir; we  
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil  
it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for  
nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get  
your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the  
actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:  
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect  
one man in one poor man,<sup>122</sup>—Pompion the Great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of  
Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not  
the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for  
him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take  
some care. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Biron, they will shame us: let them not  
approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis  
some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his  
company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you  
now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:  
Where zeal strives<sup>123</sup> to content, and the content  
Lies in the zeal of those which it present;  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

(109) *A consent.* A conspired agreement.

(110) *Zany.* A Merry-Andrew, a buffoon. From the Italian, *zane*, an abbreviation of Giovanni, John. This gives the connecting link whereby "Jack" came to be used as a term of contempt and opprobrium.

(111) *Dick.* Seems to have been a name for a despicable and troublesome fellow.

(112) *Smiles his cheek in years.* Those who know how perpetual smiling, as well as sorrow, brings lines and crowsfeet into the face, will perceive the aptitude of this sentence, though some of the commentators have checked at it. "In" was often used for 'into.'

(113) *Dispos'd.* Used for 'disposed to be merry,' 'mirthfully inclined,' 'in a gay humour.' See Note 26, Act ii.

(114) *She.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word substantively; to express a woman. Here (chiefly for the sake of rhyme) he employs it to signify 'the particular lady each of us loved.'

(115) *Forsworn,—in will and error.* 'Forsworn,—first wilfully, afterwards by mistake.'

(116) *Know my lady's foot by the squire.* Equivalent to the vulgar phrase, 'He has the length of her foot,' that is, 'knows her humour exactly.' "Squire" is from the French *esquierre*, a square or rule.

(117) *Laugh upon the apple of her eye?* 'Laugh in accordance with her directing glance;' 'Laugh with her at her favourite

subjects of mirth.' This and the two following lines refer to some of the services expected of a gentleman-usher. See Note 92, Act v.

(118) *You are allow'd.* 'You are privileged,' 'you have a license for jesting, in virtue of your office.'

(119) *Manage, this career.* Terms of the tilt-yard. "Manage" meant the controlment or government of a horse; "career," the meeting in encounter at full gallop.

(120) *Pursents.* For 'presents,' which meant 'enacts,' 'represents.'

(121) *You cannot beg us.* Alluding to a custom of asking for the property and wardship of one who was proved a lunatic or an idiot; which was called being 'begged for a fool.' One of the legal tests of lunacy was requiring an answer to an arithmetical question.

(122) *But to perfect one man in one poor man.* 'I am but to represent one Worthy in one poor person;' meaning himself.

(123) *Where zeal strives, &c.* This sentence is so hopelessly obscured by misprint in the Folio (the two lines standing there thus—

'Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents'),

that it is difficult to descry correct text and meaning. Various alterations have been proposed; and we adopt Monk Mason's reading, taking it to mean—'Where zeal strives to give content, and the content is derived from the zeal of those who present it.'



*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses with the KING and delivers to him a paper.*]

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain; too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*.<sup>124</sup> I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!<sup>125</sup> [*Exit.*]

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Mac-cabæus;

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There are five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum,<sup>126</sup> and the whole world again Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.<sup>127</sup>

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.<sup>128</sup>

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

*Dum.* "The Great."

*Cost.* It is "Great," sir:—

Pompey surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe<sup>129</sup> and shield, did make my foe to sweat:  
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,  
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.—

(124) *Fortuna della guerra.* The fortune of war.

(125) *Couplement.* This rarely-used word occurs only once again in Shakespeare's works (in his 21st Sonnet); but Spenser has it in his "Faerie Queen," Book vi., Canto 5, Stanza 24. It means a coupling together; a couple, a pair. Here, Armado applies it to the king and princess. It is also to be noted that, in this speech, the Spaniard repays Holofernes in his own coin; by disparaging him behind his back, though flattering him to his face.

(126) *Abate throw at novum.* "Novum," or "novem," was a game at dice; wherein the paramount numbers were five and nine. "Abate" seems here to be used in the sense of 'suppressing,' 'leaving out,' or 'excepting;' and the sentence to mean, 'Excepting in a throw at novum, the whole world could not furnish five such.' Probably, were all the details of the game of "novum" better known, the point of Biron's allusion to the five oddities undertaking to represent the nine Worthies could be more readily perceived and pointed out.

(127) *You lie, you are not he.* Boyet means to say, 'You are not Pompey; you only personate him,—and that badly.'

(128) *With libbard's head on knee.* This alludes to the attire of ancient heroes, which bore on the shoulders and knees a leopard's or lion's head, by way of ornament. "Libbard" is an old form of 'leopard.'

(129) *Targe.* A target, or buckler.

(130) *It stands too right.* This allusion to the want of correct

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, Great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect:

I made a little fault in "Great."

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter SIR NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;  
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.<sup>130</sup>

*Biron.* Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* [*To SIR NATH.*] Oh, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this;<sup>131</sup> your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a stool,<sup>132</sup> will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*SIR NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler:<sup>133</sup> but, for Alisander,—alas! you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.<sup>134</sup>—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas; and MOTH armed, for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;<sup>135</sup>  
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

position in Alexander the Great's nose, and (in the next speech) to the native fine odour that distinguished him, is derived from Plutarch; who mentions 'Alexander's manner of holding his neck, somewhat hanging down towards the left side;' 'that his skin had a marvellous good savour; and that his breath was very sweet.'

(131) *You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this.* In allusion to the custom of introducing into antique cloth hangings, mottoes, and moral sentences proceeding from the mouths of the figures painted thereon.

(132) *Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a stool.* The arms given in the old history of "The Nine Worthies" to Alexander, represent him (in heraldic language) "with a lion or, seiente in a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent."

(133) *And a very good bowler.* This climax to honest Costard's simple laudation of the worthy parish parson, brings to mind a similar pleasant trait recorded of Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," who was in the habit of playing a game of bowls on a Sunday evening with his parishioners, after having performed the service for them in the morning and afternoon.

(134) *A little o'erparted.* 'Has had a part given him to enact that is a little too much for him.'

(135) *Canus.* Instead of *canis*, dog; for the sake of the rhyme. The pedant keeps up his character, by introducing scraps of Latin even into his address. *Manus*, hand; *quoniam*, since that, inasmuch as; *ergo*, therefore.

*Quoniam* he seemeth in minority,  
*Ergo* I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.—

[*MOTH retires.*]

Judas I am,—

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, yclipèd Maccabæus.<sup>136</sup>

*Dum.* Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved

Judas?

*Hol.* Judas I am,—

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hanged on an elder.<sup>137</sup>

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern head.<sup>138</sup>

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A Death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

*Dum.* The carved bone face on a flask.<sup>139</sup>

*Biron.* Saint George's half cheek<sup>140</sup> in a brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.<sup>141</sup>

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.—And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False: we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have outfaced them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—  
 Jud-as, away!

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas! poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan<sup>142</sup> in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best endued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* The armipotent Mars, of lances<sup>143</sup> the almighty,  
 Gave Hector a gift,—

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.<sup>144</sup>

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
 Gave Hector a gift, the hair of Ilion;  
 A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye  
 From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
 I am that flower,—

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet Lord Longaville, reign thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device.—[*To the PRINCESS*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*BIRON whispers* COSTARD.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone.

*Arm.* What meanest thou? Dost thou infamously me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

(136) *Yclipèd*. Properly spelt "ycleped" (see Note 34, Act i.); but it is given thus in the Folio here, to mark the pronunciation which affords Dumain his punning rejoinder of "clipt."

(137) *Hanged on an elder*. The tradition is that Judas Iscariot, in his remorse, hung himself on an elder-tree.

(138) *A cittern head*. It was the custom to decorate the head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, with a grotesque face.

(139) *A flask*. A powder-horn; which it was the fashion to ornament with a carved head.

(140) *Half cheek*. "Half cheek" and "half face," were formerly used to express what is now called a 'side face,' or 'profile.' "The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen," a few lines before, alludes to the same thing.

(141) *A brooch of lead*. A "brooch" was used as an ornamental fastening for hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c.; and a "brooch of lead" was probably the common sort, fit for "the cap of a tooth-drawer," as well as suited to afford a flier at Holofernes' cadaverous complexion, which we find was like "a Death's face in a ring." The latter expression, by the way, refers to the practice of wearing a ring with a Death's head in it, as a 'memento mori,' or reminder of mortality.

(142) *Trojan*. A cant name for a thief. Perhaps originating in a reference to Paris, who stole Helen, the wife of Menelaus.

(143) *Lances*. Used for lance-men.

(144) *A gilt nutmeg*. This, and an orange or lemon stuck with cloves, were usual new year's gifts among our ancestors.





*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
again.

*Act V. Scene II.*





*Biron.* Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates!<sup>145</sup> stir them on, stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's body than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;<sup>146</sup> I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms<sup>147</sup> again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward<sup>148</sup> for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter MERCADE.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,<sup>149</sup> and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

(145) *More Ates, more Ates!* "Ate" was the goddess of discord and strife. See Note 30, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(146) *Fight with a pole, like a northern man.* The north of England men were famous for their skill at quarter-staff; a weapon like a long pole.

(147) *My arms.* The arms Costard wore when he represented Pompey.

(148) *Go woolward.* An expression for wearing no underlinen, so as to let the woollen outer garment touch the skin. This was done penitentially by pilgrims and other ascetic personages; and sometimes was practised perforce by those who possessed no second shirt to wear in change while their only one was being washed. This is another allusion to the poverty of proud Spaniards. See Note 44, Act i.

(149) *I have seen the day of wrong through, &c.* Armado's fantastically pompous way of saying, 'I have seen myself wronged, though discreetly forbearing from righting myself until I can find an opportunity of doing so with dignity.'

(150) *But a humble tongue.* The Folio gives 'not a humble tongue;' and Theobald proposed to read 'nimble' for 'humble,' which at one time we thought the probable correction. Now, however, on farther consideration of the entire speech, we think the substitution of "but" for "not" (it being a frequent error in the old copy to misprint the one word for the other) gives the more likely alteration; at the same time that it makes the sentence agree with its context, if we take the word "humble" to

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits:  
If over-boldly we have born ourselves  
In the converse of breath, your gentleness  
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue:<sup>150</sup>  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme part of time extremely forms<sup>151</sup>

All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the morning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which fain it would convince;<sup>152</sup>  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends  
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable,  
As to rejoice at friends but newly-found.

*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are dull.<sup>153</sup>

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear  
of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty,  
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposèd end of our intents:  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
As love is full of unbefitting strains;<sup>154</sup>  
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;  
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,  
Full of strange shapes,<sup>155</sup> of habits, and of forms,

include the sense of 'poor,' 'lowly,' 'inadequate,' 'insufficient,' as well as 'meek,' and 'submissive.'

(151) *The extreme part of time, &c.* "Part" in the Folio is printed 'parts;' for which various alterations have been proposed. Mr. Staunton plausibly suggests 'dart;' but supposing 'part' to be the right word, we take it to mean 'parting,' 'departure' (with an admixture of abruptness in the sense involved), as the arrow leaves the bow. The archery technicality of "loose" renders the figurative reference manifest; and "the extreme part of time" seems to include allusion to the sudden event or occurrence of which they have just heard—the death of the Princess's father—as well as to the impending separation between the lovers and their chosen ladies. That the diction of this speech is purposely obscured by metaphor, is made evident by the Princess's reply—"I understand you not," &c., and Biron's rejoinder—"Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief." Nevertheless, beneath the metaphorical obscurity lies a lustrous jewel of truth; namely, that 'an unexpected incident often settles in a moment what long deliberation cannot decide.'

(152) *Convince.* Conquer; obtain by conquest.

(153) *My griefs are dull.* The Folio misprints 'double' for "dull;" the emendation of Mr. Collier's MS. corrector.

(154) *Strains.* Propensities, wilfulnesses, vagaries.

(155) *Full of strange shapes.* For "strange" the Folio has 'straying.'



Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance:  
Which parti-coated presence of loose love  
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults,  
Suggested<sup>156</sup> us to make. Therefore, ladies,

As bombast,<sup>157</sup> and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than this in our respects  
Have we not been;<sup>158</sup> and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more  
than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.



*Armado.* You that way,—we this way. *Act V. Scene II.*

Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of  
love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

*Ros.* We did not quote<sup>159</sup> them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
Full of dear<sup>160</sup> guiltiness; and therefore this—  
If for my love—as there is no such cause—  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

(156) *Suggested.* Tempted, incited.

(157) *Bombast.* From the Italian, *bombagia*, cotton wool. Stuffing, wadding, used for padding out clothes; figuratively applied to inflated or tumid language, to something unreal or superfluous, to something for merely filling up or filling out the time.

(158) *But more devout than this in our respects, &c.* The Folio

prints 'then these are' instead of "than this in." We take the meaning of the passage to be—"But we have not been more serious than this in our behaviour to you."

(159) *Quote.* Note, observe, remark. See Note 22, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(160) *Dear.* Used for 'dire': or rather, for 'dere'; which is derived from the ancient English verb 'to dere,' to hurt, to do mischief.



Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
 If this austere insociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,<sup>161</sup>  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;<sup>162</sup>  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut  
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
 Raining the tears of lamentation  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,<sup>163</sup>  
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,<sup>164</sup>  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !  
 Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?<sup>165</sup>

*Ros.* You must be purgèd too, your sins are rank :<sup>166</sup>

You are attaint with faults and perjury ;  
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

*Kath.* A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* Oh, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :  
 Come when the king doth to my lady come ;  
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria ?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me ;  
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
 What humble suit attends thy answer there :  
 Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Birón,

Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue  
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
 Full of comparisons<sup>167</sup> and wounding flouts,  
 Which you on all estates<sup>168</sup> will execute  
 That lie within the mercy of your wit.  
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,—  
 Without the which I am not to be won,—  
 You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,  
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
 With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,  
 With all the fierce endeavour<sup>169</sup> of your wit  
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death !

It cannot be ; it is impossible :

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear<sup>170</sup> groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,

And I will have you and that fault withal ;

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth ! well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

*Prin.* [To the KING.] Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

*King.* No, madam ; we will bring<sup>171</sup> you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;  
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy  
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector ?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.  
 I am a votary ; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold  
 the plough for her sweet love three years. But,  
 most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue  
 that the two learned men have compiled in praise of

(161) *Weeds.* Clothing ; garments.

(162) *And last love.* 'And continue still to be love.'

(163) *Deny.* Used in the sense of 'refuse.' See Note 34, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(164) *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest.* 'In order that I might soothe or pamper these faculties of mine by leading a life of repose.'

(165) *And what to me, &c.* This speech, and the next, being amplified farther on, are frequently omitted from modern editions ; in the same way with those lines towards the close of the fourth Act. See Note 107, Act iv.

(166) *Rank.* The old copies print 'rack'd' instead of "rank ;" which was Rowe's emendation.

(167) *Comparisons.* Used in the sense of jesting similes ; witticisms of analogy. See Note 18, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(168) *All estates.* Used for all conditions of persons.

(169) *Fierce endeavour.* Used for ardent effort, fervent exertion.

(170) *Dear.* Used in the sense of 'dire.' See Note 160, Act v.

(171) *Bring.* An idiom for accompany, escort. See Note 20, Act iii., "Much Ado."

the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Re-enter* HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter,—this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.—Ver, begin.

SONG.

*SPRING.* When daisies pied<sup>172</sup> and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds<sup>173</sup> of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

(172) *Pied*. Shakespeare uses this word to express parti-coloured; flecked with divers hues. See Note 11, Act iii., "Tempest." Shakespeare's "daisies *pied*" are Burns's "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers."

(173) *Cuckoo-buds*. Most probably, cowslips.

(174) *Blows his nail*. This expression, besides, as here, signifying to blow the finger-ends to give them warmth, meant also (as an idiom of the period), to remain baffled, to pass away vexatiously lost time; equivalent to the more modern phrase, 'to kick one's heels,' 'to go whistle.'

(175) *Keel*. Originally meant merely to 'cool;' from the Saxon,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

*WINTER.* When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,<sup>174</sup>  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel<sup>175</sup> the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,<sup>176</sup>  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs<sup>177</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*celan*. But it came to be used for cooling boiling pot-liquor, by clearing off the scum from the top; as the word "greasy" indicates in the present passage, and as is evidenced by a quotation from one of the oldest dramas in the language, called "Pierce Ploughman:"—

"And lered men a ladel bygge, with a long stele  
That cast for to kele a crokke, and save the fatte above.

(176) *Saw*. Axiom; promulgated doctrine.

(177) *Roasted crabs*. Crab-apples, put hissing hot into the wassail-bowl, formed a favourite delicacy in old English festivities.







A  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S  
DREAM.

ES

L. CHAPON.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, Father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a Carpenter.

SNUG, a Joiner.

BOTTOM, a Weaver.

FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a Tinker.

STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to  
Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, }

COBWEB, }

MOTH, }

MUSTARD-SEED, }

} Fairies.

PYRAMUS, }

THISBE, }

WALL, }

MOONSHINE, }

LION, }

} Characters in the interlude performed  
by the "Rude Mechanicals."

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—*Athens, and a wood near it.*





# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A room in the palace of THESEUS.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.*

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
nights;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow

New bent in heaven,<sup>2</sup> shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert<sup>3</sup> and nimble spirit of mirth:  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,—  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,<sup>4</sup>  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph,<sup>5</sup> and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!<sup>6</sup>

(1) The first known printed copies of this play are two quarto editions, both published in 1600; the one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts. The text of this latter was taken for the Folio of 1623; although Fisher's quarto is the more accurate of the two. From some analogy between the description by Titania of the exceptional condition of seasons in Act ii., sc. 2, and certain seasonal occurrences in England during the years 1593 and 1594, the latter date has been conjectured to have been that of the present play's first production; but however that may be, the internal evidence of the composition itself gives unmistakable token of its having been written when the poet was in his flush of youthful manhood. The classicality of the principal personages, Theseus and Hippolyta; the Grecian-named characters; the prevalence of rhyme; the grace and whimsicality of the fairy-folk; the rich warmth of colouring that pervades the poetic diction; the abundance of description, rather than of plot, action, and character-development, all mark the young dramatist. With a manifest advance in beauty beyond those which we conceive to be his earliest-written productions—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labour's Lost"—we believe the "Midsummer Night's Dream" to be one of his very first-written dramas after those three plays. We feel it to have been, with "Romeo and Juliet," the work of his happy hours, when he wrote from inspiration, and out of the fulness of his luxuriant imagination, between the intervals of his business-work—the adaptation of such immediately needed stage plays as the three parts of "Henry VI." Those we think he touched up for current production, for the use of the theatre at which he was employed and had a share in; but his overflowing poet-heart was put into productions like the southern-storied "Romeo and Juliet," and the fairy-favoured "Midsummer Night's Dream," where every page is a forest glade flooded with golden light amid the green glooms. For the origin of the plot, those who cannot imagine Shakespeare ever to have drawn from the spring of his own brain, fancy he was indebted to Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" (the story of Palamon and Arcite), and to Plutarch's "Life of Theseus." But in neither of these sources is there trace of similar story. The mention of Hippolyta in Plutarch

is most meagre; and in Chaucer, the main narrative is occupied with the loves of the cousin-knight heroes for Emily, sister to the Amazon queen. At the same time it is probable that both were known to Shakespeare; as in both there are names that he has taken—Egeus in Plutarch, and Philostrate in Chaucer. Moreover, he seems to have adopted from Chaucer the idea of making Theseus's nuptials with Hippolyta the gorgeous circlet wherein to set his gem-like story.

The sticklers for consistency—those who make a point of creating discrepancies in Shakespeare where they can find none—have objected to what they call his mixing up Greek classicalities with Gothic fairy-mythology; just as pickthankers in architecture remind admirers of Milan Cathedral that the Greek pediments introduced among the ornaments of the Gothic façade spoil the unity of the building. But the Northern fairies had their origin in the East; and the British fairy can trace back ancestry to the Oriental Peri. Also, while giving his Robin Goodfellow strong touches of rural English attribute, he has not failed to associate his Titania with Perigenia, Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa, "the farthest steep of India," "an Indian king," and "the spiced Indian air," and his Oberon with "the Morning's love," Cephalus, the Thessalian hunter-prince; thus giving with his own witchery of power the needful harmony in blending the whole together.

(2) *New bent in heaven.* The old copies all print 'now' for 'new' (Rowe's correction); and though 'now' might be forced into elliptically meaning 'but now,' 'just now' (that is, immediately upon the "then" time), yet it seems more likely that in such a passage as the present one, Shakespeare would not have used a word so liable to misinterpretation; therefore, that "new" was the word he wrote.

(3) *Pert.* Brisk, alert, lively. See Note 9, Act iv., "Tempest."

(4) *I woo'd thee with my sword.* Theseus made war with the Amazons, and vanquished them.

(5) *Triumph.* Stately pageant; processional show.

(6) *Duke.* The title given to a military commander; from the Latin *dux*, a leader. Also used for a king. See Note 5, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.—  
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:—  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stolen the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,<sup>7</sup> conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats (messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth):  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death, according to our law  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is;  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment  
look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold,  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
Know of your youth,<sup>8</sup> examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun;<sup>9</sup>  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,<sup>10</sup>  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy<sup>11</sup> is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship,<sup>12</sup> whose unwish'd yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause; and, by the next new  
moon

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
For everlasting bond of fellowship),  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will,  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
For aye,<sup>13</sup> austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander,  
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,—  
And what is mine my love shall render him;  
And she is mine,—and all my right of her  
I do estate unto<sup>14</sup> Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd  
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:  
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted<sup>15</sup> and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;

(7) *Gawds.* Baubles, toys, finery, gaudy ornaments.

(8) *Know of your youth.* "Know" is here used in the sense of 'make sure,' 'ascertain,' 'acquaint yourself with the condition.'

(9) *Livery of a nun.* "Livery" here means more than garb, or professional attire; it has the force of 'state,' 'condition,' 'life to be led.'

(10) *Mew'd.* Shut up, imprisoned, confined; from the French *mue*, a cage or mew.

(11) *Earthlier happy.* This has been changed to 'earthly happier,' which is said to be "a more correct expression;" but, to our thinking, the original phrase, though unusual, precisely conveys the poet's meaning—'more mundanely happy,' 'more materially or terrestrially happy.'

(12) *Lordship.* Used here in the sense of 'dominion.' 'To' is understood before 'whose' immediately after, by an ellipsis that preserves the poetry of the lines from being injured by too many repetitions of the word 'to.' It is worth observing, how Shakespeare makes his women express themselves at difficult junctures with combined firmness and gentleness. They are

modest, even timid; but when called upon by stress of circumstance for the vindication of a principle, they speak with wonderful effect. In this, and Hermia's preceding speech, there is just that composure of utterance and calm self-possession in the announcement of a strong inward conviction, which comes to women in the midst of perturbation from external causes, when they are both noble-minded and gentle-natured. The fine way in which the poet manifests this is well worthy the study of those who sneer at 'strong-mindedness,' ignorantly confounding it with unfeminine boldness. It is noteworthy also—as a study of Shakespeare's perfect mode of delineating a womanly character—the way in which he makes Hermia *begin* by a few diffidently uttered words; then warm into two energetically assertive speeches; and lastly subside into resolutely maintained silence, having said her say and meaning to abide by it.

(13) *For aye.* For ever. Gothic, *aiw*.

(14) *Estate unto.* Used for 'confer upon.'

(15) *Spotted.* The opposite to 'spotless,' 'pure,' as 'maculate' is to 'immaculate.'



And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you, arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)<sup>16</sup>  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:<sup>17</sup>  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial; and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,  
DEMETRIUS, and train.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem<sup>18</sup> them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood,—

*Her.* Oh, cross! too high to be enthrall'd to  
low!<sup>19</sup>

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

*Her.* Oh, spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

*Her.* Oh, ill! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary<sup>20</sup> as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied<sup>21</sup> night,  
That, in a spleen,<sup>22</sup> unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny:  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's<sup>23</sup> followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion: therefore, hear me,  
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revèue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects<sup>24</sup> me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,<sup>25</sup>  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,<sup>26</sup>  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke;—  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love. Look, here comes  
Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair:<sup>27</sup> oh, happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars;<sup>28</sup> and your tongue's sweet  
air

More tuneable than lark<sup>29</sup> to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching: oh, were favour so,  
Yours would I catch,<sup>30</sup> fair Hermia! ere I go,  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your  
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,<sup>31</sup>  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.<sup>32</sup>  
Oh, teach me how you look; and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

(16) *Extenuate*. Used in the sense of 'mitigate in severity,' 'diminish in force.'

(17) *Go along*. Sometimes used as an equivalent for 'go with me;' instead of, as now, for 'go away.'

(18) *Beteem*. Here used in its combined senses of 'pour forth,' 'dispend,' 'afford,' 'allow,' 'permit.'

(19) *Low*! Misprinted in the Folio 'loue.' Theobald's correction.

(20) *Momentary*. The word is given thus in both the quarto copies, though the Folio prints it 'momentarie.' "Momentary" and "momentary" were both in use at that period; but as the word "momentary" is directly derived from the Latin *momentaneus*, and was used by several of our old English classical writers, we think it was probably Shakespeare's word in this passage, and therefore retain it in the text.

(21) *Collied*. Dark, as though blackened by coal.

(22) *In a spleen*. In a sudden fit or paroxysm. See Note 71, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(23) *Fancy*. Often used by Shakespeare for love, or enamoured imagination.

(24) *Respects*. Regards, considers.

(25) *Observance to a morn of May*. There is frequent allusion in Chaucer to these pleasant rites performed by our old English pre-

decessors; and Stowe mentions how they used to go out into "the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind."

(26) *The Carthage queen*. Dido. "The false Trojan" is Æneas. See Note 7, Act ii., "Tempest."

(27) *Loves your fair*. "Fair" is here used, substantively, for 'beauty.' See Note 13, Act ii., "Comedy of Errors."

(28) *Your eyes are lode-stars*. The "lode-star" is the leading star, from Saxon *lædan*, to lead; the pole-star, or north-star.

(29) *More tuneable than lark*. "Is" must be understood before "more." In Shakespeare's style of elliptical construction, he makes the plural verb "are" do service for the singular verb "is" in the second clause of the sentence.

(30) *Were favour so, yours would I catch*. "Favour" is here used for countenance, appearance, attractive qualities generally. "Yours would I catch" (Hanmer's correction) is misprinted 'Your words I catch' in the Folio.

(31) *Bated*. Used here in the sense of excepted, left out, omitted, cut off, retrenched. The use of this word thus supports the meaning given to "abate" in Note 126, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(32) *Translated*. Here used, and elsewhere, for 'transformed.'

*Hel.* Oh, that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,<sup>33</sup>

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

Oh, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe<sup>34</sup> doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.<sup>35</sup>

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.

[Exit HERMIA.]

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit.]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er others some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she:

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know:

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,<sup>36</sup>

Love can transpose to form and dignity:

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;

And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

(33) *Before the time I did Lysander see.* There seems some reason to believe that "Lysander" is here a misprint for "Demetrius." But taking the passage as it stands, we thus interpret it:—Hermia wishing to console Helena—who attributes to her friend greater powers of attraction than herself—says that ere she won Lysander's love she was at peace; but that now the dread of separation destroys her happiness, and therefore the power of gaining affection may not be so enviable as is supposed.

(34) *Phœbe.* One of the many names given to the moon, as sister to Phoebus, the sun.

(35) *Stranger companies.* This is misprinted in the Folio, 'strange companions;' as, a little before, "sweet" is misprinted 'sweld.' Theobald made the judicious corrections, shown to be required by the rhyme. Moreover, "companies" is thus used for associates, society, or companionship, in the first scene of "Henry V."

(36) *Holding no quantity.* An idiom used by Shakespeare here and in "Hamlet," Act iii., sc. 2. It seems here to signify 'possessing no intrinsic merit of their own, and having no equal worth with the person estimating them.'

(37) *In game.* Here signifies not 'at play,' but 'in play;' in jest, in joke.

(38) *Eyne.* Old plural form of 'eyes.'

As waggish boys in game<sup>37</sup> themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,<sup>38</sup>

He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:

Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.<sup>39</sup>

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—Athens. A room in QUINCE's house.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.<sup>40</sup>

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.<sup>41</sup>

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death<sup>42</sup> of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.<sup>43</sup>

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some

(39) *It is a dear expense.* Helena by this expression means what it costs her to give Demetrius the clue for pursuing Hermia, and to betray the secret which her friend has just confided to her.

(40) *Scrip.* A corruption of 'script,' from the Latin *scriptum*, a thing written. By "the scrip" Bottom means the written list, or "scroll" that Quince mentions in the next speech.

(41) *Grow to a point.* A familiar phrase formerly, equivalent to our more modern 'Come to the point,' 'Come to the matter in hand.'

(42) *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death, &c.* A satire upon the titles of some of the dramas of the time; such as, "A lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing The Life of Cambyeses, King of Persia," &c.

(43) *Name what part I am for, and proceed.* Bully Bottom, the true type of all conceited players—amateur and professional—after having first taken upon himself to dictate to the manager how he shall conduct the affair by beginning by the enumeration of the actors, no sooner hears himself named, than he interrupts the enumeration he has proposed by desiring to have his own part first cast, and then they may "proceed;" though he even goes on to discuss his especial part at length, before he gives them an opportunity of "proceeding."





*Lysander.* How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast? *Act I. Scene I.*





measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles<sup>44</sup> rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.<sup>45</sup>

The raging rocks<sup>46</sup>  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players. —This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.<sup>47</sup>

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.<sup>48</sup>

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask,<sup>49</sup> and you may speak as small as you will.<sup>50</sup>

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne,"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that

I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."<sup>51</sup>

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge<sup>52</sup> it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.<sup>53</sup>

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con<sup>54</sup> them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse,—for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties,<sup>55</sup> such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu!<sup>56</sup>

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.<sup>57</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

(44) *Ercles*. A corruption of Hercules, who was one of the ranting heroes of the then popular stage-plays.

(45) *To tear a cat in, to make all split*. These were terms in use for expressing the style of roaring and bawling that distinguished some players of that time.

(46) *The raging rocks, &c.* This doggerel is printed as prose and mis-stopped in the Folio, so as to show the jumble which Bottom makes of it in delivery.

(47) *Condoling*. That the speaker thinks this is a word expressive of the most affecting pathos, is evident from his twice using it in the course of his speech.

(48) *Bellows-mender*. It has been said that this is 'one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.:' and the name ("*Flute*") given to him by Shakespeare, makes for the supposition that a "bellows-mender" meant a man attending to the repairs of apparatus belonging to musical instruments, as well as a 'botcher of utensils for blowing the fire.' It may be as well to add that "regals" was the name for a small portable organ.

(49) *Play it in a mask*. In Shakespeare's time the women characters were acted by boys, or by men wearing masks.

(50) *Speak as small as you will*. To "speak small" is to speak in a femininely soft voice. See Note 11, Act i., "*Merry Wives*."

(51) *Let him roar again*. Not only does Bottom propose to play every part himself, but he anticipates the applause and encores his own roar.

(52) *Discharge*. A theatrical technicality in Shakespeare's time for 'enact,' 'perform.' See Note 23, Act ii., "*Tempest*."

(53) *Perfect yellow*. It was the custom to dye the beard of various colours; and Bottom's imagination runs wild in fancying the most flaringly unfit ones for the purpose. But his beard, and his looks, and his appearance, are the great point to be debated.

(54) *Con*. From the Saxon *connan*, to know. Here used for 'make known by rote,' 'commit to memory.'

(55) *Properties*. Stage necessities. See Note 30, Act iv., "*Merry Wives*."

(56) *Take pains; be perfect; adieu*. Some editors transfer these words to the next speech; and some observe that they "seem more suited to Quince than to Bottom." But surely they are peculiarly characteristic of Bottom's style of interfering, dictating, and taking upon himself even the manager's own prerogative of ordering his actors.

(57) *Hold or cut bow-strings*. A form of pledge for meeting among archers (meaning, 'I will hold to my word, or you may cut my bow-strings'), which passed into common use as a promise to keep an appointment.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wood near Athens.*

*Enter a FAIRY, and PUCK, from opposite sides.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs<sup>1</sup> upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners<sup>2</sup> be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits;<sup>3</sup> I'll be gone:  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell<sup>4</sup> and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;<sup>5</sup>  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,<sup>6</sup>  
But they do square;<sup>7</sup> that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd<sup>8</sup> and knavish sprite  
Called Robin Goodfellow:<sup>9</sup> are you not he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,<sup>10</sup>  
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;  
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm:<sup>11</sup>  
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;<sup>12</sup>  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt,<sup>13</sup> telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,  
And "tailor!"<sup>14</sup> cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;<sup>15</sup>  
And waxen in their mirth,<sup>16</sup> and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady: but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing<sup>17</sup> Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

(1) *Orbs.* The greener circlets left upon the grass by the tracks of the elves after their hand-in-hand dances; known in popular parlance as 'fairy-rings.' See Note 7, Act v., "Tempest." The office of the fay who speaks is to bedew and keep them fresh; for it was believed that the footsteps of the fairies parched these "orbs."

(2) *Pensioners.* An allusion to a band of gentry thus called, attendants upon Queen Elizabeth; who were especially tall, well-favoured, and resplendently attired. See Note 39, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(3) *Thou lob of spirits.* Probably the fairy calls Puck thus, because he is of a larger and heavier make, and his duties more material than his own. "Lob," like looby, and lubber, means a clownish, clumsy, or ungainly person.

(4) *Fell.* Fierce, furious.

(5) *Changeling.* It was believed that the fairies sometimes stole away an especially well-favoured child, leaving an ill-conditioned one in exchange.

(6) *Sheen.* Shining, bright.

(7) *Square.* Quarrel, contest, take opposite sides. It appears to mean 'prepare for fighting,' 'show pugnacious intentions,' rather

than actually to fight. See Note 17, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(8) *Shrewd.* Used for mischievous, mischief-loving.

(9) *Robin Goodfellow.* One of Puck's popular names.

(10) *Quern.* A hand-mill. The original Gothic and Icelandic word.

(11) *Drink to bear no barm.* "Drink" is here used for ale or beer while, in course of brewing, it is said to work. "Barm" is yeast.

(12) *Roasted crab.* See Note 177, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(13) *Aunt.* Here used for an old crone, gossip, or gammer.

(14) *"Tailor."* This seems to have been an exclamation when any one slipped from a seat and fell backwards; Doctor Johnson thinks possibly because a person so stumbling falls as a tailor squats upon his board.

(15) *Loffe.* An old form of 'laugh;' as "neeze" is of 'sneeze.'

(16) *Waxen in their mirth.* Increase in their fun; grow louder in their jollity; what Biron means when he says, "Climb in the merriness." See Note 30, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(17) *Bouncing.* Just the epithet for the fairy queen Titania to use for her human rival.





Bottom. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that  
I will do any man's heart good to hear me.

Act I. Scene II.





Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering  
night

From Perigenia,<sup>18</sup> whom he ravished ?  
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,  
With Ariadne and Antiopa ?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy :  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,<sup>19</sup>  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By pavèd fountain<sup>20</sup> or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beachèd margint of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets<sup>21</sup> to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,  
Have every pelting<sup>22</sup> river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents :<sup>23</sup>  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard :  
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,  
And crows are fatt'd with the murrain<sup>24</sup> flock ;  
The nine men's morris<sup>25</sup> is fill'd up with mud ;  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,<sup>26</sup>  
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :  
The human mortals want their winter here ;<sup>27</sup>  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound :  
And thorough this distemperature<sup>28</sup> we see  
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
And on old Hiems' chin, and icy crown,<sup>29</sup>  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
The childing autumn,<sup>30</sup> angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries ;<sup>31</sup> and the mazèd world,  
By their increase,<sup>32</sup> now knows not which is which :  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension ;  
We are their parents and original.<sup>33</sup>

*Obe.* Do you amend it, then ; it lies in you :  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.<sup>34</sup>

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest :  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order :  
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarkèd traders on the flood ;  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;  
And for her sake I do rear up her boy ;  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay ?

*Tita.* Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away !  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit TITANIA, with her train.

*Obe.* Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this  
grove,  
Till I torment thee for this injury.—  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

(18) *Perigenia*. She is mentioned in North's "Plutarch" (Life of Theseus) as 'Perigouna,' where Shakespeare also found "Æglé," "Ariadne," and "Antiopa," as victims to the conqueror's power.

(19) *Middle summer's spring*. The commencement of midsummer. "Spring" is here used for beginning, opening, earliest portion of.

(20) *Pavèd fountain*. A streamlet with a pebbly bottom ; in contradistinction to a weed-grown or "rushy brook."

(21) *Ringlets*. Little rings ; hand-in-hand circles.

(22) *Pelting*. Used here and elsewhere by Shakespeare for 'paltry,' 'petty.' See Note 39, Act ii., "Measure for Measure." The Folio prints the latter word ; but the Quartos give "pelting," which was probably the poet's word, inasmuch as it combines the idea of headlong course with insignificance.

(23) *Continents*. The banks that contain the stream of water. Shakespeare elsewhere uses "continent" for that which contains. See Note 17, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(24) *Murrain*. A disease or plague among sheep and cattle. The poet here uses the word adjectively.

(25) *The nine men's morris*. A game played by two persons, with nine men or pieces each. It was played indoors with a board ; out of doors, on a square of turf, with lines marked and holes cut, which in rainy weather would become "filled up with mud." The game was originally French, under the name of 'merelles,' counters ; and was first called in England 'merrils,' afterwards corrupted into "morris."

(26) *The quaint mazes in the wanton green*. This has been said to have particular allusion to the figures made in the ground, used for a boyish game called "running the figure of eight ;" but it should rather seem to refer to the traces left by the feet of those who engage in rustic sports and dances on the village green.

(27) *The human mortals want their winter here*. "Human mortals" is a fairy-queen expression for the huge material beings of mankind, in contradistinction to the dainty proportions and conditions of her own race. "Want" in this phrase is used in the sense of 'stand in need of,' 'be without.' Men, Titania means, have too much of autumnal damps, rains, and inundations ; they require the

briskness, crispness, and vigorous cold of winter to brace them and restore vital energy.

(28) *Distemperature*. Here used for mutual displeasure, disagreement, disturbance ; that between the king and queen of fairy-land causing elemental disturbance.

(29) *Old Hiems' chin, and icy crown*. Some editors have changed "chin" to 'thin' in this passage, throwing much scorn on the idea of Winter wearing a garland upon his chin ; but the picture presented to the imagination of the long drooping beard as well as hair of "old Hiems" being enwreathed with flowers, is surely among the most poetical of images.

(30) *The childing autumn*. "Childing" strictly means bringing forth children ; here used for teeming, fruitful, productive.

(31) *Liveries*. Appropriate garbs ; special badges, or seasonal tokens. See Note 9, Act i.

(32) *Their increase*. Used for produce ; that which the seasons put forth.

(33) *We are their parents and original*. Titania's attributing to her own and her fairy consort's right regal little differences the calamities of universal Nature forms a fine satire upon the dogmatical assumptions with which the origin of such calamities has been ascribed time out of mind. This is the speech alluded to in Note 1 of this play, as apparently referring to the seasonal occurrences in England during the years 1593-4 ; which are thus recorded by the author of a poem called "Charity," published in 1595 :—

"A colder time in world was never seen :  
The skies do lour, the sun and moon wax dim :  
Summer scarce known, but that the leaves are green.  
The winter's waste drives water o'er the brim ;  
Upon the land great floats of wood may swim.  
Nature thinks scorn to do her duty right,  
Because we have displeased the Lord of Light."

(34) *Henchman*. A page of honour. The word has been variously derived : from the Saxon *hine*, a servant ; from the Teutonic *hengst*,



Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,<sup>35</sup>  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,  
And the imperial vot'ress passèd on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free,<sup>36</sup>  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.<sup>37</sup>  
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.<sup>38</sup> [Exit.]

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.  
The next thing then she waking looks upon  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:  
And ere I take this charm off from her sight  
(As I can take it with another herb),  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible;<sup>39</sup>  
And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.<sup>40</sup>

Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;  
And here am I, and wood within this wood,<sup>41</sup>  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;<sup>42</sup>  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love  
(And yet a place of high respect with me),  
Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my  
spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach<sup>43</sup> your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill-counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege<sup>44</sup> for that.  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you in my respect<sup>45</sup> are all the world:  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in the  
brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd,—  
Apollo flies, and Daphne<sup>46</sup> holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind

a horse; or that it was perhaps originally 'haunchman,' one who followed close to his master.

(35) *A fair vestal thronèd by the west.* This is precisely one of those poetical compliments best calculated to please the royal Elizabeth, who loved to be called "the Virgin Queen," and to have her refusal of husband-suitors attributed to her being above the reach of passion-assaults. It is not to be supposed but that Her Majesty's woman-heart was as accurately read by Shakespeare as those of all her sisterhood; and a more delicate, as well as fancifully beautiful, verse-homage was never paid by writer to lady.

(36) *Fancy-free.* "Fancy" is here used for love, enamoured imagination. See Note 23, Act i.

(37) *Love-in-idleness.* One of the many fondling names popularly bestowed upon the 'pansy' (a corruption of the French word *pensée*, thought) or heart's-ease. Some of the varieties are white, with touches of "purple;" suggestive to a poetical imagination of the stains from "love's wound" in the text.

(38) *I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.* 'To put a girdle about the world' seems to have been a familiar phrase in Shakespeare's time for a circumnavigator's feat.

(39) *I am invisible.* It is probable that here Oberon put on a garment such as is mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," which speaks of stage-properties, and among them "a robe for to go invisible." When this was assumed, the audience were to understand that the wearer was supposed to be unseen by the other personages on the stage.

(40) *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.* The Folio gives 'stay'

and 'stayeth' for "slay" and "slayeth," which were Theobald's corrections at the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby. As it appears to us, the attempt to interpret the word 'stayeth' into the sense of 'hindereth' and applying it to Lysander, is forced; whereas "the one" (referring to Lysander) and "the other" (referring to Hermia) is in the natural course of constructional progression; and that to "slay" his rival, while his mistress's cruelty "slayeth" him, is according to lover-phraseology.

(41) *Wood within this wood.* "Wood" is an old word for 'wild,' 'distracted,' 'mad.' See Note 20, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(42) *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant.* In John Florio's "Second Frutes," 1591 (a book that contains numerous expressions used by Shakespeare, leading to the belief that it was a work well known to him), there is a line which contains words of marked similarity to those of the passage in the text—"Looks of adamant to draw hearts of yron like ships to the shipwrack."

(43) *Impeach.* Shakespeare uses this word with large force of meaning. Addressed to Helena, it here includes the sense of 'bring her modesty into question,' 'subject it to imputation and detriment.' See Note 29, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(44) *Privilege.* Used in the sense of guarantee.

(45) *Respect.* Regard, consideration. The word is thus employed throughout this play. A few speeches back we find—"A place of high respect with me." Also, see Note 24, Act i.

(46) *Daphne.* A nymph who, when pursued by Apollo, besought the assistance of the gods, and was transformed into a bay-laurel tree.



Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless<sup>47</sup> speed,  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions:<sup>48</sup> let me go:  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

*Re-enter Puck.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.*

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips<sup>50</sup> and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,<sup>51</sup>



*Fairy.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Called Robin Goodfellow.

*Act II. Scene I.*

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand<sup>49</sup> I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this  
grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;<sup>52</sup>  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed<sup>53</sup> wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her  
eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

(47) *Bootless.* Useless, vain, fruitless. See Note 62, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(48) *Questions.* Here used for inquisitions, cross-examinings, reproachful debate. In the first scene of this play the word is used in the sense of examine; when Theseus says, "Question your desires." And in "As You Like It," Act iii., sc. 4, "question" is used for examination, inquiry, discourse, debate; where Rosaline says—"I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him."

(49) *Die upon the hand.* An idiom equivalent to 'die by the hand.' In "Much Ado about Nothing," Act iv., sc. 1, we have the phrase, "died upon his words;" meaning, 'died from the effect of his words,' or, 'in consequence of his words.' In "The Two Gentle-

men of Verona," Act ii., sc. 4, we find—"I'll die on him that says so;" meaning, 'I'll risk dying by his sword that says so.'

(50) *Ox-lips.* A larger kind of cowslips.

(51) *Woodbine.* Honeysuckle.

(52) *Eglantine.* Shakespeare uses this word for sweet-brier; so does Spenser; but Milton employs it for some other shrub, some climbing plant, as we find by these two lines from "L'Allegro"—

"Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine."

(53) *Weed.* Garb, garment. See Note 161, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."



Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
More fond on her than she upon her love :  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another part of the wood.

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel<sup>54</sup> and a fairy song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;—  
Some, to kill cankers<sup>55</sup> in the musk-rose buds ;  
Some, war with rear-mice<sup>56</sup> for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint<sup>57</sup> spirits. Sing me now asleep ;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

#### SONG.

*First Fairy.* You spotted snakes with double tongue,<sup>58</sup>  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
Newts and blind-worms,<sup>59</sup> do no wrong ;  
Come not near our fairy queen.

#### CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

*Second Fairy.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

#### CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

*First Fai.* Hence, away ! now all is well.  
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA sleeps.]

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* [Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids.]  
What thou see'st when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true love take ;  
Love and languish for his sake :

Be it ounce,<sup>60</sup> or cat, or bear,  
Pard,<sup>61</sup> or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.]

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;

And to speak troth,<sup>62</sup> I have forgot our way :  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed ;  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie farther off yet ;<sup>63</sup> do not lie so near.

*Lys.* Oh, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence !<sup>64</sup>  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.<sup>65</sup>  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it :  
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath ;  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny ;  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily :—  
Now much beshrew<sup>66</sup> my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie farther off ; in human modesty,  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,—  
So far be distant ; and, good night, sweet friend.<sup>67</sup>  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;  
And then end life when I end loyalty !  
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
press'd ! [They sleep.]

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence ! who is here ?  
Weeds of Athens<sup>68</sup> he doth wear :  
This is he, my master said,  
Dispersèd the Athenian maid ;

(54) *Roundel.* A dance, where the performers held hands, and moved round in a ring or circle. A roundel, or roundelay, meant a song as well as a dance ; therefore it is probable the fairies were to dance while they sang.

(55) *Cankers.* Noxious creatures that infest flowers. See Note 7, Act i., "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(56) *Rear-mice.* Bats. The word was formerly (and more correctly) written 'rere-mice,' from the Saxon *phrepan*, to agitate or flutter. And there is another old English name for the bat ('flicker-mouse' or 'fitter-mouse'), which supports this derivation.

(57) *Quaint.* Here used for delicately graceful, prettily fantastic. The word is thus used in "The Tempest," where Prospero says—"Fine apparition ! my quaint Ariel ;" and in the stage direction of the same play (Act iii., sc. 3), "With a quaint device, the banquet vanishes."

(58) *Double tongue.* "Double" is here used in the sense of 'false,' 'deceitful,' 'injurious,' and in the sense of 'barbed' or 'forked.'

(59) *Newts and blind-worms.* A "newt" is an eft, or small kind of lizard ; a "blind-worm" is a slow-worm, or small innoxious viper.

(60) *Ounce.* An animal of the leopard species.

(61) *Pard.* An abbreviation of "leopard." See Note 31, Act iv., "The Tempest."

(62) *Troth.* Truth, verity. A little farther on, the word is used in the sense of 'plighted truth' or 'faith.'

(63) *Yet.* Shakespeare uses this word with various meanings ; here, it means 'still.'

(64) *Take the sense, sweet, of my innocence !* 'Take the meaning of my words, sweet, as I mean them—innocently.'

(65) *Love takes the meaning in love's conference.* 'Love is quick to comprehend and to construe lovingly, when lovers confer.' It would seem needless to explain such clear sentences, but that they have been misinterpreted, and even the word "conference" changed to 'confidence.'

(66) *Beshrew.* 'Ill betide,' or 'a mischief upon.' See Note 10, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(67) *Friend.* Often used for 'lover.' See Note 7, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(68) *Weeds of Athens.* Athenian garments.





W. W. HROMLEY PINXIT

COLORED BY SCULPT

# OBERON AND TITANIA.

*What thou wilt, who thou wilt, I will take  
 But, for the sake of love, I will take  
 What thou wilt, who thou wilt, I will take*

W. W. HROMLEY & SONS





And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank<sup>69</sup> and dirty ground:—  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
[Squeezes the flower on LYSANDER'S eyelids.  
Churl,<sup>70</sup> upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.<sup>71</sup>  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:  
So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. Oh, wilt thou darkling<sup>72</sup> leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit DEM.

Hel. Oh! I am out of breath in this fond chase!  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.<sup>73</sup>  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;  
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears:  
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?<sup>74</sup>—  
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!  
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—  
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking.] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!<sup>75</sup>

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
So I, being young, till now ripe<sup>76</sup> not to reason;  
And touching now the point<sup>77</sup> of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth,<sup>78</sup> you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—

In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.<sup>79</sup>  
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me!  
do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.<sup>80</sup>—  
Lysander!—what, removed?—Lysander! lord!—  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves!<sup>81</sup> I swoon almost with fear.  
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

(69) Dank. Damp, moist, humid.

(70) Churl. Originally, a rustic, a boor; afterwards used for a rude, rough, harsh, surly, or ill-bred person.

(71) Owe. Own, possess, contain.

(72) Darkling. In the dark. An expression chiefly used in poetry.

(73) Grace. Here used for 'favour gained,' 'kindness accorded.'

(74) Eyne. An old form of 'eyes.' See Note 38, Act i.

(75) To perish on my sword. A similar idiom to the one explained in Note 49, Act ii.

(76) Ripe. Here used for 'ripen.'

(77) Point. Here elliptically used for 'highest point,' 'culminating point.'

(78) Good troth. In this line, "troth" and "sooth" have both the meaning of truth, verity.

(79) Gentleness. Here used for 'kindliness,' 'good-breeding,' 'gentlemanly feeling.'

(80) Prey. Used here in the sense of 'ravage,' 'depredation,' 'preying.'

(81) Of all loves. An adjuration meaning 'By all you love.' See Note 43, Act ii., "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.**Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.**Bot.* Are we all met?*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our 'tiring-house;<sup>1</sup> and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.*Bot.* Peter Quince,—*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby" that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?*Snout.* By'r lakin, a parlous fear.<sup>2</sup>*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.<sup>3</sup>*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.<sup>4</sup>*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,<sup>5</sup>—"Ladies,"—or, "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or, "I would request you,"—or, "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:"—and there, indeed, let

him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns<sup>6</sup> and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;<sup>7</sup>—and so every one according to his cue.<sup>8</sup>*Enter Puck behind.**Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward!<sup>9</sup> I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.*Pyr.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,<sup>10</sup>*Quin.* "Odours, odours."*Pyr.* —odours savours sweet.So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—  
But hark! a voice; stay thou but here awhile,  
And by-and-by I will to thee appear.

[Exit.]

*Puck.* [Aside.] A stranger Pyramus than e'er  
play'd here!<sup>11</sup> [Exit.]

(1) 'Tiring-house. The place wherein actors attired themselves.

(2) By'r lakin, a parlous fear. "By'r lakin" was a diminutive oath, corrupted from a more important one. See Note 16, Act iii., "The Tempest." "Parlous" is a corruption of 'perilous; and here means 'dreadful,' 'terrible.'

(3) In eight and six. In alternate verses of eight and six syllables or feet.

(4) In eight and eight. Bully Bottom has now turned critic as well as actor; objecting to everything, spying out defects, and contradicting for contradict on's sake.

(5) Defect. For 'effect.'

(6) A bush of thorns. The man in the moon was supposed to carry a thorn-bush. See Note 46, Act ii., "Tempest."

(7) Brake. A thorny thicket. In this scene the sentences, "This hawthorn-brake our 'tiring-house," and "Enter into that brake,"

show it to mean a thorn-enclosed space in the wood. See Note 9, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(8) Cue. A theatrical term for the concluding words of a speech; which gives warning to the next speaker that his turn is come to speak. A little farther on, we find how Flute jumbles his cues and speeches together, and causes Bottom to miss the cue for his entrance.

(9) What, a play toward! In this idiomatic phrase, "toward" has the force of 'going forward,' in course of preparation.

(10) The flowers of odious savours sweet. Bottom blunders "of" for 'have,' as he does "odious" for 'odours.'

(11) Than e'er play'd here! Puck uses "here" in this passage as Titania uses the word in the line—"The human mortals want their winter here;" as a kind of expletive, to fill up or round off the sentence: though it has, moreover, a good effect in the fairy-folk's



*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard,<sup>12</sup> and is to come again.

*This.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisk juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,<sup>13</sup>  
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and  
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*



*Quince.* Oh, monstrous! Oh, strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

*Act III. Scene I.*

*Quin.* “Ninus’ tomb,” man!—Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, “never tire.”

*This.* Oh,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass’s head.*

*Pyr.* If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine:—

*Quin.* Oh, monstrous! Oh, strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[*Exit with SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

*Re-enter SNOUT.*

*Snout.* O Bottom! thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit SNOUT.*

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.<sup>14</sup> [*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass

mouths, as conveying an impression of their looking on at humanity and its doings, in the character of creatures apart from its nature.

(12) *He goes but to see a noise that he heard.* Shakespeare is fond of this kind of jest. A similar one occurs in Act iv., sc. 1, and in Act v., sc. 1. of the present play.

(13) *Brisk juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew.* “Juvenai” means ‘youth.’ See Note 42, Act i., “Love’s Labour’s Lost.” “Eke” is ‘also,’ ‘likewise,’ ‘moreover.’ “Jew” is here used as a term of endearment. See Note 27, Act iii., “Love’s Labour’s Lost.”

(14) *Translated.* Used for ‘transformed.’ See Note 32, Act i.



of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.<sup>15</sup> [*Sings.*]

The ousel-cock<sup>16</sup> so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The thristle<sup>17</sup> with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;—

*Tita.* [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* [*Sings.*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song<sup>18</sup> cuckoo grey,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay:—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry “cuckoo” never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me, On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days;—the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek<sup>19</sup> upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither: but if I had wit<sup>20</sup> enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate,—The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep; And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARD-SEED.*

*Peas.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Mus.* And I.

*All Four.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,<sup>21</sup> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Peas.* Hail, mortal!

*Cob.* Hail!

*Moth.* Hail!

*Mus.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance,<sup>22</sup> good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,<sup>23</sup> your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well:<sup>24</sup> that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a wat'ry eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the wood.

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder if Titania be awak'd; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.—Here comes my messenger.

*Enter PUCK.*

How now, mad spirit! What night-rule<sup>25</sup> now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.

(15) *I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.* It is pleasant to notify similitudes of thinking in the two greatest masters of comic drama that ever wrote—Shakespeare and Molière. Sosia, in “Amphitryon,” watching through the dark night, and seeing somebody coming, says—“I’ll sing a little, that I may seem at ease.” In the same way, Master Slender’s “I’ll rather be unmannerly than troublesome” (“Merry Wives of Windsor,” Act i., sc. i.), has an exact parallel in Mons. Jourdain’s “I’d rather be uncivil than tire-some.”

(16) *The ousel-cock.* A name used in Shakespeare’s time for the blackbird.

(17) *The thristle.* The missel-thrush.

(18) *Plain-song.* The term given by musicians to the simple melody or chant on which it was usual to ‘descant,’ or perform variations. The term is appropriately applied as an epithet for the cuckoo’s song, which consists but of two simple and unvarying notes.

(19) *Gleek.* To joke, to jest. Bottom alludes to his playing on the expression, “Keep little company,” by adding that some people should “make them friends.”

(20) *Wit.* Used in the sense of ‘wisdom,’ ‘intelligence.’

(21) *Dewberries.* A delicate fruit that grows on a bramble, named *rubus cæsius*; and being covered by a white, dewy-looking secretion, the berries have obtained this name.

(22) *I shall desire you of more acquaintance.* A form of expression then in use.

(23) *Squash.* Shakespeare uses this word here, and elsewhere, for a young or unformed pod of peas. “Peascod” is another name for ‘peaspod,’ or ‘peashell.’

(24) *I know your patience well.* This compliment upon the resignation with which Mustard-seed beholds his relations “devoured” through fault of “Ox-beef,” is rendered doubly pointed by the ironical allusion to the so-called ‘hot’ properties of mustard.

(25) *Night-rule.* Night-revel. Douce points out how the old



Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches,<sup>26</sup> rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.  
The shallowest thick-skin<sup>27</sup> of that barren sort,<sup>28</sup>  
Who Pyramus presented,<sup>29</sup> in their sport  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nowl<sup>30</sup> I fix'd on his head:  
Anon his Thisbe must be answer'd,  
And forth my mimic<sup>31</sup> comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs,<sup>32</sup> many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus  
strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some, sleeves,—some, hats,—from yelders all things  
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated<sup>33</sup> there:  
When in that moment (so it came to pass),  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>34</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. Oh, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee  
worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me: would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon  
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
May through the centre creep, and so displease  
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;  
So should a murderer look,—so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so  
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my  
hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past  
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?  
Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
Oh, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!  
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? Oh, brave  
touch!<sup>35</sup>

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler<sup>36</sup> tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd  
mood:<sup>37</sup>

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more:—

And from thy hated presence part I so:  
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce  
vein:

Here therefore for awhile I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow<sup>38</sup>  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender<sup>39</sup> here I make some stay.

[Lies down and sleeps.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken  
quite,  
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

spelling of revel (reuel) became corrupted into "rule;" thence giving rise to the name of 'the Lord of Misrule,' one of the characters in the ancient festival sports.

(26) Patches. Simpletons, fools. See Note 11, Act iii., "Tempest."

(27) Thick-skin. Used as we now use 'thick-skull,' or 'thick-head.' See Note 31, Act iv., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(28) Sort. Sometimes used by Shakespeare for a set, a lot, a pack; a collection, or assemblage. "Barren" here means brainless, ignorant.

(29) Presented. Represented, enacted, performed.

(30) Nowl. Like 'noddle,' this word comes from the Saxon *knol*, top, head.

(31) Mimic. An old name for an actor; the action requisite for a part in a play is called *mimica* in Italian.

(32) Choughs. Sea-side crows. See Note 24, Act ii., "Tempest." In this line "sort" is used in the same sense as in the previous passage, explained in Note 28, Act iii. Here it means 'flock.'

(33) Translated. Transformed.

(34) Latch'd. Smeared, anointed; from the French *lecher*, to lick. The antique spelling of the Folio, 'lacht,' brings the word nearer to the source whence it is derived. A 'lick' was an old term for a wash or cosmetic, something smeared over the face; as we find

from the sentence—"My face, which you behold so flaming red, is done over with ladies' licks."—Translation of Boccacini, 1626.

(35) Touch. Sometimes used in Shakespeare's time for trick, or stroke of mischief.

(36) Doubler. Used in a twofold sense. See Note 58, Act ii.

(37) You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood. "Mispris'd" is 'mistaken.' "Mood" is here used for 'fit of anger,' 'wrathful emotion.' Demetrius means that Hermia vents her passion in a resentment that is mistaken in its ground of reproach.

(38) So sorrow's heaviness doth, &c. There is a drowsy beauty about these lines, as the foiled lover lays him down on the ground and yields to slumber, that is in fine poetic keeping with the dreaminess shed over the scenes in this Midsummer Night play. The way in which the human wanderers drop asleep, and seek rest no less for their dazed thoughts than for their tired limbs, is even extended to the fairy folk, where Titania, with a kind of irrelevance, says—"The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;" as if the fairy queen herself were but half awake, and saw all things through a misty halo of dubious light. Thus does Shakespeare's dramatic art make his productions harmonise in their every portion, the one with the other.

(39) Tender. Used here substantively for 'offer,' 'advance towards being accepted.' "His" refers to "sleep."



Of thy misprision<sup>40</sup> must perforce ensue  
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding  
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,<sup>41</sup>  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear;<sup>42</sup>  
By some illusion see thou bring her here:  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go,—  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *[Exit.]*

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
*[Squeezes the flower on DEMETRIUS'S eyelids.]*  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!<sup>43</sup>

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one,—  
That must needs be sport alone;<sup>44</sup>  
And those things do best please me  
That befall preposterously.<sup>45</sup>

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born  
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, oh, devilish-holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.<sup>46</sup>

*Lys.* I had no judgment when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her  
o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* *[Awaking.]* O Helen, goddess, nymph,  
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus<sup>47</sup> snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
When thou hold'st up thy hand: oh, let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!<sup>48</sup>

*Hel.* Oh, spite! Oh, hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience,<sup>49</sup> all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
For you love Hermia;—this you know I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,<sup>50</sup>  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.<sup>51</sup>—  
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

(40) *Misprision.* Mistake, misconception, error. See Note 22, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(41) *Fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer.* "Fancy-sick" here means 'love-sick.' See Note 23, Act i. "Cheer" is used for countenance, looks, aspect; from the Italian *cera*, face, mien, appearance.

(42) *Sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.* Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the belief that sighing affects the blood and the health.

(43) *What fools these mortals be!* Instance of "these" used for generalising an observation. See Note 12, Act iv., "Measure for Measure." In the same way, a few lines before, Oberon says—"Flower of this purple dye;" the "this" being used expletively.

(44) *That must needs be sport alone.* "Alone" is here used idiomatically, as the French use their word 'unique'; meaning 'solely excellent,' 'singularly good,' 'matchless.'

(45) *Preposterously.* Shakespeare uses this word more strictly in accordance with its original sense than we do now. It means here 'perversely,' contrary to the true order and method of occurrences.

(46) *Tales.* Here used with a play on the word; in its sense of trivial stories, and in its sense of reckoned numbers, instead of actual articles. The two following quotations will serve to show this latter meaning of the word, which is rarely now thus used.

"Number may serve your purpose with the ignorant, who measure by tale, and not by weight."—*Hooker.* "Reasons of things are rather to be taken by weight than tale."—*Collier on "Clothes."*

(47) *Taurus.* A chain of mountains in Asia.

(48) *This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!* It has been proposed to change "princess" to 'impress.' But "princess" here has the force of chief in beauty, pre-eminent in loveliness; as elsewhere Shakespeare uses a similar expression—"It is the prince of palfreys." Also, he again applies the term "seal" to a lady's hand, in "Anthony and Cleopatra," Act iii., sc. 2.

(49) *Extort a poor soul's patience.* This is a peculiar form of expression, something like the one pointed out in Note 13, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing." By "extort" her "patience," Helena seems to mean 'wrest or wring her patience from her until it turned to wrath.'

(50) *My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd.* The "to" in this sentence has been changed by some editors to 'with;' and that would be the form of expression in modern parlance. But the "to" here seems to be used as in accordance with the "to" afterwards ("to her" and "to Helen"); and, moreover, prepositions were often indifferently used, the one for the other, in Shakespeare's time. Elsewhere he has "sojourned with," and "sojourned at."

(51) *Aby it dear.* 'Pay dearly for it.' To "aby" is to compensate





*Titania.* Out of this wood do not desire to go:  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate.

*Act III. Scene I.*





*Re-enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side ?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes<sup>52</sup> and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ?

*Her.* You speak not as you think : it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy !

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision ?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—oh, is all forgot ?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial<sup>53</sup> gods,  
Have with our neelds created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;  
Two of the first, like coats<sup>54</sup> in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.  
And will you rent<sup>55</sup> our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazèd at your passionate words.  
I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?  
And made your other love, Demetrius  
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,

Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent ?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?  
This you should pity rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;  
Wink each at other ; hold the sweet jest up :  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.<sup>56</sup>  
But, fare ye well : 'tis partly mine own fault ;  
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse :  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

*Hel.* Oh, excellent !

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :  
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come !

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop !

*Dem.* No, no, sir :—  
Seem to break loose ; take on as you would follow ;  
But yet come not : you are a tame man, go !  
*Lys.* [To HERMIA.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr !  
vile thing, let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent !

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude ? what change  
is this,

Sweet love ?

*Lys.* Thy love ? Out, tawny Tartar, out !  
Out, loathèd medicine ! Oh, hated potion, hence !

*Her.* Do you not jest ?

*Hel.* Yes, sooth ; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your bond, for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill  
her dead ?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

for, or purchase by suffering for ; and has been derived from the same origin as 'buy.'

(52) *Oes.* Shakespeare uses this word to express things circular. See Note 58, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost." There is reason to believe, also, from Bacon's employment of the word, and from its occurrence in D'Ewes's 'Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments' (where both the writers use it in connection with the word 'spangs' or 'spangles'), that it meant some bright round ornament. The reference to the stars in the present passage—"all yon fiery oes and eyes of light"—affords an instance of Shakespeare's dramatic art in marking time and place ; just as previously he makes Demetrius say—"As bright, as clear, as yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere." These allusions to the planet and the stars beaming overhead bring constantly present to the imagination that the speakers are in the open air, and in the warm

summer night, with the blue and star-gemmed sky above the full-leaved trees.

(53) *Artificial.* Here used for 'creative ;' deriving the word from its original source, Latin, *artifex*, an artist, a maker, a creator. Shakespeare, in his special and accurately-distinctive employment of words derived from classical sources, himself refutes the absurd allegation that he had shallow knowledge of Greek and Latin.

(54) *Two of the first, like coats, &c.* These lines have reference to an heraldic technicality ; Helena meaning that their two bodies having but one heart between them, are like the coats of arms of a married couple, which are emblazoned as two, yet are surmounted but by one crest.

(55) *Rent.* Often used formerly for 'rend.'

(56) *Argument.* Subject for mockery. See Note 37, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? Oh, me! what news, my love? Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander? I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me: Why, then you left me,—oh, the gods forbid!—In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life;  
And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* Oh, me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!<sup>57</sup>  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night  
And stolen my love's heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

*Her.* Puppet! why, so; ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;<sup>58</sup>  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice:  
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels,<sup>59</sup> never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;  
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no farther: let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond<sup>60</sup> I am.

(57) *Canker-blossom.* The noxious creature that infests flowers, eating out their heart. See Note 55, Act ii.

(58) *Curst.* Shrewish, spiteful. See Note 1, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(59) *Counsels.* Used here for secrets, confidences. In two other passages of this play, Shakespeare uses the word "counsel" in the sense of interchanged confidence, or secrets confided to another. Hermia says to Helena:—

"In the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet." Act i., sc. 1.

And Helena says to Hermia:—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared," &c. Act iii., sc. 2.

(60) *Fond.* Often used by Shakespeare and writers of his time

*Her.* Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* Oh, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again! nothing but low and little!—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;<sup>61</sup>  
You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend<sup>62</sup>  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.<sup>63</sup>

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,—  
Of thine or mine,<sup>64</sup>—is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil<sup>65</sup> is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst<sup>66</sup> company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,<sup>67</sup>

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

for 'foolish;' here combinedly employed in this sense, and in its more usual one of dotingly affectionate.

(61) *You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made.* "Minimus" is a being of the smallest size. "Knot-grass" is a low-growing herb, and was believed to possess the property of stinting and stopping the growth of children.

(62) *Intend.* Used for 'pretend.' See Note 51, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(63) *Thou shalt aby it.* 'Thou shalt pay for it.' See Note 51, Act iii.

(64) *Whose right, of thine or mine.* A form of phrase used by Shakespeare. See Note 2, Act ii., "The Tempest."

(65) *Coil.* Disturbance, turmoil. See Note 23, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(66) *Curst.* Shrewish, spiteful.

(67) *Sort.* Fall out, happen, occur. See Note 30, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."



The starry welkin<sup>68</sup> cover thou anon  
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;<sup>69</sup>  
 And lead these testy rivals so astray  
 As one come not within another's way.  
 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
 And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
 For night's swift dragons<sup>71</sup> cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,



*Lysander.* I had no judgment when to her I swore.

*Helena.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Act III. Scene II.

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
 To take from thence all error with his might,  
 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.  
 When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,<sup>70</sup>  
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.

Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,  
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,<sup>72</sup>  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
 I with the Morning's love<sup>73</sup> have oft made sport;  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
 Even till the eastern gate,<sup>74</sup> all fiery-red,

(68) *Welkin.* Sky. See Note 11, Act i., "The Tempest."

(69) *Acheron.* One of the rivers of the infernal regions.

(70) *Wend.* An old form of 'go.' See Note 61, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(71) *Night's swift aragons.* The car of Night was fabled to be drawn by dragons or winged serpents; which, sleeping with their eyes open, give the idea of being ever watchful.

(72) *In cross-ways and floods have burial.* The ghosts of those who were buried in cross-roads, and of those who were drowned without the rights of sepulture having been bestowed on their bodies, were

supposed to be condemned to wander for a hundred years; and all wandering ghosts were believed to return to their "wormy beds" at the approach of dawn.

(73) *The Morning's love.* Cephalus, a prince of Thessaly, and a famous huntsman. He was married to Procris; but the goddess Aurora cast an eye of favour upon him, and strove to make him false to his marriage-vows. For a most tasteful version of this beautiful classic story see Leigh Hunt's "Indicator," No. 27, 12th April, 1820.

(74) *Even till the eastern gate, &c.* In this exquisite passage



Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit.]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town:  
Goblin, lead them up and down.<sup>75</sup>

Here comes one.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

[Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice.]

*Re-enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! in some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;  
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [Exit.]

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* He goes before me and still dares me on:  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me.<sup>76</sup> [Lies down.] Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.]

*Re-enter* PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

*Puck.* Ho, ho, ho!<sup>77</sup> Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot<sup>78</sup>

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now?

*Puck.* Come hither: I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by<sup>79</sup> this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

*Re-enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* Oh, weary night! oh, long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,

From these that my poor company detest:

And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst<sup>80</sup> and sad:—

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe;

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no farther crawl, no farther go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down and sleeps.]

*Puck.* On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the herb on LYSANDER's eyelids.]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;<sup>81</sup>

Naught shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [Exit.]

(76) *Fallen am I in dark uneven way, and here will rest me.* See Note 38, Act iii.

(77) *Ho, ho, ho!* This is the written form of the mocking laugh ascribed to Puck in the old ballads describing his pranks; and also assigned to the devil in the ancient stage-mysteries. Shakespeare puts "Oh, no, Oh, ho!" into Caliban's mouth also, when making him utter his malignant scoff against Prospero's daughter.

(78) *Wot.* Know. See Note 40, Act ii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(79) *'By.* Aby. See Note 51, Act iii.

(80) *Curst.* Here used for vexed.

(81) *Jack shall have Jill.* An old proverbial expression, signifying that each couple of lovers shall pair off suitably. Biron alludes to it, where he says—"Jack hath not Jill." "Love's Labour's Lost," Act v., sc. 2.

Oberon has to state that he and his fairy people are privileged beings, uncompelled to retire with the night, and able to range in the broad, blessed light of day: but with what poetic gusto is it told; with what grace of allusion to the sylvan loveliness of Grecian mythological beliefs; with what gorgeous colouring of natural description, flooding the lines with blended rosy, golden, and sea-green hues!

(75) *Goblin, lead them up and down.* It has been suggested that 'these four lines are possibly a quotation from some lost ballad respecting Puck and his pranks,' since 'he would hardly address himself as "Goblin." But the "I" in the lines shows them to be spoken by Puck himself; and, moreover, we find "Goblin" to be a name that he approves, from what the fairy says to him (Act ii., sc. 1):—

"Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,  
HELENA, and HERMIA still lying asleep.

*Enter* TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB,  
MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, and other Fairies attending;  
OBERON behind unseen.

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,<sup>1</sup>  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
Monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your  
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped  
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mon-  
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself  
too much in the action, monsieur; and, good mon-  
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would  
be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag,  
signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Mus.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif,<sup>2</sup> Monsieur Mustard-seed.  
Pray you, leave your courtesies,<sup>3</sup> good monsieur.

*Mus.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cava-  
lery Cobweb<sup>4</sup> to scratch. I must to the barber's,  
monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about  
the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do  
but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my  
sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let  
us have the tongs and the bones.<sup>5</sup>

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st  
to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch

your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire  
to a bottle of hay:<sup>6</sup> good hay, sweet hay, hath no  
fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried  
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir  
me: I have an exposition of sleep<sup>7</sup> come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my  
arms.—Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.<sup>8</sup>—

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist;<sup>9</sup> the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Oh, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

*Enter* PUCK.

*Obe.* [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st  
thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:  
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savours<sup>10</sup> for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me; and her fairies  
sent<sup>11</sup>

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain;

(1) *Coy.* To fondle, caress, smooth, pat, stroke. The word is used in this sense by other writers besides Shakespeare, and seems to be derived from 'decoy,' to allure, to treat with blandishment.

(2) *Neif.* A North-country word for 'fist.'

(3) *Leave your courtesies.* 'Cease bowing.' These reminders to persons bent on over-long salutation seem to have been frequent in old times of ceremony and deference. See Note 35, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(4) *Cavalery Cobweb.* Bottom not only corrupts 'cavalero' into "cavalery," but, in his conceited way of trying to prove himself equal to any part he is suddenly called upon to fill, confounds one fairy's name with the other; speaking of "Cobweb" instead of "Peas-blossom," whom he has just before ordered to scratch his head.

(5) *The tongs and the bones.* There is a stage direction here in the Folio, 'Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke;' showing that it was a known instrument, thus used, and pleased other country ears besides Bottom's long ones. "The bones" were bits of bone clacked between the fingers; and bones were subsequently used in the 'marrow-bones and cleavers' sometimes played at butchers' weddings. The complacency with which the human Ass plumes himself upon his musical ear is delightfully characteristic.

(6) *Bottle of hay.* 'Bundle of hay;' from French, *botte*.  
(7) *An exposition of sleep.* Bottom's grandeur for 'a disposition to sleep.'

(8) *Be all ways away.* 'Depart in every direction upon your several offices;' upon those she described in the lists beginning

"Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds," Act ii., sc. 3; and "The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees," Act iii., sc. 1.

(9) *So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle gently entwist.* Not only from a previous passage in this play (see Note 51, Act ii.) does Shakespeare apparently use "woodbine" for one and the same plant as "honeysuckle," but in "Much Ado about Nothing" Beatrice's place of concealment is described as "the pleached bower, where honeysuckles forbid the sun to enter," and afterwards it is called "the woodbine coverture." Therefore, it should seem as if in the present passage he meant to say the woodbine entwists the honeysuckle (as one vine may entwine its neighbour vine); or, in other words, entwists its other self. If, however, a comma be placed after "woodbine" and after "honeysuckle" (as in the Folio), the one will be, parenthetically, a repetition of the other; and both will make the line read on as a following up of "I will wind thee in my arms," while the verb "entwist" is used as complete in itself.

(10) *Seeking sweet savours.* Fisher's quarto has 'favourites,' which some editors give instead of 'savours,' the Folio word. Much is to be said for the adoption of either word; but "savours" seems more in accordance with the passage that follows, where "their own disgrace" has the effect of pointing to the drops, as "savours."

(11) *Her fairies sent.* In some editions "fairies" is printed 'fairy,' as in the Folio; but the word "bear," that follows, gives the idea of more than one fairy carrying the human "changeling child." There is a similar substitution of "fairies" for 'fairy' at the commencement of Act ii., sc. 2, in the sentence, "Fairies, skip hence."

That he, awaking when the other<sup>12</sup> do,  
May all to Athens back again repair,  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[Touching her eyes with a herb.]

Be as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower<sup>13</sup>  
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence awhile.<sup>14</sup>—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!  
[Still music.<sup>15</sup>]

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music! [Still music.]—Come, my  
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity.<sup>16</sup>

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark:

I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,<sup>17</sup>

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

(12) *Other.* Sometimes used, in Shakespeare's time, where we now use the word 'others.'

(13) *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower.* "Dian's bud" is the "another herb" mentioned by Oberon, Act ii., sc. 2, which possesses power to act as an antidote or counter-charm against the spells worked by means of "love-in-idleness," or "Cupid's flower."

(14) *Silence awhile.* Oberon enjoins silence while the spell is being performed which is to remove the ass's head from Bottom's shoulders. See Note 10, Act iv., "Tempest."

(15) *Still music.* This stage direction is printed in the Folio 'music still;' but it probably means such soft (or still) music as shall charm sleep, and Oberon reiterates the command that he has desired his queen to give.

(16) *Bless it to all fair prosperity.* The Folio prints 'posterity' instead of "prosperity;" which is the word in Fisher's quarto, and which accords with the line in Act ii., sc. 2—"To give their bed joy and prosperity."

(17) *In silence sad.* 'In serious, grave, or solemn silence.' See Note 28, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(18) *Observation.* Here used for observance; the rites performed in celebration of May-morning.

(19) *Vaward.* A word formed from 'van' and 'ward;' meaning fore part or early portion.

(20) *Mark the musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction.* These lines, and the following magnificent passage, show Shakespeare's magic art in flooding his verse with beauty of sound as well as of colour. See Note 74, Act iii.

(21) *Chiding.* Shakespeare sometimes, as here, uses this word with excellent effect to express a peculiarly characterised sound.

(22) *So musical a discord.* Shakespeare, fine and true in his musical perceptions as in all others, evidently felt the intense

That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt. Horns sound within.*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation<sup>18</sup> is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward<sup>19</sup> of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds:  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:—  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.<sup>20</sup>

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding;<sup>21</sup> for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical a discord,<sup>22</sup> such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan  
kind,<sup>23</sup>

So flew'd, so sanded;<sup>24</sup> and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,<sup>25</sup>  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are  
these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here<sup>26</sup> together.

*The.* No doubt they rose up early to observe  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice.

delight that lies in certain discords for the educated musician's ear. In the same way that Art has its thrills of acute enjoyment from such chords as Mozart has put into his marble-ghost scene in the "Don Giovanni," Weber in his incantation scene of the "Freischütz," and Gounod into the close of the garden scene in his "Faust," so Nature has its "musical discords" of "sweet thunder" for such a poet as Shakespeare to discern and put into verse-notes of audible tone for his readers.

(23) *The Spartan kind.* The Spartan and Cretan hounds were famous for their fine breed.

(24) *So flew'd, so sanded.* "Flew'd" means possessed of large flews, or chaps; "sanded" means of that sandy colour which distinguishes a bloodhound.

(25) *Match'd in mouth like bells.* The present editors once had an opportunity of observing the singular felicity of Shakespeare's simile in this sentence. Chancing to be near a kennel of hounds, in the neighbourhood of Sunning Hill, the dogs set up their "tunable cry," and as it chimed musically forth, the very sound of "bells" here poetically recorded was sensibly audible, and caused the hearers to look at each other in sudden recognition of the simile's truth.

(26) *I wonder of their being here.* Instance of the varying use of prepositions formerly; "of" here being used where we should now use 'at.' See Note 50, Act iii.

(27) *Is not this the day that Hermia, &c.* Here occurs one of those passages by which Shakespeare marks his dramatic time, according to his peculiar and ingenious system. In the first scene of the play there is indication given of the time which is to elapse before the day when Theseus's nuptials are to be celebrated—"four happy days," and "four days will quickly," &c.: and it is also signified that what Theseus calls "the sealing-day betwixt my love and me"





*Oberon.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this  
sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.

*Act IV. Scene I.*





*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Exit an Attendant. Horns and shout within. LYS., DEM., HEL., and HER., awake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past: Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*]

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies: How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy, To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,<sup>35</sup> Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear, I cannot truly say how I came here; But, as I think (for truly would I speak,— And now I do bethink me, so it is), I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was to be gone from Athens, where we might, Without the peril of the Athenian law,<sup>39</sup>—

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— They would have stolen away: they would, Demetrius, Thereby to have defeated you and me, You of your wife, and me of my consent,— Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood; And I in fury hither follow'd them, Fair Helena in fancy<sup>30</sup> following me. But, my good lord, I wot<sup>31</sup> not by what power (But by some power it is), my love to Hermia, Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gawd,<sup>32</sup> Which in my childhood I did dote upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object, and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

is also to be the day on which Hermia must pronounce her decision between a single life and the husband chosen for her by her father. In the course of the conversation that follows between Hermia and Lysander, the lover proposes that she shall "steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night," to meet him in the wood, and take refuge at his widowed aunt's house, there to be married. In the third scene of Act ii. we find them in the wood, according to appointment; and the time and action of Act iii. occupy that same night. Act iv. shows the dawn and early morning in continuation; so that it required the present speech of Theseus to show that while the long-time process had hitherto been employed, the short-time process had now to be used, so as to bring the spectators to understand that the interval stated in the first scene was supposed to have elapsed, and that the nuptial-day and decision-day had arrived.

(28) *I shall reply amazedly.* In this speech the poet maintains the dreaminess of effect alluded to in Note 38, Act iii. Some critics have objected to the discrepancy which they say Shakespeare has committed between the title of this play and the period of its action, accusing him of oversight [they might be accused of *undersight*!] in mismatching Midsummer and May-day. But this also is a systematic method of his; so to blend and confuse periods as to produce at once the effect of a summer night's genial warmth, and a spring morning's freshness.

(29) *Might, without the peril of the Athenian law.* In the Folio,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will; For in the temple, by-and-by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit. And, for the morning now is something worn, Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens! three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.— Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE., HIP., EGE., and train.*]

*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable,<sup>33</sup>

Like far-off mountains turn'd into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When everything seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks: And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,<sup>34</sup> Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* Are you sure That we are awake? It seems to me That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him; And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt LYS., DEM., HER., and HEL.*]

*Bot.* [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!—'Od's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool,<sup>35</sup> if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,<sup>36</sup> man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of

and in Roberts's quarto, there is the word "be" inserted after "might," which injures the metre of the line. Egeus's "Enough, enough!" breaks off the speech ere completed. "Without" here is used in the sense of "beyond;" as we find the word used by Burnet in the sentence—"Eternity, before the world and after, is without our reach." See Note 36, Act v., "Tempest."

(30) *Fancy.* Used for love, preference, affectionate attachment. See Note 41, Act iii.

(31) *Wot.* Know. See Note 78, Act iii.

(32) *Gawd.* Bauble, toy, trifle. See Note 7, Act i.

(33) *These things seem small, &c.* In this and the few following speeches of the four lovers, the same effect of dream-like vision is still preserved. See Note 28, Act iv.

(34) *I have found Demetrius like a jewel.* In Shakespeare's elliptical way of writing, the verb here conveys the effect of its being repeated in form of an adjective. Helena therefore means, she has found Demetrius like a found jewel; hers by right of finding, not by right of previous ownership. Or the sentence may be thus explained—she has found her lover like a stray jewel; hers when she first had it and then regained it, not hers while it was lost to her.

(35) *A patched fool.* In allusion to the parti-coloured dress worn by professional jesters.

(36) *The eye of man hath not heard, the ear, &c.* The clown's pompous blundering is even more bewildered than usual here, to carry on the effect of half-awake, confused ideas arising out of the

this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.<sup>37</sup> [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Athens. A room in QUINCE's house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge<sup>38</sup> Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, Heaven bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies

more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. Oh, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—Oh, most courageous day! Oh, most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred.<sup>39</sup> In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—ATHENS. An apartment in the palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,<sup>1</sup> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend<sup>2</sup> More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact:<sup>3</sup>— One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—

That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:<sup>4</sup> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or in the night, imagining some fear,<sup>5</sup> How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

fairy visions pervading the play. His *non-sequitur* title for his proposed "ballad" is all of a piece with this; and so is his lumbering pun, which we fancy him fabricating with a grin as broad as its humour.

(37) *I shall sing it at her death.* "Her" here refers to Thisbe's death, in the interlude performed in Act v. When that tragic period occurs, we find Bottom proposing an "epilogue" or "a Bergomask dance;" and he might possibly have intended to introduce his "ballad" of "Bottom's Dream" as an appropriate and "gracious" wind-up to the performance. It was not unusual to conclude a play with a song; as at the close of "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Twelfth Night."

(38) *Discharge.* Enact, perform. See Note 52, Act i.

(39) *Preferred.* Used here in the sense of proffered, proposed, presented for acceptance. We find in the next scene that their "play" of "Pyramus and Thisbe" awaits, with others, Theseus's ultimate selection and preference.

(1) *Seething brains.* 'Boiling brains.' Shakespeare has elsewhere employed the idea of 'boiled brains' as indicating sodden, sapless, inapt brains; but here "seething brains" rather means bubbling, working, toiling, active brains.

(2) *Apprehend.* Used in the sense of conceive, perceive, discern. And thus again in the same speech.

(3) *Of imagination all compact.* 'Composed or made up entirely of imagination.' See Note 19, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(4) *A brow of Egypt.* A poetical way of saying, 'a complexion dark as a gipsy's, or an Egyptian's.' "Helen" in this line refers to the world-renowned beauty of Greece, wife to Menelaus; and who, stolen from her husband by Paris, became the cause of the Trojan war.

(5) *Or in the night, imagining, &c.* This concluding couplet, superficially considered, has an odd, bald, flat effect, as of an anticlimax, after the magnificent diction in the previous lines of the speech; but viewed dramatically, they serve to give character and





*Titania.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.  
*Oberon.* There lies your love.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*





And all their minds transfigured so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy;<sup>6</sup>  
But, howsoever, strange<sup>7</sup> and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall  
we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper<sup>8</sup> and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

*Phil.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgment<sup>9</sup> have you for this  
evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Phil.* [*Giving a paper.*] There is a brief<sup>10</sup> how  
many sports are ripe:

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*The.* [*Reads.*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian minstrel to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.<sup>11</sup>—

[*Reads.*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer<sup>12</sup> in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—

[*Reads.*] The thrice three Muses mourning<sup>13</sup> for the death  
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—

[*Reads.*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.<sup>14</sup>  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Phil.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they that do play it?

*Phil.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd<sup>15</sup> memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Phil.* No, my noble lord;  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd<sup>16</sup> and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such  
thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for  
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:  
And what poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.<sup>17</sup>  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty

naturalness to the dialogue. The speaker is carried away, by the impulse of his thought and nature of his subject, into lofty expression, ranging somewhat apart from the matter in hand; then, feeling this, he brings back the conversation to the point of the last night's visions and the lovers' related adventures by the two lines in question.

(6) *Constancy.* Used for 'consistency;' in its combined senses of congruity and substantiality.

(7) *Strange.* Shakespeare uses this word with forcible and extensive meaning. Here, and in the opening lines of the scene, he uses it for marvellous, out of nature, anomalous.

(8) *After-supper.* The "after-supper" was to the supper what the dessert is to the dinner. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, translates the word *pocenio* by "a banquet after supper, arere-supper."

(9) *Abridgment.* A brief performance; suitable for making the hours pass quickly.

(10) *Brief.* Shakespeare uses this word for what we now call a note or memorandum. Sir Hugh Evans ("Merry Wives of Windsor," Act i., sc. 1) says, "I will make a *prief* of it in my note-book;" and the word occurs in "Anthony and Cleopatra," Act v., sc. 2, with exactly the same meaning as it bears here—a note containing a short account, list, or enumeration.

(11) *My kinsman Hercules.* Shakespeare found the statement that Theseus and Hercules were related to each other in North's "Plutarch:"—"They were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side. For Æthra was the daughter of Pitheus, and

Alcmena (the mother of Hercules) was the daughter of Lysidices, the which was half-sister to Pitheus, both children of Pelops and of his wife Hippodamia."

(12) *The Thracian singer.* Orpheus, who, in grief for the loss of his wife Eurydice, secluded himself from female society, and thereby so offended the women of Thrace that, while celebrating the orgies of Bacchus, they attacked him, tore him to pieces, and threw his head into the river Hebrus, where the faithful dead mouth still murmured, "Eurydice! Eurydice!" until finally borne away into the Ægean Sea.

(13) *The thrice three Muses mourning, &c.* This has been conjectured to refer to Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," published in 1591.

(14) *Hot ice and wondrous strange snow.* It has been proposed to alter "strange" in this passage to 'scorching,' 'strong,' 'seething,' 'swarthy,' &c., as affording more palpable antithesis, in accordance with "hot ice;" but "strange," as Shakespeare occasionally uses it (in the sense of 'anomalous,' 'unnatural,' 'prodigious'), presents sufficient image of contrast in itself. See Note 7, Act v.

(15) *Unbreath'd.* Unexercised, unpractised. Shakespeare elsewhere uses "breathing" for 'exercise.'

(16) *In their intents, extremely stretch'd, &c.* The word "intents" here not only means intentions, attempts; but it includes the object the men intend to attempt; therefore their faculties are "stretch'd" to the utmost, and their parts in the play have been painfully "conn'd" or studied. See Note 54, Act i.

(17) *Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.* A condensed way of



I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Phil.* So please your grace, the Prologue is  
address'd.<sup>18</sup>

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.<sup>21</sup>

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;  
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it  
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on his prologue



*Quince.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bottom.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. *Act IV. Scene II.*

*The.* Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*<sup>19</sup>

*Enter Prologue.*<sup>20</sup>

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider, then, we come but in despite.  
We do not come as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,

like a child on a recorder;<sup>22</sup> a sound, but not in  
government.<sup>23</sup>

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain;  
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and  
LION, as in dumb-show.*

*Pro.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady, Thisbe is certain.<sup>24</sup>

saying, 'A generous regard for humble endeavour accepts it for what it might have been, had ability equalled eagerness to please, and not for its merit.'

(18) *Address'd.* Prepared; ready. See Note 11, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(19) *Flourish of trumpets.* It was a custom of the stage formerly to precede the prologue by a flourish of trumpets.

(20) *Enter Prologue.* The Folio prints this stage direction thus—"*Enter the Prologue, Quince.*" It may therefore be presumed that Peter Quince delivered the lines, and perhaps also wrote them, as we find Bottom (Act iv., sc. 1) saying that he will "get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream." Accordingly, we may imagine that he was author as well as manager to the company.

(21) *This fellow doth not stand upon points.* Theseus ridicules the mispunctuation in the delivery of the prologue; which Shakespeare has taken pains to mark. It was a favourite joke with authors of that time, to give a perfectly contrary sense to the clauses of a speech by wrong stopping.

(22) *Recorder.* A small flute or flageolet. See Note 5, Act v., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(23) *Not in government.* 'Not a regular tune, as when produced by practised fingers.' Shakespeare uses the word in this sense where he makes Hamlet say, while urging Guildenstern to play upon the recorder—"Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb."

(24) *Certain.* The wrong accentuation of this word to produce a



This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
 Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
 And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
 To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.  
 This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
 Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
 By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
 To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
 This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,<sup>25</sup>  
 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
 Did scare away, or rather did affright;

*The.* I wonder if the lion be to speak.  
*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion may when  
 many asses do.

*Wall.* In this same interlude it doth befall,  
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
 And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 Did whisper often very secretly.



*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this (and all is mended),  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear. Act V. Scene II.

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,<sup>26</sup>  
 Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle here:  
 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,<sup>27</sup>  
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PRO., THIS., LION, and MOON.]

line that shall rhyme with "plain," lends additional likelihood to the theory of Peter Quince's authorship.

(25) *Which Lion hight by name.* "Hight" is 'called,' 'entitled.' See Note 21, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost." Here, Theobald altered the sentence to 'which by name Lion hight,' in order that it might form a triple rhyme with the two next lines, ending with "night" and "affright." But the faulty rhyme may be another intentional indication of Peter Quince's style; just as, farther on, we find—

"These lily lips,  
 This cherry nose,"

where "lips" was altered to 'brows' by Theobald, for the same

This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show  
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak  
 better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I  
 heard discourse,<sup>28</sup> my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

reason. Moreover, even setting aside the theory of Quince's being the author of the interlude, several instances of non-rhymes may be pointed out in Shakespeare among rhymed lines. See Note 12, Act v., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(26) *Her mantle she did fall.* The verb "fall" is here used actively, for 'let fall.'

(27) *With blade, with bloody, &c.* This line and the next afford an example of Shakespeare's satire upon the prevailing mode of alliteration. See Note 41, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(28) *The wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse.* By the way in which we find the expressions "partition" and "partition wall" employed by Hooker and other controversialists, it seems probable



Enter PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* Oh, grim-look'd night! Oh, night with hue so black!  
Oh, night, which ever art when day is not!  
Oh, night! oh, night! alack, alack, alack!  
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—  
And thou, oh, wall, oh, sweet, oh, lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!  
Thou wall, oh, wall, oh, sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[WALL holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

Oh, wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

*This.* Oh, wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

*Pyr.* I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.—

Thisby!

*This.* My love! thou art my love, I think.

*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

And, like Limander,<sup>29</sup> am I trusty still.

*This.* And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

*Pyr.* Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

*This.* As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

*Pyr.* Oh, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

*This.* I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

*Pyr.* Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

*This.* 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.]

*Wall.* Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[Exit.]

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear<sup>30</sup> without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.<sup>31</sup>

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

*Lion.* You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

that the word was used much in the same sense that we now use 'sect;' and thus Demetrius's punning rejoinder would be comprehensible, as meaning—'This is the most ingenious propounder of doctrine that ever I heard hold forth.'

(29) *Limander.* The players blunder Leander and Hero into "Limander" and "Helen;" as they do Cephalus and Procris into "Shafalus" and "Procrus."

(30) *When walls are so wilful to hear.* Alluding to the proverb, 'Walls have ears.'

(31) *A moon and a lion.* "Moon" is printed 'man' in the Folio. Theobald made the correction.

(32) *No lion fell.* This, in the Folio, is printed 'A lion fell;' which has been altered to 'A lion's fell:' but we find from the conversation at Act iii., sc. 1, that it is expressly agreed "another prologue must tell he is not a lion;" and that Snug himself must

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
No lion fell,<sup>32</sup> nor else no lion's dam;  
For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;—

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;—

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.<sup>33</sup>

*Hip.* I am a-weary of this moon: would he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, Moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

*This.* This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

*Lion.* [Roaring.] Oh——. [THISBE runs off.]

*Dem.* Well roared, Lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, Moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The LION tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.]

*The.* Well moused, Lion.<sup>34</sup>

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanished.<sup>35</sup>

Enter PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,<sup>36</sup>

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

speak through the lion's neck, and assure the ladies that he is "no such thing." He therefore now tells them that he is neither lion nor lioness, and not a fell (or cruel) lion; as he goes on to inform them that he comes not "in strife," and as the auditors go on to say that he is anything but fierce.

(33) *In snuff.* A pun; alluding to the burnt wick of the candle, and to the idiom 'to take it in snuff,' signifying 'to take it in anger.' See Note 51, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(34) *Well moused, Lion.* To "mouse" is to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

(35) *And so the lion vanished.* Some of the commentators complain that this passage is obscure; but to us it seems to follow naturally upon Demetrius's speech. The lion, seeing Pyramus coming, vanishes.

(36) *Streams.* The Folio and Quartos all give 'beames' here;



But stay,—oh, spite !—  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here !  
Eyes, do you see ?  
How can it be ?  
Oh, dainty duck ! oh, dear !  
Thy mantle good,  
What, stain'd with blood ?  
Approach, ye Furies fell !  
O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum ;<sup>37</sup>  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend,  
would go near to make a man look sad.<sup>38</sup>

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* Oh, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus,—

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus !

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !—

[*Stabs himself.*]

[*Exit MOONSHINE.*]

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.*]

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

*The.* She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, she for a woman.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet* :—

*This.* Asleep, my love ?

What, dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise !

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,<sup>39</sup>

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone :

Lovers, make moan ;

His eyes were green as leeks.

and the second Folio prints 'streams.' Mr. Charles Knight plausibly suggested 'gleams,' as maintaining the alliteration in the line ; but "streams," likewise carries on the abounding s's in the next line, quite sufficiently to make it in keeping with the doggerel of this interlude.

(37) *Cut thread and thrum.* The "thrum" is the end of a weaver's warp. See Note 10, Act iv., "Merry Wives of Windsor." Probably "thread and thrum" was used similarly to 'warp and woof ;' therefore, cut "thread and thrum" would be a desperate phrase, equivalent to 'cut the fabric of life on all sides.'

(38) *This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.* The humour of this has been missed by those who have proposed another reading of the passage. Theseus reduces Bottom's pathos into naught, by coupling it with a source of grief abundantly sufficient in itself to cause sadness.

O Sisters Three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk ;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word :  
Come, trusty sword ;  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue : [*Stabs herself.*]  
And, farewell, friends,—  
Thus Thisbe ends,—  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dies.*]

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance<sup>40</sup> between two of our company ?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross<sup>41</sup> play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores  
All with weary task fordone.<sup>42</sup>  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide :

(39) *This cherry nose.* See Note 25, Act v.

(40) *A Bergomask dance.* A dance called in Italian a *Bergomasco*, because it was originally danced by the Bergamese, peasants of Bergamo, a province of Venetia. It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare has kept up the character of Bottom to the very last. He alone, of all the clownish actors, ventures to address the audience in his own person ; he does it twice : first, he answers Theseus himself and flatly contradicts him—"No, in truth, sir, he should not," &c. ; and again plumps in with "No, I assure you ;" undertaking to correct everybody, and set to rights everything.

(41) *Gross.* Here used in the sense of clumsy, lumbering ; which accords well with "the heavy gait of night,"—Shakespeare sometimes using the word "heavy" to express slow-paced, tardy.

(42) *Fordone.* Overcome ; what we should now, in common parlance, call 'over-done,' 'spent,' 'tired out.'

And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's<sup>43</sup> team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolic: not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
 I am sent, with broom, before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.<sup>44</sup>

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.*

*Obe.* Through the house give glimmering light,  
 By the dead and drowsy fire:  
 Every elf and fairy sprite  
 Hop as light as bird from brier;  
 And this ditty, after me,  
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote,  
 To each word a warbling note:  
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

*[Song and dance.]*

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,  
 Through this house each fairy stray.  
 To the best bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us shall blessèd be;  
 And the issue there create  
 Ever shall be fortunate.  
 So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be;  
 And the blots of Nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gait;  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace, with sweet peace:  
 Ever shall in safety rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.<sup>45</sup>

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

*[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA,  
 and train.]*

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this (and all is mended),  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.<sup>46</sup>  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding but a dream,  
 Gentles, do not reprehend:  
 If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,  
 If we have unearnèd luck<sup>47</sup>  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,<sup>48</sup>  
 We will make amends ere long;  
 Else the Puck a liar call:  
 So, good night unto you all.  
 Give me your hands,<sup>49</sup> if we be friends,  
 And Robin shall restore amends. *[Exit.]*

(43) *The triple Hecate.* The goddess so-called, because she bore three names: Luna, in heaven; Diana, on earth; and Hecate, in the infernal regions.

(44) *With broom, before, to sweep the dust behind the door.* 'From' must be understood between "dust" and "behind;" in the elliptical style used by Shakespeare. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, was represented in old prints, bearing a broom over his shoulder; and the fairies were supposed especially to favour household cleanliness. See Note 14, Act v., "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and the previous speech, ending with "Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery."

(45) *Ever shall in safety rest, and the owner of it blest.* These two lines have been variously altered; but they seem to us to afford one

of the many instances where Shakespeare has an understood nominative in a sentence. It is as if the line were printed—"Ever shall 't in safety rest."

(46) *While these visions did appear.* Even to the epilogue does Shakespeare maintain the dream-like character of this enchanting play, which he has so well entitled.

(47) *Unearnèd luck.* 'Good fortune beyond what our merits deserved.'

(48) *The serpent's tongue.* Puck's natural mode of expressing the hisses that may be dreaded from the audience.

(49) *Give me your hands.* Robin Goodfellow's way of begging his hearers to applaud.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.  
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his kinsman and friend.

SOLANIO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.  
SALARINO, }  
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock, afterwards to Bassanio.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.  
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT, the seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.*





# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—VENICE. *A street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.<sup>2</sup>*

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :  
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;<sup>3</sup>  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>4</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers<sup>5</sup> on the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Solan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;  
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;<sup>7</sup>  
And every object that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats ;  
And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>8</sup> dock'd in sand,  
Vailing<sup>9</sup> her high-top lower than her ribs,  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;

(1) The earliest printed copies known of "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" are two—both in quarto, and both published in 1600; and it appears as the ninth play in the 1623 Folio. But there is record that it was entered on the register of the Stationers' Company, on the 22nd July, 1598; and there is reason to believe that it was acted by the fellowship of actors of whom Shakespeare was one, in the year 1594. The poet was then thirty years of age, in the very prime of intellectual vigour, and we can well imagine this fine play to have been the product of his pen at that period of his life. There is a strength of purpose in it as a drama, a tone of experience in its views of men and life, a masterly treatment of character, and, withal, a wealth of romance about its story, that mark it for a composition on his arrival at manly maturity. The sources of the double plot—that of the bond, and of the caskets—are to be traced in the "*Gesta Romanorum*;" and very distinct vestiges of the bond story are to be found in the "*Pecorone*" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which existed in an English translation in Shakespeare's time. What adds to the probability that he availed himself of the latter is, that the name of the place where the lady lives who is the heroine of the tale is Belmont. But for the blending of the two plots into one supremely interesting story; for the poetry and refinement of its conduct; for the noble delineations of friendship and love; for the potent yet subtle development of hate sprung from mingled national and individual, professional and personal causes—malignant revenge pursued from motives of race-prejudice, social dislike, and moral antipathy; for the making a dramatic fable the means of vindicating a grand human brotherhood question,—for all this, Shakespeare is solely indebted to his own genius.

(2) *Salarino, and Solanio.* In the Folio these names are variously

spelt in various places of the play; but the mode proposed by Capell, and here adopted, of giving them uniformly, and abbreviated into *Salar.* and *Solan.*, appears to be the best for obviating confusion.

(3) *It wearies me ; you say it, &c.* This passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's way of using "it" in reference to a previously unstated particular. In the present speech, indeed, this particular ("sadness") is subsequently named; but the peculiarity of style is here pointed out, as helping to illustrate other passages, where the poet's usage is less manifest, and where, consequently, the construction is more difficult of comprehension.

(4) *Argosies.* The name given to large ships, either men-of-war or merchantmen. It has been derived from Argo—the vessel in which Jason and the Argonauts set sail when they sought the golden fleece.

(5) *Signiors and rich burghers.* "Signior" is a title of dignity and respect among Italians. "Burghers" are privileged members of a corporate town or borough.

(6) *Plucking the grass, &c.* Ascham says—"This way I used in shooting. When I was in the myddle way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a lyttle grasse, and so learned how the wind stood." Every one knows the sailor's method of holding up a moistened finger, that the side soonest feeling cold may indicate the quarter whence the wind blows.

(7) *Roads.* Roadsteads. See Note 37, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(8) *Andrew.* Well given as the name of an Italian ship, in honour of the great Genoese admiral, *Andrea Doria*.

(9) *Vailing.* To "vail" is to lower, decline, bend down, let fall. See Note 1, Act v., "Measure for Measure."

And, in a word, but even now worth this,<sup>10</sup>  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?  
 But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let's say  
 you're sad,  
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,  
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed  
 Janus,<sup>11</sup>

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,<sup>12</sup>  
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
 And other of such vinegar aspect,  
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
 Though Nestor<sup>13</sup> swear the jest be laughable.

*Solan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
 kinsman,

*Gratiano, and Lorenzo.* Fare you well:  
 We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stay'd till I had made you  
 merry,  
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
 I take it, your own business calls on you,  
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
 say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on  
 yours. [*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

*Lor.* My Lord Bassanio, since you have found  
 Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,  
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
 You have too much respect upon the world:  
 They lose it that do buy it with much care:  
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,  
 Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,  
 And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:<sup>14</sup>  
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—  
 There are a sort of men, whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle<sup>15</sup> like a standing pond;  
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
 And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"  
 Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing;<sup>16</sup> when, I am very sure,<sup>17</sup>  
 If they should speak, would almost doom those ears,  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers  
 fools.<sup>18</sup>

I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.<sup>19</sup>—  
 Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-  
 time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years  
 more,  
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

(10) *Now worth this.* In Shakespeare's elliptical style, the nominative is understood, though not expressed in this sentence.

(11) *By two-headed Janus.* We shall have many occasions to point out where Shakespeare has been accurately appropriate in his forms of adjuration. Here, not only does he make an Italian use a mythological oath (still a habit in Italy, where "*Per Bacco!*" "*Corpo di Bacco!*" and "*Santa Diana!*" are usual exclamations at the present day), but he makes Salarino swear by Janus, who was one of the most ancient god-kings in Italy; giving him the epithet "two-headed," in allusion to the form in which the god was represented. Moreover, the double head with which the antique images of Janus appeared, often gave contrasted faces; young and old, smiling and wrinkled, &c.; which accords well with the subsequent context in the speech.

(12) *Peep through their eyes.* A graphic expression, descriptive of one who puckers up his eyes into mere narrow slits by perpetual laughing.

(13) *Nestor.* One of the gravest and sagest of the Grecian generals in the Trojan war; the commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, saying that, had he ten such counsellors as Nestor, Troy would soon be taken.

(14) *Play the fool.* Gratiano, hearing Antonio assigning himself a sad part on the stage of the world, professes his choice for that of "the fool;" in allusion to the character who went by that name in the old dramatic shows, and whose province it was to deal in perpetual buffooneries.

(15) *Do cream and mantle.* The felicity of these verbs, as here used, will be obvious to those who recall not only the way in which "a standing pond" becomes covered by a sluggish substance sometimes cracked into lines, like a face furrowed by care or sourness, but the way in which milk that has been boiled becomes skinned over by a surface assuming precisely the appearance of wrinkles in a human countenance.

(16) *Reputed wise, for saying nothing.* This reminds us of Molière's witty couplet:—

"A fool who takes care not to utter a word,  
 Can't be known from a wise man, whose tongue isn't heard."

(17) *When, I am very sure.* "When" has been altered by some editors into "who" here; but this passage seems to us to be one of those where Shakespeare, in his elliptical style, allows the nominative to be understood. In the present case the "they" in "if they should speak," is understood as repeated in the same line before "would."

(18) *Call their brothers fools.* The sentence may be thus interpreted:—"If these wiseacres were to speak, the nonsense they would utter would cause their hearers to incur the penalty pronounced upon those who call their brothers fools."

(19) *This fool-gudgeon, this opinion.* The gudgeon being esteemed a foolish fish and easily caught, Gratiano uses it as a simile for the good opinion of the world,—too readily won, and scarcely worth having when gained.



*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>20</sup>

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

*Ant.* Is that anything now?<sup>21</sup>

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are

How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>22</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd.<sup>23</sup> To you, Antonio,



*Portia.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*Act I. Scene II.*

as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;<sup>24</sup>  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,<sup>25</sup>  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

(20) *For this gear.* A colloquial expression; equivalent to 'For the sake of this, that has just been mentioned.' 'Gear' is derived from the Saxon *gearwa*, anything prepared or made ready; so that 'business in hand,' 'matter in question,' 'subject under disquisition,' is its meaning.

(21) *Is that anything now?* In the Folio this sentence is printed—'It is that anything now?' We have sometimes fancied that the word 'in' was possibly omitted between 'that' and 'any;' or that 'any' might have been a misprint for 'very'—in which case it would have read, 'It is that very thing now,' meaning, 'Silence is commendable now, when you are holding your tongue and going.' But on the whole, we think that, by leaving out the word 'it,' and making the speech a question (as most editors now do), we have just the kind of quietly scornful comment that Antonio would

make, after Gratiano's fling at those who "are reputed wise for saying nothing."

(22) *A more swelling port.* 'A more imposing appearance of wealth and grandeur.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "port" in this sense.

(23) *Gag'd.* Pledged; bound to pay.

(24) *Let me know it.* An instance of the way in which Shakespeare uses "it," when referring to a plurally-named antecedent. See Note 2, Act iii., "Tempest." In the present passage "it" alludes to "plots and purposes," as if they were 'a plan' or 'scheme.'

(25) *As you yourself still do.* One of the commentators points out that here "still" is used in the sense of 'always,' 'ever.' It is so; but it is also used (in Shakespeare's matchless style of selecting a word that combines various significations) in the sense



My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight<sup>26</sup>  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth;<sup>27</sup> and by adventuring both,  
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;<sup>28</sup>  
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest<sup>29</sup> unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes<sup>30</sup> from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages;<sup>31</sup>  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons<sup>32</sup> come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio! had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,<sup>33</sup>  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity<sup>34</sup>  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
That shall be rack'd,<sup>35</sup> even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,

of 'continue to do.' Antonio means that Bassanio always stands honourably, and continues to do so, notwithstanding those errors of which he has just accused himself.

(26) *I shot his fellow, &c.* This mode of tracking the course of an arrow lost to view, is of extremely ancient practice, and is alluded to by many old writers.

(27) *To find the other forth.* "Find forth" was used by Shakespeare as an equivalent for 'find out.' He often employs the word "forth" as the Italians do their word *fuor* or *fuore*.

(28) *Circumstance.* Used here, and elsewhere, by Shakespeare for 'circumlocution,' 'superfluous words,' 'needless instances.'

(29) *Prest.* Ready, prompt; disposed. Old French, *prest*; modern French, *prêt*. "Prest" here also has the effect of 'pressed;' in the sense of urged, incited, impelled.

(30) *Sometimes.* 'Formerly;' 'before now.'

(31) *Fair speechless messages.* A graceful way of expressing the numberless things that may be conveyed in the mute eloquence of a lady's look.

(32) *Many Jasons.* In allusion to Jason, prince of Thessaly, who set sail in the ship Argo for Colchis, to obtain possession of the golden fleece.

Where money is; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—BELMONT. A room in PORTIA'S house.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean:<sup>36</sup> superfluity comes sooner by white hairs;<sup>37</sup> but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood;<sup>38</sup> but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth,<sup>39</sup> to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—oh, me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse one?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;<sup>40</sup> and he makes it a great

(33) *Thrift.* Here used in the sense of profit, gain, advantage, prosperity, thriving.

(34) *Commodity.* 'Goods;' 'articles of merchandise.' The word, moreover, is judiciously employed here, as it includes the idea of 'convenience.' Shakespeare often introduces words that thus ingeniously convey more than one impression appropriate to the subject in question.

(35) *Rack'd.* 'Stretched,' 'strained.'

(36) *To be seated in the mean.* 'To be placed in the middle station of life.'

(37) *Comes sooner by white hairs.* 'Sooner attains white hairs.' To "come by" something, is still a common idiom for attaining something.

(38) *Blood.* Here used for temperament, natural disposition, impulse, inclination.

(39) *Such a hare is madness, the youth.* We have still the expression 'hare-brained;' signifying rash, wild, hurried.

(40) *A colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse.* "A colt" is used for a foolish, wild young fellow; as we find in Henry VIII., i. 3, where the chamberlain, joking Lord Sands upon his still being young and frolicsome, says, "Your colt's tooth is not



appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then is there the County Palatine.<sup>41</sup>

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not:<sup>42</sup> I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these:—Heaven defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's;<sup>43</sup> a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle<sup>44</sup> sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;<sup>45</sup> and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth<sup>46</sup> in the English. He is a proper man's picture;<sup>47</sup> but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited!<sup>48</sup> I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear<sup>49</sup> of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German,<sup>50</sup> the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

cast yet." The Neapolitans, in Shakespeare's time, were famed for their skill in horsemanship. The word "appropriation," in this speech, has been checked at by some who would substitute another in its stead; but it is just in Shakespeare's way of using a term with relation to its original meaning, and with his own largely-extended significance. Thus, here, we take "appropriation" to mean something belonging to this list of merits upon which he values himself.

(41) *County Palatine.* "County," or 'Count,' was a title applied to noblemen generally. See Note 38, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing." But it has been supposed that "the County Palatine" here alludes to a certain count Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited the Court of Queen Elizabeth in 1583, and whose story of a youth spent in prodigality, and an old age spent in search of the philosopher's stone, was publicly known.

(42) *He hears merry tales, and smiles not.* We shall have frequent occasion to remark upon Shakespeare's girds at these dealers in melancholy; fellows who are impervious to a jest, and impenetrable by mirth; either obtusely insensible to fun, or determinately set upon being uninfluenced by its appeals. The joyous-hearted Portia would find such a character peculiarly repugnant to her nature.

(43) *A horse better than the Neapolitan's.* It would be difficult to cite a more playful summary than is contained in this speech of the excitability, the volubility, the volatility, and the versatility that characterises those whom Addison has styled "this ludicrous nation."

(44) *Throstle.* The missel-thrush. See Note 17, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla,<sup>51</sup> I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray Heaven grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.<sup>52</sup>

*Ner.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so

(45) *Neither Latin, French, nor Italian.* This has been pronounced to be a satire upon the limited knowledge of English travellers in the languages of the countries they visit. But it is not so much that an Englishman cannot speak a foreign language, as that he is shy in speaking it; and this, added to his native taciturnity, makes him the "dumb-show" which Portia calls him, and which Italian ladies still find him.

(46) *A poor pennyworth.* "Pennyworth," like "penny," was sometimes used to express an indefinite amount. See Note 7, Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(47) *A proper man's picture.* "Proper" is 'comely,' 'well-proportioned.' By this expression Portia conveys just the effect that a handsome speechless Englishman—even to the present day—produces upon her countrywomen, when introduced to one of them.

(48) *How oddly he is suited!* This practice of compounding a gentleman's attire from diversity of fashions, is also satirised by Shakespeare in "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 2.

(49) *Borrowed a box of the ear, &c.* An allusion to the perpetual quarrels between the Scotch and the English, with the promises of assistance to the former from the French.

(50) *The young German.* Shakespeare elsewhere alludes to the addiction to drink, and potency in potations, of the Germans.

(51) *Sibylla.* The Cumaean Sibyl, of whom Apollo was enamoured, and on whom he conferred the privilege she demanded of living as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand.

(52) *So was he called.* In this little speech Shakespeare gives a specimen of his subtle knowledge of womanly nature and mode of expression. Portia's first eager "Yes, yes, it was Bassanio;" and



good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil,<sup>53</sup> I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.<sup>54</sup>

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead<sup>55</sup> me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.<sup>56</sup>

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto,<sup>57</sup> he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered<sup>58</sup> abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,<sup>59</sup>—I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and, that I may

be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.<sup>60</sup>  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>61</sup>  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months  
Do you desire?—[To ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants<sup>62</sup> of my friend,  
I'll break a custom.—[To BASSANIO.] Is he yet  
possess'd<sup>63</sup>  
How much you would?

then her soberer, "As I think, so was he called," is precisely true to feminine impulse and feminine instinct.

(53) *Condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil.* Portia, hearing of the Prince of Morocco, immediately pictures to herself his African complexion. "Condition" is here, as elsewhere, used for 'inherent qualities,' 'nature,' 'disposition.'

(54) *Shylock.* This name was used for a Jew in a pamphlet published in 1607, being the reprint of a much older copy; therefore there is a probability that it was known to Shakespeare. It is believed that the name was derived from the Jewish appellation, *Scialac*; borne by a Maronite of Mount Libanus about the period in question.

(55) *Stead.* Help, support, benefit.

(56) *A good man.* Still a commercial phrase for 'a man of credit;' but Bassanio affects to take it in its more usual and general sense of 'a virtuous man.'

(57) *The Rialto.* This name seems to have been derived from the Italian *Riva alta*, high shore; because the island called "Rialto," in Venice, is one of the most elevated of those on which the city is built. There was an exchange upon this island, called "the Rialto," where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants met twice a day; and this is the "Rialto" meant in the text; not the bridge now known as "the Rialto," which connects the island with the one upon which St. Mark's stands.

(58) *Squandered.* Formerly used for scattered, dispersed.

(59) *Land-thieves and water-thieves.* This is transposedly printed in the Folio; thereby not only spoiling the consecution that accords with "land-rats and water-rats," but divides "water-thieves" from "pirates," which is evidently intended as an interpretation.

(60) *Usance here with us in Venice.* That the Jews were at that time noted and licensed usurers in Venice, is manifest from a passage in a history of Italy published in 1561:—"It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the year; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts." It is remarkable what intensity of characterisation Shakespeare has put into Shylock's diction—not only individual, but national characterisation. In that little word "us," for instance, how like the persecuted tribe speaking of themselves! in the epithet "our sacred nation," how like the pious pride that distinguishes them! in the expression "a wealthy Hebrew of our tribe" there is the peculiar avoidance of the word Jew, which is observable among them,—calling themselves "Israelites," not Jews. Shylock never uses the word, save in that speech of magnificent bitterness (iii. 1) where he employs it as in the mouth of Christians speaking of himself and his tribe.

(61) *Catch him once upon the hip.* To "catch" or have "upon the hip" is a phrase borrowed from wrestling, or from hunting; and means to get a person into a position for taking advantage of him. The expression is repeated in iv. 1 of this play, and in iii. 1 of "Othello."

(62) *The ripe wants.* Shakespeare sometimes uses the word "ripe" in the sense of 'come to urgent necessity,' 'come to extremity.'

(63) *Possess'd.* Informed; possessed with the knowledge of. See Note 9, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."









*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months: [*To Bassanio*] you told me so.

[*To Antonio.*] Well then, your bond;<sup>64</sup> and let me see,—but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd<sup>65</sup>

That all the eanlings<sup>66</sup> which were streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire,

The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,

And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall<sup>67</sup> parti-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd  
for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood<sup>68</sup> hath!

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round  
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto,<sup>69</sup> you have rated me

About my monies and my usances:<sup>70</sup>

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,<sup>71</sup>

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well, then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to,<sup>72</sup> then; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have monies;"—you say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: monies is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money? Is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,<sup>73</sup>

With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,

Say this,—

"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much monies?"

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.<sup>74</sup>

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends (for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal<sup>75</sup> of his friend?);

But lend it rather to thine enemy;

Who if he break, thou mayst with better face

Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you, and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

Supply your present wants, and take no doit

Of usance<sup>76</sup> for my monies, and you'll not hear me;

This is kind I offer.

*Bass.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show.—

Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

(64) *Well then, your bond.* It is worthy of observation how ingeniously Shakespeare has kept in view the main circumstance that weighs with Shylock—the *bond* that Antonio is to enter into—while at the same time the Jew takes pains to conceal his own malignant interest in the point. Here, after letting fall the word, he turns off attention from it, by the words "let me see,—but hear you," and goes on to speak of another subject; then, when he returns to the essential point he mentions it lightly, speaks of "a merry sport," and calls it "this merry bond." Moreover, with consummate dramatic skill, the poet has contrived—under the natural semblance of Shylock's hesitation to lend the sum required—to impress repeatedly upon the spectator's or reader's attention the *terms* of the bargain which form the story's chief interest.

(65) *Compromis'd.* Mutually promised, or agreed.

(66) *Eanlings.* Lambs just born; from the Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth young.

(67) *Fall.* Used actively, for 'let fall.'

(68) *Falsehood.* As "Shakespeare sometimes uses 'truth' for 'honesty,' so he here, and elsewhere, uses 'falsehood' for 'knavery.'

(69) *In the Rialto.* Elsewhere, Shakespeare has "on the Rialto," and "upon the Rialto;" just as we say either 'In the Exchange,' 'on 'Change,' or 'upon 'Change.' Moreover, "on," "of," and "in," were often used indiscriminately by writers of his time.

(70) *Usances.* Usuries.

(71) *Jewish gaberdine.* A large loose cloak. See Note 38, Act ii., "Tempest." There does not seem to have been any distinctive garment worn by the Jews; but it appears that they wore yellow turbans, or bonnets.

(72) *Go to.* An idiomatic phrase; tantamount to "just so," "very well." See Note 43, Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(73) *A bondman's key.* "The tone of voice befitting a slave." See Note 29, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(74) *To call thee so again, to spit, &c.* In the shrinking we feel from the implacable revenge of Shylock when his day of triumph is apparently come, we are apt to forget the unrelentingness with which Antonio has behaved in the time of his ascendancy—the Christian merchant's treatment of the Jewish usurer. There is nothing of Christian forbearance in the spirit of the present speech; but rather the intolerance, the acrimony, the inimical defiance which provokes retaliation.

(75) *A breed for barren metal.* This idea—of money bred from money, of money put out to interest, being made to reproduce itself, though sterile by nature—is as old as Aristotle; and is also used by Lord Bacon, and by Meres.

(76) *No doit of usance.* "Doit" is a small coin. See Note 37, Act ii., "Tempest." "Usance" is here used for 'interest.'

*Ant.* Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me:  
I'll rather dwell<sup>77</sup> in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:  
Within these two months,—that's a month before  
This bond expires,—I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* Oh, father Abraham! what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day,<sup>78</sup> what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,—  
Give him direction for this merry bond;  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>79</sup>  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew. [Exit SHYLOCK.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay;  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—BELMONT. A room in PORTIA'S house.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO  
and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her  
attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike<sup>1</sup> me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,<sup>2</sup>  
To prove whose blood is reddest,<sup>3</sup> his or mine.  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant:<sup>4</sup> by my love, I swear  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;<sup>5</sup>  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit,<sup>6</sup> to yield myself

His wife who wins me by that means I told you,<sup>6</sup>  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair  
As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy,<sup>8</sup> and a Persian prince  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—  
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!<sup>9</sup>  
If Hercules and Lichas<sup>10</sup> play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page;<sup>11</sup>  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,

(77) *Dwell.* Used here for 'remain,' 'continue,' 'abide.'

(78) *Break his day.* A technicality of Shakespeare's time for a breach of contract. So the expression, "if he break," just before used by Antonio, means, 'if he fail to pay the debt contracted;' and does not mean mercantile failure, or bankruptcy, as the word is sometimes now employed.

(79) *The fearful guard.* That is, in the guard of one who occasions fear by his being untrustworthy and careless.

(1) *Mislike.* It is a pity that this word should grow out of use; for, although similar to 'dislike,' 'disapprove,' 'be displeased with,' yet, as Shakespeare uses it, it has a shade of different and additional meaning, to express which it were advantageous to possess this fitting word. He employs it for 'dislike mistakenly,' 'disapprove erroneously,' 'be displeased with on wrongly-conceived grounds.'

(2) *Make incision for your love.* Allusion is elsewhere made to this practice. See Note 80, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(3) *Whose blood is reddest.* The superior redness of blood was supposed to be an indication of superior courage; and Shakespeare often uses the want of colour as a symptom of want of valour.

(4) *Fear'd the valiant.* 'Caused the valiant to fear.' Shake-

speare, and writers of his time, often used "to fear" for 'to frighten,' instead of for 'to be afraid of.'

(5) *Nice direction of a maiden's eyes.* Shakespeare uses the word "nice" with various signification. Here, he seems to us to employ it to express 'discriminating,' 'choice,' 'fastidious.'

(6) *Scanted me, and hedg'd me by his wit.* "Scanted" means 'limited,' 'stinted,' "hedg'd" means 'confined,' 'restrained,' "Wit" is here used for 'intelligence,' 'sagacity,' 'forethought.'

(7) *That means I told you.* Here, in Shakespeare's elliptical style, the sentence is complete without the 'of' with which it would, in usual parlance, conclude. We point out examples in these more obvious passages, because it will help the beginner-student of Shakespeare to comprehend his construction in obscurer ones.

(8) *The Sophy.* The title of the Emperor of Persia.

(9) *Alas the while!* This, and "woe the while!" are exclamations occurring in Shakespeare, and were in general use in his time; meaning, however, no more than "alas!" or "woe!" introduced parenthetically.

(10) *Lichas.* Servant to Hercules; who, bringing his master the poisonous garment sent by Dejanira, was thrown by him into the sea.

(11) *Page.* This word is printed 'rage' in the Quartos as well as



Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.<sup>12</sup>

to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at  
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo,  
Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good



Bassanio. One speak for both.—What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Act II. Scene II.

Mor. Nor will not.<sup>13</sup> Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!  
To make me blest or curs'd'st<sup>14</sup> among men.  
[Cornets, and exeunt.]

SCENE II.—VENICE. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT.<sup>15</sup>

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me

Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels."<sup>16</sup> Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!"<sup>17</sup> says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens,"<sup>18</sup> rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something

the Folio; but Theobald made the needful correction, pointing out that the context shows the idea to be a strong man foiled by a weaker man in a chance at dice, and not of the former being mastered by his own wrath. "Alcides" is one of the names of Hercules—from the Greek word for strength, or, more probably, from his being the descendant of Alcæus, his grandfather: it being a custom among classical heroes to bear the names of their progenitors—as, 'Laertides,' for Ulysses, son of Laertes; 'Æacides,' for Achilles, grandson of Æacus.

(12) *Be advis'd.* 'Be wary;' 'be circumspect;' 'bethink you well.' See Note 107, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(13) *Nor will not.* The prince says this in rejoinder to Portia's "Never speak to lady," &c. Shakespeare often thus makes his

characters reply to something not immediately preceding what they say; giving a most natural effect to his dialogue. See Note 7, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(14) *Blest or curs'd'st.* Instance of a positive and a superlative used together. See Note 73, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(15) *Launcelot.* In the Quartos and Folio this character is called "the Clown," on the occasion of his entrances and exits.

(16) *Scorn running with thy heels.* To "scorn with the heels" was an expression then in use for contemptuously rejecting a proposal, for spurning a suggestion.

(17) *Via!* An exclamation of encouragement. See Note 47, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(18) *For the heavens.* An old form of 'For Heaven's sake.' The



grow to,—he had a kind of taste;<sup>19</sup>—well, my conscience says, “Launcelot, budge not.” “Budge,” says the fiend. “Budge not,” says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (bless the mark!<sup>20</sup>) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation;<sup>21</sup> and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

*Enter OLD GOBBO,<sup>22</sup> with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew’s?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] Oh, heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,<sup>23</sup> high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions<sup>24</sup> with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew’s?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew’s house.

*Gob.* By my troth, ’twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—*[Aside.]* Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.<sup>25</sup>—*[To him.]* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man’s son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what ’a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship’s friend, and Launcelot,<sup>26</sup> sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, *ergo*,<sup>27</sup> old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an’t please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of

learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?—*[To him.]* Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. *[Kneels.]* Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, —a man’s son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let’s have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew’s man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I’ll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got!<sup>28</sup> thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse<sup>29</sup> has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin’s tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face,<sup>30</sup> when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How ’gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest<sup>31</sup> to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master’s a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.<sup>32</sup> Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio,<sup>33</sup>

humour of making “the fiend” use such an adjuration, is just in Shakespeare’s way. So is the strong figure of speech, “My conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart,” to express an earnest appeal.

(19) *Something smack, something grow to,—he had a kind of taste.* Launcelot’s hovering way of hinting that his father had some twang of dishonesty, some leaning towards knavery, about him.

(20) *Bless the mark!* A parenthetical exclamation like “save the mark!” used deprecatively or avertively.

(21) *Incarnation.* Launcelot’s blunder for ‘incarnate.’

(22) *Gobbo.* As this is the Italian word for a hunchback, it has been supposed that Shakespeare intended Old Gobbo to be represented as deformed.

(23) *Sand-blind.* This was an epithet formerly in use to express imperfect sight, as if there were sand in the eyes; and Launcelot exaggerates it into “high-gravel blind.”

(24) *Confusions.* Launcelot’s blunder for ‘conclusions.’ To “try conclusions” is to ‘try experiments.’

(25) *Now will I raise the waters.* Launcelot’s grand way of saying he will bring tears into his father’s eyes.

(26) *Your worship’s friend, and Launcelot.* The old man means to say ‘Him whom your worship seems to know; and who is simply

Launcelot, not Master Launcelot.’ That this form of expression for one and the same person was then used, we find from Costard’s thus announcing himself, “Your servant, and Costard.”

(27) *Ergo.* Latin, ‘therefore.’

(28) *What a beard hast thou got!* On the stage this is made more clear, by Launcelot’s kneeling for his father’s blessing in such a way that the old man’s hand comes in contact with the hair which grows on the back of the lad’s head; and which Gobbo takes for the beard which he imagines his son to have attained since they last met.

(29) *Phill-horse.* Shaft-horse. ‘Phill,’ or ‘fill,’ are other forms of ‘thill,’ a shaft.

(30) *Of his tail, than I have of my face.* Instance of “of” used for ‘on.’ See Note 23, Act iii., “Tempest.”

(31) *Set up my rest.* ‘Made up my mind;’ ‘resolved,’ ‘determined.’ See Note 30, Act iv., “Comedy of Errors.”

(32) *Tell every finger I have with my ribs.* This sort of jest, consisting in a misplacing of words, is a favourite one with Shakespeare in the mouths of his clownish characters.

(33) *Give me your present to one Master Bassanio.* This form of phrase was usual in Shakespeare’s time; the “me” being elliptical for ‘for me.’ We have somewhat the same kind of idiom still, in such phrases as ‘Fetch me a coach;’ ‘Put me an iron down to the fire.’



who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.<sup>34</sup> Oh, rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy:<sup>35</sup> wouldst thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection,<sup>36</sup> sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,<sup>37</sup>—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves<sup>38</sup> that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent<sup>39</sup> to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both.—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect<sup>40</sup> of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd<sup>41</sup> thee,—if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.<sup>42</sup>

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out.—*[To his followers.]* Give him a livery

More guarded<sup>43</sup> than his fellows': see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—*[Looking on his palm.]* Well, if any man in Italy<sup>44</sup> have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune!—Go to, here's a simple line of life!<sup>45</sup> here's a small trifle of wives! alas! fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man! and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.<sup>46</sup>—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

*[Exeunt LAUNCELOT and OLD GOBBO.]*

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. *[Exit.]*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:

(34) *As far as God has any ground.* Very appropriate in the mouth of one born in Venice; where there is a very limited amount of ground.

(35) *Gramercy.* A corruption of the French *grand merci*, 'many thanks.' The French is literally 'great thank;' *merci* being an abbreviation of *remercement*.

(36) *Infection.* Gobbo's blundered word between 'affection' and 'inclination.'

(37) *Scarce cater-cousins.* "Cater-cousins" is a corruption of the French *quatre cousins*, four cousins. To be 'not cater-cousins,' was an old phrase expressive of not being on good terms together; not being nearly enough allied in liking to claim kindred even in the fourth degree.

(38) *A dish of doves.* It is so frequent a custom with Italian peasants to present gifts of poultry or fruit to their employers, that it has been thought [see page 110 of Charles Armitage Brown's delightful book, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems"] Shakespeare must have visited Italy, possessing so intimate an acquaintance, as he manifests, with its local habits. But of what subject that he treats does he not evince thorough knowledge? It is our belief that, in the large circle of persons of all ranks and avocations with whom Shakespeare had intercourse, he made it his special object to induce them to talk upon those subjects in which he knew them to be well versed; and, endowed with a marvellous power of making all that he heard his own, he thus obtained minutely-detailed and accurate information, of which he afterwards availed himself in his masterly and perfect manner.

(39) *Impertinent.* Launcelot's blunder for 'pertinent.'

(40) *Defect.* Gobbo's mistake for 'effect.'

(41) *Preferr'd.* Bassanio first uses this word in its sense of

'proposed for acceptance' [see Note 39, Act iv., "Midsummer Night's Dream"]; but changes it into its sense of 'advanced,' 'promoted,' as he goes on, by following it up with the word "preferment."

(42) *Enough.* Here this word not only represents 'wealth,' 'substance,' 'worldly means;' but, as we imagine Launcelot waggishly uttering it—with a slight pause before the word—it conveys the idea of the gulp with which he swallows that which would form the diametrically and diabolically opposite extreme to "the grace of God." Our notion seems confirmed by Bassanio's next words—"Thou speak'st it well;" and, if we remember rightly, Drinkwater Meadows, who played the part of Launcelot admirably, used to deliver the passage with the very pause of significance that we feel should be here introduced. "The old proverb" alluded to in the speech is: "The grace of God is better than riches;" or, in Scottish parlance (which illustrates Launcelot's words more nearly), "God's grace is gear enough."

(43) *Guarded.* Trimmed, ornamented. See Note 44, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(44) *Well, if any man in Italy, &c.* Launcelot's jumbling way of expressing 'It will be well if any man in Italy have a fairer promise, and sworn promise, of good fortune than I!' A "table" is a technicality in chiromancy for the palm of the hand: by the lines whereof fortunes are told.

(45) *Here's a simple line of life!* The "line of life" was the name given in palmistry to the curved line proceeding downwards, inside the hand, from the thumb towards the wrist. The word "simple" is used ironically, as a way of triumphing; and, indeed, the whole speech is boastfully ironical throughout.

(46) *For this gear.* 'For the sake of this that I have been seeing and mentioning.' See Note 20, Act i.

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—  
Parts that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal.<sup>47</sup> Pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping<sup>48</sup> spirit; lest, through thy wild be-  
haviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat,<sup>49</sup> and sigh, and say Amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,<sup>50</sup>  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>51</sup>

To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>52</sup>

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not  
gaze me<sup>53</sup>

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity:  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—VENICE. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:  
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:  
And, Launcelot, soon<sup>54</sup> at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly;—  
And so farewell: I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee.

(47) *Liberal.* Sometimes used for 'coarse,' 'free-spoken.' See Note 9, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(48) *Skipping.* Shakespeare almost always uses this word to express 'light,' 'trivial,' 'frivolous.'

(49) *My hat.* It was formerly the custom for persons to wear the hat during meals.

(50) *Civility.* Here this word not only means 'courtesy,' 'polite behaviour,' but 'sobriety,' 'sedateness,' 'gravity.' See Note 38, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(51) *A sad ostent.* 'A grave exterior,' a 'show of seriousness.' See Note 26, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(52) *Bearing.* Demeanour, behaviour. See Note 19, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(53) *Gaze me.* Here the word "gaze"—in Shakespeare's way of employing a word that includes the effect of divers meanings—bears the sense of 'engage,' 'limit,' 'confine,' 'restrain,' 'restrict,' and also (as if it were spelt 'gauge')—which some editors do the sense of 'judge,' 'measure,' 'estimate.'

(54) *Soon.* Used for 'by-and-by.' See Note 18, Act i., "Comedy of Errors."

(55) *Get thee.* 'Get thee for a wife.' Launcelot, guessing from the letter and Jessica's manner, that Lorenzo is a favoured suitor, expresses his conviction that the young gallant will "play the knave," by carrying her off and marrying her. The passage is explained because it has been misinterpreted, and the wording of the Folio changed, in some editions.

(56) *We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.* 'We have not yet spoken together of providing torch-bearers.' They are talking of

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee,<sup>55</sup> I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me  
To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV.—VENICE. A street.

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-  
bearers.<sup>56</sup>

*Solan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly  
order'd,<sup>57</sup>

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock:<sup>58</sup> we have two  
hours  
To furnish us.—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this,<sup>59</sup>  
it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid<sup>60</sup> my old master, the

the "mask" mentioned in the next scene; and "torch-bearers" formed an essential part of such entertainments.

(57) 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd. The "it" in this sentence affords an instance of Shakespeare's using the word for an implied particular (the "mask" in question). "Quaintly" means 'tastefully,' 'gracefully,' 'with elegant appropriateness.' See Note 57, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream." The care and consideration bestowed upon the getting-up of these entertainments is made very evident in Bacon's Essay "of Masks and Triumphs."

(58) 'Tis now but four o'clock. This play affords a striking illustration of Shakespeare's system of double time—long time and short time—and Mr. Halpin accordingly selected the "Merchant of Venice" as the play whereby to demonstrate his theory of the poet's scheme in dramatic time. In the present passage, and in similar ones during the first two acts, we find the accelerating process, or short time, introduced—conveying the effect of rapid and immediately passing hours; whereas, in such passages as "for three months" (several times repeated during the third scene of the first act, so as amply to impress on the mind the period of the bond), "within these two months," and "a month before the day," together with the coming and going of Portia's various suitors, we have the protractive process, or long time—conveying the effect of a considerable period having elapsed, so as to give scope for the occurrence of the several incidents in the story.

(59) To break up this. A technicality in carving poultry, and in opening letters. See Note 9, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(60) Bid. Used for 'invite.' See Note 25, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."





*Jessica.* Call you? what is your will?

*Shylock.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

*Act II. Scene V.*

Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Solan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath  
directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;



What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
 What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
 If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
 Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
 Come go with me: peruse this as thou goest.  
 Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.<sup>(61)</sup> [Exit.]

SCENE V.—VENICE. Before SHYLOCK'S house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
 The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—  
 What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,  
 As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—  
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—  
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:  
 There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?  
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
 But yet I'll go in hate,<sup>(62)</sup> to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house.—I am right loath to go:  
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags<sup>(63)</sup> to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.<sup>(64)</sup>

(61) *Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.* That the office of bearing a torch was held to be rather a distinction than otherwise, appears from a passage in a play by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."

(62) *I'll go in hate.* There is much significance in Shakespeare's making the Jew accept the invitation to *sup* with the Christians, after he had refused to *dine* with them. When he said he would "not eat with" them, nor "drink with" them, his Hebrew abomination of the opposing race was uppermost; since then, his personal rancour against them has gained strength, intensity, and concentration; and he now resolves to suppress his disgust for the sake of his desire to injure.

(63) *For I did dream of money-bags.* It was an old popular superstition that to dream of money was unlucky, and betokened coming misfortune.

(64) *Reproach.* Launcelot's blunder for 'approach'; but Shylock, in his reply, takes the word as it is uttered, and in its sense of 'obloquy,' 'shame,' 'disgrace,' 'degradation.' Shakespeare sometimes uses words in this way; as "reproach" rather for that which occasions reproach or blame, than for reproach itself. He thus uses the word "obloquy" in "All's Well," iv. 2.

(65) *My nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday.* A sudden bleeding at the nose was reckoned ominous. "Black-Monday" means Easter-Monday; so called, as Stowe the chronicler relates, from a certain morrow of Easter that fell on the 14th April, 1360, when Edward III., with his host, lay before Paris, and when the weather was so dark and bitterly cold that several men died on horseback.

(66) *The wry-neck'd fife.* This epithet is doubly appropriate; because the mouthpiece of many kinds of fifes or flutes are curved, and because the performer's head is held awry while playing upon the instrument.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday<sup>(65)</sup> last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masks?—Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>(66)</sup>  
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;<sup>(67)</sup>  
 But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:  
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff,<sup>(68)</sup> I swear  
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;  
 Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—[*Low, to JESSICA.*]  
 Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.<sup>(69)</sup> [Exit.]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,<sup>(70)</sup> ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.<sup>(71)</sup>

Shy. The patch<sup>(72)</sup> is kind enough; but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
 More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;  
 Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
 To one that I would have him help to waste  
 His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:  
 Perhaps I will return immediately:  
 Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:  
 Fast bind, fast find,—

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,  
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.]

(67) *Varnish'd faces.* This expression in Shylock's mouth is peculiarly suggestive; presenting the idea of the painted masks to be worn on this occasion, and the varnish of falseness and deceit with hollowness which he believes to be characteristic of the faces themselves.

(68) *By Jacob's staff.* It is not without special intention that Shakespeare has made Shylock thus repeatedly show that Jacob's character, and Jacob's conduct, and Jacob's possessions have been peculiar objects of veneration and study to him. It singularly heightens and finishes the portrait drawn of the Jew, to depict him as so admirably emulative of that particular patriarch of his ancient tribe.

(69) *Worth a Jewess' eye.* Launcelot plays on the expression in its sense of 'being worth her looking at,' and in reference to the popular phrase used with regard to anything extremely precious, 'Worth a Jew's eye;' which phrase originated in the price paid by Jews in olden times to save their eyes, teeth, &c., from the mutilating hands of oppressors and extortioners.

(70) *Fool of Hagar's offspring.* A fitting term of scorn in the mouth of one who would naturally regard with disdain the race descended from the son of a bondwoman, wandering profitless and without commercial pursuit in wildernesses and the solitudes of Nature.

(71) *Nothing else.* This speech, containing a direct falsehood, is but one of the several unfavourable traits that Shakespeare has given to Jessica; rendering her, perhaps, one of the least estimable of all his women characters—not distinctly intended as bad and unlovable.

(72) *The patch.* One of the names given to the clown, or fool-jester, in Shakespeare's time—partly derived from the Italian *pazzo*, fool; partly from the patched and parti-coloured clothes worn by the professional buffoon. See Note 11, Act iii., "Tempest."



## SCENE VI.—VENICE.

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons<sup>73</sup> fly  
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.

How like a younker<sup>74</sup> or a prodigal  
The scarfèd bark<sup>75</sup> puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embracèd by the wanton wind!

How like a prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the wanton wind!

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this  
hereafter.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
abode;<sup>76</sup>

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit<sup>77</sup> I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,—  
For whom love I so much? And now who knows  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that  
thou art.

(73) *Venus' pigeons.* The car of Venus is drawn by doves; and Salarino, calling them "pigeons," facetiously applies the name to lovers.

(74) *Younker.* This (Rowe's correction) is spelt 'younger' in the old copies; but twice elsewhere that Shakespeare uses the word, show that he employed it to express a thoughtless, heedless young man; and even an inexperienced, raw, and gullible one.

(75) *The scarfèd bark.* 'The vessel flaunting with flags and streamers. It has been objected that "her" in this line, and "the" farther on, are inconsistent with the metaphor of the passage; but as long as we say of a man-of-war that she sails, we may find the diction here correct. Moreover, the poet has occasionally variations of this kind in his construction. See Note 5, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(76) *Abode.* Used for 'abiding,' 'tarrying.'

(77) *Albeit.* Although, notwithstanding.

(78) *Catch this casket.* Although we might forgive Jessica for leaving a home where she has been so unhappy, to bestow herself upon the man of her choice, we cannot pardon her for stealing jewels and money from her father. The plea that this "casket" was perhaps her own property—a gift from him—cannot be set up; for we learn afterwards that its contents were costly gems belonging to him, and among them a ring that he especially and tenderly prizes. Moreover, her words, "gild myself with some more ducats," have a horribly mercenary and furtive sound in them. In all this, how pertinently and forcibly does Shakespeare's moral teaching shine throughout!—the rapacious father grasping and hoarding,

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket;<sup>78</sup> it is worth the  
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;<sup>79</sup>  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.<sup>80</sup>  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile,<sup>81</sup> and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me<sup>82</sup> but I love her heartily;  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock;<sup>83</sup> our friends all stay for you.  
No mask to-night: the wind is come about;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't: I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

the facile daughter purloining and squandering, those very riches that he has sordidly amassed. The only excuse for Jessica is, that she has been parentless; without a mother's love and guidance, and with a father hard and loveless; so companionless as to find companionship in the presence of a "merry devil" like Launcelot; and so untrained and undisciplined as to elope with an alien to her creed and people. Oh, consistent Shakespeare!

(79) *My exchange.* 'My disguise;' the exchange of women's for men's clothes.

(80) *Too too light.* The doubling of this word "too," enhancing its force by iteration, was frequent in writers of Shakespeare's time.

(81) *By my hood, a Gentile.* "Hood" is an old word for 'quality,' 'condition;' and is generally now used as a syllable, in compound with another word—as 'fatherhood,' 'childhood,' &c. "By my hood" seems to have been a colloquial phrase; and was possibly an abbreviation of 'by my manhood,' or 'by my knighthood.' Gratiano uses "Gentile" punningly; it being not only used for one not belonging to the covenanted nation, but for a person of 'gentle' or good condition. "Gentile" is used by Tusser for gentlefolk, people of gentle birth, persons of rank.

(82) *Beshrew me.* A petty oath. See Note 24, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(83) *'Tis nine o'clock.* The time is thus hastened on, to bring it to the period for embarking; and we may suppose that the supper-hour and meeting-hour have passed unobserved by Lorenzo and his friends, in the eagerness of effecting Jessica's carrying off.

SCENE VII.—BELMONT. *A room in PORTIA'S mansion.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.*

*Por.* Go draw aside the curtains, and discover The several caskets to this noble prince.— Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who<sup>84</sup> this inscription bears,—

“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;”

The second, silver, which this promise carries,—

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;”

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,<sup>85</sup>—

“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see; I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: men that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,<sup>86</sup>

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as throughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere perdition

To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth<sup>87</sup> in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?<sup>88</sup>

Oh, sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel<sup>89</sup>

Stamp'd in gold—but that's insculp'd upon;<sup>90</sup>

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*

*Mor.* Alas! what have we here?

A carrion Death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*  
All that glisters is not gold,—  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do<sup>91</sup> worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer<sup>92</sup> had not been inscroll'd:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost!—

Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Cornets.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go.—  
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—VENICE. *A street.*

*Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Solan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand

That in a gondola<sup>93</sup> were seen together

(84) *The first, of gold, who this, &c.* An instance of “who” used for “which;” as “which” sometimes was for “who.”

(85) *With warning all as blunt.* That is, ‘as blunt as the lead is dull.’ It is noteworthy (for the sake of another link in the evidence of Shakespeare's vast amount of knowledge and singularly appropriate employment of epithets) that the Teutonic word *plomp*, which is said to be the parent of our word “blunt,” means ‘dull,’ ‘stupid,’ ‘leaden.’

(86) *Morocco.* The prince uses his title as a name; and Shakespeare frequently makes the King of England and King of France address each other as “England” and “France.”

(87) *Cerecloth.* A cloth saturated with wax (from Latin *cera*, wax), and used for enfolding embalmed dead bodies. The word is here poetically employed for a shroud; and “to rib” means here ‘to inclose.’

(88) *Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?* ‘Silver being ten times less in value than gold.’

(89) *Angel.* See Note 45, Act i., “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

(90) *Insculp'd upon.* Although strictly meaning ‘engraved upon,’ Shakespeare here uses the word to express ornamented in bas-relief; drawing the distinction between the raised figure on the coin and the portrait of the lady that (he thinks) lies enshrined within the casket.

(91) *Gilded tombs do.* The Folio prints ‘gilded timber doe.’ Johnson's correction.

(92) *Your answer.* Contained in the last line:—“Fare you well—your suit is cold.”

(93) *A gondola.* The boat peculiar to Venetian canals; and fashioned, in Shakespeare's time, precisely as it is to this day. In the centre is a wooden awning, covered with black cloth; beneath





*Lorenzo.* What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

*Act II. Scene VI.*





Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.  
Besides, Antonio certified the duke  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Solan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
"My daughter!—oh, my ducats!—oh, my daughter!  
Fled with a Christian!—oh, my Christian ducats!—  
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!  
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious  
stones,

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Solan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd.  
I reason'd<sup>94</sup> with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscarrièd  
A vessel of our country richly fraught:  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Solan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you  
hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
Bassanio told him he would make some speed  
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so,—  
Slubber<sup>95</sup> not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time;<sup>96</sup>  
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love:<sup>97</sup>  
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents<sup>98</sup> of love  
As shall conveniently become you there:"  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

are black leather cushioned seats; and the whole of the boat is painted black. This kind of vessel is thoroughly national, and in constant and ordinary use at Venice; but it has an additionally characteristic and picturesque effect introduced here, as being well-fitted for a pair of lovers to make their escape in.

(94) *Reason'd.* Conversed, discoursed. See Note 2, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(95) *Slubber.* Sloven; perform inefficiently; transact inadequately.

(96) *Stay the very riping of the time.* In this passage, in the revived allusion to the bond; in the affectionate—almost solemn—parting between the friends (as if it were for a long while and distance; whereas it is, in fact, but a few hours' journey from Venice to the main land); in all these points there is ingeniously introduced an impression of long time, by means of Shakespeare's protractive process [see Note 58, Act ii.]. The present scene is one of those left out in acting; yet it skilfully conduces to the effect established by the poet's system. Notwithstanding the elaborate care and consummate mastery with which Shakespeare works, in this respect as in all others, we find at the close of the previous scene a note from Johnson disparaging the dramatist's plan, and observing that "the story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care" (!). The fact is, whenever a change is brought against Shakespeare, examine its grounds, and we are sure to discover a fresh merit. So far from making "capricious" changes, the scenes, the times, the occurrences are all mapped out with a consistency and purpose that are marvellous. They may not be according to actual law, but they are strictly true to ideal law. They may not even as in real existence, but

And with affection wondrous sensible<sup>99</sup>  
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Solan.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
And quicken his embracèd heaviness<sup>100</sup>  
With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—BELMONT. *A room in PORTIA'S mansion.*

*Enter NERISSA with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.<sup>101</sup>

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight<sup>102</sup> shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:—

First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd<sup>103</sup> me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he  
hath."

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

they transpire in exact conformity with dramatic existence. For example, the previous scene (between Portia and the Prince of Morocco) carries back the time to "after dinner" (as proposed in Act ii., sc. 1, for the period when his "hazard shall be made"); although just before we have beheld a transaction at Venice taking place at nine o'clock at night. But it is by these very shiftings of evening to day, or of night to afternoon, and by the introduction of indefinite periods amidst clearly defined hours, that Shakespeare systematically produces his intended effects of the various yet simultaneous lapses of time—now but sufficient for passing between Venice and Belmont, and now sufficient for allowing the period of the bond to run on.

(97) *Your mind of love.* This expression, which has been found to be so suspicious as to have occasioned proposals of altering it, seems to us to be a felicitous one for 'a mind compounded of love,' 'a mind made up of love,' 'a mind occupied with and devoted to love.'

(98) *Ostents.* Shows, manifestations. See Note 51, Act ii.

(99) *Sensible.* 'Full of sensibility;' 'full of feeling.' See Note 23, Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(100) *His embracèd heaviness.* 'His cherished sadness, or depression.'

(101) *Presently.* Immediately; at this present time. See Note 6, Act iv., "Tempest."

(102) *Straight.* Immediately; directly. As, just before, "draw the curtain straight;" that is, now, at once.

(103) *Address'd.* Prepared. See Note 11, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost." The prince has prepared himself, by swearing to the prescribed conditions, and has conformably prepared his mind to fulfil them.



What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire!—that many may be meant  
By the fool multitude,<sup>104</sup> that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond<sup>105</sup> eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to th' interior,<sup>106</sup> but, like the  
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force<sup>107</sup> and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump<sup>108</sup> with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-  
serves:"

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume

To wear an undeservèd dignity.

Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover that stand bare!

How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin<sup>109</sup> of the times,

To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking  
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

(104) *May be meant by the fool multitude.* Here "by" is used for 'of,' as sometimes "of" is used for 'by,' by Shakespeare and writers of his time.

(105) *Fond.* Foolish; superficially judging.

(106) *Pries not to th' interior.* This has been changed to 'prize not the interior;' but the word "pries" here is precisely in Shakespeare's way, to express 'scan,' 'examine,' 'penetrate.'

(107) *Force.* Used here for power, pressure.

(108) *Jump.* Agree; conform.

(109) *Ruin.* Used here for 'refuse,' 'husks,' 'bran.' The image is a fine one; poetically expressing the idea, 'How much baseness would then be discovered among the high in station! and how much nobleness would be selected from amid the refuse of society to receive polish and distinction!'

(110) "*Shall have as much as he deserves.*" The sticklers for what they call consistency contend that in this line "have" should be 'get;' inasmuch as hitherto the inscription on the silver casket has had the latter word. But Shakespeare frequently gives these variations in the wording of such repeated passages; and, we think, always with some characteristic purpose. Here, for instance, the speaker is agitated; and mechanically repeats the inscription he has lately read, though, as is natural, not with verbal accuracy.

(111) *Of opposed natures.* This little speech of Portia's—spoken to herself; as we are to imagine all hers spoken, while the choosers of the caskets are debating and making their selection—is not only admirably characteristic in the speaker, but it contains curiously diverse applications, in consonance with her reflective mind and habit of thought. "To offend and judge," &c., serves to express that the province of the casket-contents is not to give offence, but to pronounce sentence; it also serves as a consequence upon the prince's hurt inquiry, by remarking that to be wanting in desert and wanting in judgment are two different things; and, finally, it

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he de-  
serves."<sup>110</sup>

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.<sup>111</sup>

*Ar.*

What is here?

[*Reads.*]

The fire seven times tried this:  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss.  
Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>112</sup>  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will<sup>113</sup> to bed,  
I will ever be your head;  
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,

Patience to bear my wroth.<sup>114</sup>

[*Exit with his train.*]

*Por.* Thus hath the candle singed the moth.

Oh, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy,—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my lady?

*Por.*

Here: what would my lord?<sup>115</sup>

*Mess.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord;

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,<sup>116</sup>—

To wit (besides commends, and courteous breath,) *(*

Gifts of rich value. Yet<sup>117</sup> I have not seen

So likely<sup>118</sup> an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,

serves to show Portia's logical and equitable understanding, which harmoniously prepares for what follows of her assuming the lawyer's robe, and undertaking the legal adventure. Mr. Rushton (in his pamphlet entitled, "Shakespeare's Legal Maxims," which is a sequel to his "Shakespeare a Lawyer,") has shown that this speech of Portia's is in strict accordance with the maxim in English law which prohibits a man from being a judge in his own cause, or in a cause wherein he is interested; and thus again, in still another sense, it serves as a comment upon what the Prince of Arragon has just said.

(112) *I wis.* From the German *wissen*, to know; and the German *gewiss*, surely, certainly, for certain.

(113) *Take what wife you will.* To this passage Johnson and other editors object; saying, "The poet had forgotten [as if Shakespeare ever forgot anything! especially involving discrepancy] that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman." But "Take what wife you will" does not so much mean 'take in future,' as 'might at any time have taken;' and even if the "will" be strictly taken as referring to a coming period, it would be but an added gibe in the mocking schedule—a reminder of that wedlock which is henceforth forbidden.

(114) *Wroth.* An old word for that which causes writhing; 'misfortune,' 'calamity,' 'disaster.'

(115) *What would my lord?* Portia's playful retort; uttered in the gay relief of her heart, at finding herself freed from another unwelcome suitor.

(116) *Regrets.* Renewed salutations. It must be remembered that Bassanio has before been a visitor at Belmont. See Note 52, Act i. "Sensible" is here used for 'tangible,' 'substantial.'

(117) *Yet.* Used for 'as yet,' 'till now,' 'hitherto.'

(118) *Likely.* Here used in its sense of 'probable,' 'befitting;' and in its sense of 'pleasing,' 'calculated to inspire liking.'







Drawn by W. SMALL.

Engraved by W. J. PALMER.

SHYLOCK AND TUBAL.

*Tubal.* Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

*Shylock.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," Act III., Scene 1.



To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard  
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit<sup>119</sup> in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]



*Solanio.* How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

*Shylock.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Act III. Scene I.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—VENICE. *A street.*

*Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.*

*Solan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place;<sup>1</sup> a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, Report, be an honest woman of her word.

*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in

that as ever knapped ginger,<sup>2</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—Oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Solan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Solan.* Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil

(119) *High-day wit.* Style of language suited for a festival. See Note 56, Act v., “Much Ado about Nothing.”

(1) *I think they call the place.* By such touches as these—naming the celebrated Goodwin Sands thus dubiously, and adverting to its terrible quicksands with a kind of hearsay description—Shakespeare keeps perpetually before us the circumstance that the scene

of his play is abroad. For a similar art-purpose, he has thrown in the words, “They have in England a coin that bears,” &c., Act ii., sc. 7.

(2) *As ever knapped ginger.* To “knap” is to break short off; to snap, to crack. The habitual use of ginger as a stimulant in old age, has lasted to a much later date than Shakespeare's time. In the present passage we have an instance of Shakespeare's elliptical



cross my prayer,—for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Solan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion<sup>3</sup> of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Solan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,<sup>4</sup> who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug<sup>5</sup> upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,

what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge.<sup>6</sup> The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Solan.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.  
[*Exeunt SOLAN., SALAR., and Servant.*]

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa?<sup>7</sup> hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God! I thank God! Is it true, is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal:—good news, good news! ha, ha!—where? in Genoa?<sup>8</sup>

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

style. "As lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made," &c. In ordinary construction, there would be 'any one who,' or 'any gossip who,' between "as" and "ever;" but, in his condensed way of writing, the words are understood.

(3) *Complexion.* Used for nature, constitutional tendency.

(4) *A prodigal.* Warburton expresses astonishment at this epithet being applied to Antonio; "who," he observes, "is a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant." But, in Shylock's eyes, "to lend money for a Christian courtesy," to "lend out money gratis in low simplicity" (as his own words express it), and moreover to borrow three thousand ducats for a friend at so great personal risk, would certainly constitute prodigality.

(5) *Smug.* Studiously attired; neat and trim to precision in dress. This is the meaning of the word, as derived from the Teutonic *smuck*, dress; but here, as applied by Shylock to Antonio, it seems to give the additional effect of irreproachable appearance, air of competence and sufficiency, look of complete propriety.

(6) *Why, revenge.* To those who, like the present editors, can remember Edmund Kean's delivery of this superb speech of wild wrath pleading its claim to some show of justice, there is excitement in recalling the wonderful eyes flashing out their red sparkles, the body wringing from head to foot, the arm thrown upward as witness to the recorded outpouring of vengeance. The attitude, as the voice, rose to a sublime climax when these words were uttered; then there

was a drop, both of person and tone, as he hissed out the closing sentence of deep, concentrated malignity.

(7) *From Genoa.* In this scene there is notable indication of Shakespeare's system of Dramatic Time. At its opening, Shylock's vehement words—"You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight," give the effect of Short Time; they seem uttered in the first fury of his discovery of that flight, and, by making it thus for a moment wear the appearance of a recent event, the third act is linked on to the period in the previous acts. But as the scene proceeds, Long Time is artfully introduced by such words as the present passage—"What news from Genoa?" showing that the Jew has traced his daughter thither by means of the "search" he has set on foot. Then follow Tubal's account of Jessica's profusion; her lavish flinging away of her father's gold; her idle parting with his treasured ring; Tubal's own stay at Genoa; his talk with the shipwrecked "sailors;" his news of the merchant's lost argosy; his return to Venice, and conversation on the way with Antonio's creditors; above all, the ingeniously thrown-in sentence—"Bespeak him a fortnight before." Every one of these serve to bring well before the mind a considerable lapse of time, and to advance it towards the period when the date of the bond shall have expired and the forfeiture become due.

(8) *Where? in Genoa?* This is misprinted in the Folio, 'here in Genowa;' but "where" is evidently right.



*Shy.* Thou stickest a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;<sup>9</sup> I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—BELMONT. *A room in PORTIA'S mansion.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me (but it is not love), I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality. But lest you should not understand me well (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought), I would detain you here some month or two<sup>10</sup> Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd<sup>11</sup> me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—

(9) *Turquoise.* This delicate blue stone, found in the clayey earth of Persia, was formerly supposed to possess virtuous properties that, beyond its beauty, rendered it valuable. It was believed to change colour, and become paler or livelier-hued, conformably with the varying health of its possessor, when ill or well. It was also believed to prevent enmity, and to make man and wife agree together. As a preservative of her future husband's love towards her, this turquoise ring may have been given by the maiden Leah to the "bachelor" Shylock; and certain it is that he regards this token of old days and young love with a passionate fondness far different from any thought of the gem's intrinsic or even attributed value. Thoroughly in Shakespeare's way is the introduction of a touch of natural tenderness like this, in the very midst of Shylock's rancour against Antonio.

(10) *Some month or two.* Even these words, which form but the proposal of a lengthened period, afford one instance among many of the mode in which Shakespeare subtly conveys impression of Dramatic Time. He wishes here to induce belief in the lapse of months; so as to bring on the date of the bond's becoming due, at the end of "three months:" he therefore, by the talking of "some month or two," and by Portia's avowal of a desire "to peize the time, to eke it, and to draw it out in length," almost insensibly produces the idea of much time having actually passed.

(11) *O'er-look'd.* Bewitched, spell-bound. See Note 18, Act v., "Merry Wives."

(12) *Prove it so.* 'If it should prove so.' The whole passage is

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours! Oh, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,<sup>12</sup> Let fortune pay the due for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize<sup>13</sup> the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession.

Oh, happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[Curtain drawn from before the caskets.]

*Por.* Away, then. I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,<sup>14</sup>

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,

With no less presence,<sup>15</sup> but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute<sup>16</sup> paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

obscurely expressed; giving just the characteristic effect requisite in a woman letting a man see her love for him through veiled indirect language. She has said that if he "miss" her (by choosing the wrong casket), he will make her "sin" in wishing to be "for-sworn" (by breaking her oath of marrying in accordance with her father's will). She goes on to complain that his eyes have bewitched her into giving him her heart; and follows this complaint by another—that her perverse destiny deprives her of her ownership, and of her right to confer it upon him; therefore, though she is now his in heart, she cannot become his entirely. Then she exclaims—'If it should prove so, the ill-fortune of the wrongly-chosen casket ought to pay the penalty for my sin of forswearing myself, not I.'

(13) *To peize.* To weigh down; to cause to drag on heavily. French, *peser*, weigh; *pesant*, heavy, weighty.

(14) *A swan-like end.* Alluding to the poetical belief that the swan, when dying, utters a musically mournful cry.

(15) *Presence.* Used for god-like appearance.

(16) *The virgin tribute.* To appease the wrath of Neptune, whom Laomedon, King of Troy, had offended, a Trojan maiden was annually given to be devoured by a sea-monster sent from the angry god. When the lot fell upon Hesione, Laomedon's daughter, Hercules offered to rescue her, and succeeded in so doing; Shakespeare calls the women of Troy "the Dardanian wives," because Dardanus, who built the city of Dardania, was said to have founded the Trojan kingdom.



With bleare'd visages, come forth to view  
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!  
Live thou,<sup>17</sup> I live:—with much, much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, and this SONG, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy<sup>18</sup> bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
*All. Ding, dong, bell.*

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What cursèd error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve<sup>19</sup> it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:<sup>20</sup>  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;<sup>21</sup>  
And these assume but valour's excrement<sup>22</sup>  
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisp'd<sup>23</sup> snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon suppos'd fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,<sup>24</sup>  
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guil'd<sup>25</sup> shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty;<sup>26</sup> in a word,  
The seeming<sup>27</sup> truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas,<sup>28</sup> I will none of thee;  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,  
Thy paleness<sup>29</sup> moves me more than eloquence;  
And here choose I:—joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,—  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!  
Oh, love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;  
In measure rain thy joy;<sup>30</sup> scant this excess!  
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.* [*Opening the leaden casket.*] What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit!<sup>31</sup> What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her  
hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.<sup>32</sup> Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
The continent<sup>33</sup> and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*]

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

(17) *Live thou.* Used for 'If thou live.'

(18) *Fancy.* Love; enamoured preference.

(19) *Approve.* Justify, vindicate, maintain.

(20) *On his outward parts.* "His" used for 'its.'

(21) *Livers white as milk.* The belief prevailed that the colour of the liver and of the blood indicated a greater or less degree of courage, according to their comparative paleness or redness. See Note 3, Act ii.

(22) *Valour's excrement.* 'The beard of brave fellows.' Shakespeare, in reference to the original sense of the word (Latin, *excrementum*, to grow out), uses "excrement" for the hair or beard. See Note 36, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(23) *Crisp'd.* Curled. See Note 17, Act iv., "Tempest."

(24) *The dowry of a second head.* Shakespeare has upon several occasions taken the opportunity to denounce the fashion of wearing false hair (see Note 103, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost"); but nowhere more forcibly than in the present passage.

(25) *Guil'd.* Full of guile, beguiling. Shakespeare not unfrequently uses the passive participle actively, and the reverse; as here, "guil'd" for 'guiling.'

(26) *An Indian beauty.* The word "beauty" here has been supposed to be a misprint of the Folio: and it is just possible that Shakespeare may have written 'suttee' (spelt, perhaps, 'sutie' in the MS.; and the printer, being unacquainted with the word, made it out "beautie"), having met with the name in works of his day; as Diodorus mentions an instance of a suttee three hundred years before the Christian era. By the term 'suttee' is now meant a Hindoo widow who performs the sacrifice of burning herself on her deceased husband's funeral pile; but formerly it may have been known merely as a name for an Indian woman. However, we merely suggest the possibility of Shakespeare's having used the

word 'suttee' here: as we have always taken the passage as it stands—"an Indian beauty"—to be merely another form of "a brow of Egypt;" which he employs to signify a dark-complexioned, ill-favoured woman. See Note 4, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(27) *Seeming.* Here, not only used for apparent, but also for specious, simulated, hypocritical. See Note 83, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(28) *Midas.* A Phrygian king; who, when desired by Bacchus to choose a gift, begged that he might have the power to turn to gold all that he touched. Thus, the very food he lifted to his mouth hardened into metal.

(29) *Thy paleness.* The word "paleness" here has been altered by some editors to 'plainness'; and objection has been taken against the application of the same epithet to lead as to silver. But we agree with Malone's suggestion; that if emphasis be placed on the word "thy" in this passage, it manifests the poet's meaning.

(30) *In measure rain thy joy.* Those who hold that the spelling of the verb here should be 'rein,' and are unable to see the characteristic beauty of womanly effusion in Portia's word "rain," might at least remember that Shakespeare elsewhere has—"Heavens rain grace on that which breeds between them!" "Tempest," iii. 1; and, "The heavens rain odours on you!" "Twelfth Night," iii. 1.

(31) *Counterfeit.* Sometimes used, in Shakespeare's time, for a likeness, a resemblance; a portrait, whether picture or image.

(32) *Leave itself unfurnish'd.* That is, 'leave itself unsupplied with the other eye; its fellow, its companion, its partner. "Unfurnish'd" was an elliptical expression used formerly by other writers besides Shakespeare to imply 'unmatched,' unprovided with that which forms the pair.

(33) *The continent.* Used for that which contains. See Note 23, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."





*Bassanio.* And here choose I:—joy be the consequence!  
*Portia.* How all the other passions fleet to air!

*Act III. Scene II.*





A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave ;  
I come by note, to give and to receive. [*Kissing her.*  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted : but now, I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself ;<sup>34</sup> and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words ;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing, pleasèd multitude ;  
Where every something, being blent<sup>35</sup> together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :  
Oh, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !

(34) *Queen o'er myself.* The combination of "lord," "master," and "queen," in this place, is quite in Shakespeare's style (see Note 75, Act ii.) ; and, in the present passage, it has a peculiarly expressive effect. It serves to heighten the previous dignity of Portia's condition as an heiress and sole possessor ; giving an almost royal air to it—as the Queen is styled 'Patron,' not 'Patroness.' Consequently, from this previous heightening of her dignity, the subsequent placing herself beneath the tutelage of her lover and husband comes with all the greater force of humility. But, indeed, the modest grace combined with exalted beauty of word and intelligence throughout this speech, render it a model of womanly eloquence.

(35) *Blent.* Blended ; commingled.

(36) *I am sure you can wish none from me.* This has been variously interpreted by Johnson and other editors ; but to us the meaning seems to be—"I am sure you can need no joy of my wishing, when your own wishes must far exceed what I could wish for you ;" also including the idea—"I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;" "for I am sure you can wish none that does not include me, as I mean to be married at the same time."

(37) *Intermission.* Pause ; interposition of time ; hesitation. Gratiano follows up his saying "My eyes, my lord, can look as swift

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy.—Good joy, my lord and lady !

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me :<sup>36</sup>  
And, when your honours mean to solemnise  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission<sup>37</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;  
For wooing here, until I swet<sup>38</sup> again,  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bas.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?<sup>39</sup>  
What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio ?<sup>40</sup>

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends<sup>41</sup> and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord :  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour.<sup>42</sup>—For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Solanio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

as yours" (also in reference to Bassanio's words—"Let me choose ; for, as I am, I live upon the rack") by adding, 'For patient brooking of suspense no more belongs to my character than to yours.' Our interpretation of this passage is the rather given, because one of the best modern editors (following the Folio punctuation here) explains it quite differently. But the way in which Shakespeare employs the word "intermission" elsewhere, we think confirms our view.

(38) *Swet.* An old form of 'sweated.'

(39) *Infidel.* The Christian Gratiano's name for the Jewess Jessica.

(40) *Solanio.* This name is here given in the old editions as 'Salerio ;' but, for the reason assigned in Note 2, Act i., "Solanio" is adopted throughout. Be it observed that the words, "my old Venetian friend," not only draw attention to the fact that this is the same gentleman whom we have already seen in company with Antonio and Bassanio at Venice, but they also serve to give an effect of Long Time, as denoting an acquaintance not seen quite recently.

(41) *My very friends.* My particular friends. See Note 27, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(42) *Your honour.* Formerly used for 'your lordship.' See Note 30, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

*Solan.* I did, my lord;  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope this letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Solan.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate. [*BASS. reads the letter.*]

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her  
welcome.—

Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?  
How doth that royal merchant,<sup>43</sup> good Antonio?  
I know he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jasons,<sup>44</sup> we have won the fleece.

*Solan.* I would you had won the fleece that he  
hath lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd<sup>45</sup> contents in yon  
same paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution<sup>46</sup>  
Of any constant<sup>47</sup> man. What, worse and worse!—  
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of anything  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* Oh, sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere<sup>48</sup> enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring<sup>49</sup> rocks?

*Solan.* Not one, my lord.  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,<sup>50</sup>  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound<sup>51</sup> a man:  
He plies the duke at morning and at night;  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port,<sup>52</sup> have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious<sup>53</sup> plea  
Of forfeiture,<sup>54</sup> of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard<sup>55</sup> him  
swear,  
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in  
trouble?  
*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best-condition'd and unwearied<sup>56</sup> spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.<sup>57</sup>

*Por.* What! no more?  
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First go with me to church and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

(43) *Royal merchant.* This epithet is not only a characteristic expression for noble, illustrious, exalted; but it conveys the idea of one of those magistrates of commerce, those princes of the mercantile world—such as our own Sir Thomas Gresham, whose popular title was “the royal merchant”—for whom Italy in her Venice and Genoa, and England in her London and Liverpool, have been famous.

(44) *We are the Jasons.* See Note 32, Act i.

(45) *Shrewd.* Evil, injurious, mischievous, acoursed. See Note 24, Act ii., “Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

(46) *Constitution.* Temperament, as affecting the countenance and complexion.

(47) *Constant.* Firm, resolute-minded, steadfast-natured.

(48) *Mere.* Shakespeare uses this word with many meanings. Here it has the force of thorough, absolute, complete, utter, extreme; what, in familiar phrase, would be called ‘out-and-out.’

(49) *Merchant-marring.* Here, “merchant” is used for the merchantman or merchant-vessel injured and wrecked by the rocks, as well as for the merchant himself who is ruined by the destruction of his ship. See Note 1, Act ii., “Tempest.”

(50) *To discharge the Jew.* “To discharge the Jew's debt.” See Note 54, Act iv., “Comedy of Errors.”

(51) *Confound.* Used formerly with greater strength of meaning than now. Here it means destroy, cause to perish.

(52) *The magnificoes of greatest port.* “Magnificoes” is a Venetian title, equivalent to “noblemen” or “magnates”; the men of chief rank and influence in Venice. “Port” here means dignity, importance, state, grandeur. See Note 22, Act i.

(53) *Envious.* Used for malicious; full of hate.

(54) *Forfeiture.* As this brings us to the point that the date of the bond has expired, that the payment has become due, and (the sum not being paid) that the penalty is about to be exacted, it shows how ingeniously Shakespeare's system of Dramatic Time has been operating, to give the effect of a sufficient lapse of interval to represent the passing away of three months simultaneously with the brief period requisite for passing between Venice and Belmont. When we call to mind that at the commencement of the present Act the Dramatic Time was subtly connected with that of the immediately preceding scenes, and yet that we have now reached the advanced point carefully prepared and gradually brought on, we must admire the wonderful art with which our poet works.

(55) *When I was with him, I have heard, &c.* This speech is introduced for the sake of producing the effect of Long Time; for we know that (in accordance with the then exigencies of Short Time) Jessica leaves her home during the Second Act on the evening of the same day wherein the bond between Shylock and Antonio was drawn up. Moreover, it confirms the unpleasant impression made upon us by Jessica's character (see Note 78, Act ii.), to hear her thus bearing witness against her old father among strangers and aliens to his faith.

(56) *Best-condition'd and unwearied.* Instance of a positive and a superlative used together. See Note 14, Act ii.

(57) *Ducats.* The Venetian ducat is said to have been of two kinds—the *ducato di banco*, worth about 4s. 4d., and the *ducato di San Marco*, about 2s. 10d. Some affirm that the Venetian ducat took its name from the inscription it bore—“*Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, iste Ducatus!*” “To thee, O Christ, be given this duchy [*ducatus* also meaning “ducat”], which thou alone rulest



To pay the petty debt twenty times over :  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime  
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :<sup>58</sup>

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO,<sup>61</sup> ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him :—tell not me of mercy ;—  
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis :—  
 Gaoler, look to him.



*Antonio.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shylock.* I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak.

*Act III. Scene III.*

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate<sup>59</sup> is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,<sup>60</sup> if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure ; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

*Por.* Oh, love, dispatch all business, and be gone !

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste : but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :  
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;  
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :  
 The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
 Thou naughty<sup>62</sup> gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>63</sup>  
 To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :  
 I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.  
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,<sup>64</sup>

and sustainest !' It seems, however, probable that Shakespeare had the gold ducat in his mind for the coin named in this play. See Note 47, Act iv., "Much Ado."

(58) *Cheer.* Aspect, look, countenance. See Note 41, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(59) *Estate.* Here used for general condition ; state of means or resources, health, and spirits. The word is thus employed a short time previously, where Solanio says—"His letter there will show you his estate."

(60) *Between you and I.* This, instead of the more grammatically correct 'between you and me,' was permissible in Shakespeare's time.

(61) *Salarino.* Here, in the Folio (with the confusion mentioned in Note 2, Act i.) this name is printed 'Solanio ;' but we have seen in Act iii., sc. 1, that Solanio and Salarino are summoned to Antonio's house by a servant ; and it is evident that the former gentleman is sent to Belmont with the letter, while the latter gentleman remains with the merchant at Venice.

(62) *Naughty.* Worthless ; good for naught. See Note 46, Act v., "Much Ado."

(63) *Fond.* Foolish ; here used to express foolishly obliging, weakly kind. See Note 47, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(64) *Fool.* By the way in which the Jew uses this term here—



To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.<sup>65</sup> [*Exit.*

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept<sup>66</sup> with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law,  
For the commodity<sup>67</sup> that strangers have  
With us in Venice: if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state;<sup>68</sup>  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated<sup>69</sup> me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—BELMONT. *A room in PORTIA'S  
mansion.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your pre-  
sence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit<sup>70</sup>  
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover<sup>71</sup> of my lord your husband,

I know you would be prouder of the work  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments,<sup>72</sup> of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
This comes too near the praising of myself;<sup>73</sup>  
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house<sup>74</sup>  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return:  
There is a monastery<sup>75</sup> two miles off;  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition;<sup>76</sup>  
The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on  
you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well  
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

twice in this short scene, and each time in conjunction with benevolence—Shakespeare well marks Shylock's characteristic idea, that kindness, compassion, good feeling, are synonymous with folly.

(65) *I will have my bond.* The reiteration of this sentence, the harping on the word "bond," sounds in Shylock's mouth like the raving bark of the very "dog" which he so bitterly reminds Antonio that he has called him, and that he now professes himself to be in fanged purpose.

(66) *Kept.* Dwelt, associated; kept company with.

(67) *For the commodity.* Here "for" has the meaning of 'for the sake of,' or 'on account of.' "Commodity" is here used for 'commercial advantage,' 'trading convenience.'

(68) *If it be denied, will, &c.* Here "it" refers to "the course of law;" and 'it' (implying denial of the course of law) must be understood as repeated before "will," according to a usage of Shakespeare's. See Note 45, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream." The whole passage affords an example of the poet's condensed and elliptical style; and some editors punctuate it differently, while Capell printed 'Twill' for "Will." We take the meaning to be—'The duke cannot deny the course of law, on account of the commerce that strangers have with us in Venice: if the course of law be denied, its denial will much impeach the justice,' &c. Shylock ranking as a "stranger" in Venice, and Antonio as a citizen, any straining of the law in favour of the latter would seem like partiality, and therefore injure the credit of the state with foreign traders.

(69) *'Bated.* Brought down; lowered; reduced.

(70) *Conceit.* Conception, idea, comprehension.

(71) *Lover.* Often used in Shakespeare's time for mutual men-friends. A few lines farther on we have "bosom lover;" which is equivalent to the present term, 'bosom friend.'

(72) *Lineaments.* This word is now chiefly used for the features of the human countenance; but formerly it was employed in its more strictly derived sense (from the Latin, *lineamentum*, the lines, proportions, or shape of a body or face), and with more general application. Thus, Portia does not mean to say that where strong mutual affection exists there must needs be a facial resemblance; but that there must necessarily be harmony of person, correspondent appearance, something sympathetic and reciprocally attractive.

(73) *Too near the praising of myself.* Shakespeare's delicacy is one of his bright characteristics. Not only does he in this line show the fine-headed and fine-hearted Portia to be shrinkingly alive to the propriety of abstinence from self-praise, but he puts into the mouth of Lorenzo a kind of apology for praising her "in" her "presence;" both which passages, while affording indication of the poet's native good taste and feeling on the point, convey true doctrine. Shakespeare never preaches, never exhorts, never delivers set lessons; but he puts down certain truths, from which we all may derive wisest monition.

(74) *Husbandry and manage of my house.* "Husbandry" is here used for 'superintendence of domestic affairs;' "manage" stands for 'management.'

(75) *Monastery.* This word now generally applies merely to a house of religious retirement for men, as 'convent' is applied to that for women; but originally "monastery" and 'convent' were used for the cloistral dwelling-place of either a brotherhood or sisterhood. The Italian word for nun is *monaca*, as that for monk is *monaco*.

(76) *Imposition.* Injunction. Shakespeare uses the word in its originally derived sense (Latin, *impositus*, laid or put upon); and he has thus employed it before in this play—"Unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition."



Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man  
In speed to Padua:<sup>77</sup> see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give  
thee,  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>78</sup>  
Unto the Tranect,<sup>79</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades<sup>80</sup> to Venice. Waste no time in  
words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,—  
I could not do withal;<sup>81</sup>—then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed  
them;

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;  
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school  
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,<sup>82</sup>  
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that!  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.<sup>83</sup>

[Exeunt.

(77) *Padua*. Misprinted 'Mantua' in the Folio: where there are several errors in proper names. See Note 9, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Theobald made the correction in the present passage; which we find to be needed from the words—"Came you from Padua, from Bellario?" Act iv., sc. 1.

(78) *With imagin'd speed*. 'With the speed of imagination;' 'with all imaginable speed.'

(79) *Tranect*. This word, which is found only in Shakespeare, the poet has been careful to follow up by an explanatory sentence—"the common ferry;" as if he knew it to be an unusual term. He probably heard it from some one acquainted with the local peculiarity. It may either be derived indirectly from *traghetto*, the Italian word for ferry, or from the Latin and Italian *tranare*, to swim, sail, or pass over. The Italian *tranare* or *trainare* also means to draw or drag; and it is possible that the Venetian ferry-boat formerly was drawn through the water by means of a process still in use in some places. One of the present editors saw a ferry-boat at Rotterdam made to traverse the stream, from the man on board laying hold of a rope strained across the canal for the purpose.

(80) *Trades*. As Shakespeare sometimes uses "trade" for 'way,' or 'course,' so here he uses "trades" for 'pursues its way,' 'goes to and fro.'

(81) *I could not do withal*. 'I could not help it.' In Florio's "Second Frutes," the idiomatic phrase, "I cannot doo with all,"

SCENE V.—BELMONT. PORTIA'S garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you.<sup>84</sup> I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation<sup>85</sup> of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are doomed. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are doomed both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis,<sup>86</sup> your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

occurs more than once; where, in a dialogue between master and man, the servant is excusing himself, and warding off blame.

(82) *Jacks*. Jackanapes; coxcombs. See Note 14, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(83) *Twenty miles to-day*. Shakespeare has here established the distance which he desires that we should believe to be between Portia's mansion at Belmont and Venice, so as to enable us to estimate the time needful for going from the one place to the other.

(84) *I fear you*. 'I fear for you.' A similar form of expression occurs in "Richard III., i. 1—

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily."

(85) *Agitation*. Launcelot's blunder for 'cogitation.'

(86) *Shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis*. Scylla, being the rival of Circe in the affections of Glaucus, was transformed into a cluster of rocks; opposite which lay the whirlpool Charybdis, originally a woman who stole the oxen of Hercules, and was punished by Jupiter with transformation. The nearness to each other of these dangers on the Sicilian coast gave rise to a Latin line which has since passed into a proverb—"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim"—"Thou fallest into Scylla, endeavouring to avoid Charybdis."



*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover, then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter.<sup>(88)</sup>—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,—  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet



*Lorenzo.* Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Launcelot.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Act III. Scene V.*

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *[Exit.]*

*Lor.* Oh, dear discretion, how his words are suited!<sup>(87)</sup>  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.<sup>(89)</sup>  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

(87) *Suited.* Here used playfully with various meanings—decked out, dressed up; sorted and arranged; made to fit and agree.

(88) *For a tricky word defy the matter.* 'For the sake of a smart play on a word, set at naught the subject in question.'

(89) *Then in reason he should never, &c.* The Folio prints 'it is,' instead of 'then in,' which is the Quarto reading. The sense is

the same—'If Bassanio did not mean to live an upright life on earth, it is a reason why he should never come to heaven.' This need hardly have been explained, had not one of the most generally acute of Shakespeare's interpretative commentators quoted the words, "If on earth he do not mean it," and then asked, "Mean what?"





Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, and others.

*Act IV. Scene I.*











*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table talk;

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, and others.*

*Duke.* What! is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach,<sup>1</sup> I do oppose  
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Solan.* He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse,<sup>2</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent<sup>3</sup> cruelty;  
And where<sup>4</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enow<sup>5</sup> to press a royal merchant down,

And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesies.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;  
But say it is my humour:<sup>6</sup> is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;<sup>7</sup>  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their nature: for affection,  
Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes.<sup>8</sup> Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen<sup>9</sup> bag-pipe,—but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

(1) *His envy's reach.* 'The reach of his hatred or malice.' See Note 53, Act iii.

(2) *Remorse.* Used for pity, compassion, compunction.

(3) *Apparent.* Seeming, demonstrated, assumed.

(4) *Where.* Used for 'whereas.' See Note 12, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(5) *Enow.* Applied to plural nouns, as 'enough' is to nouns in the singular.

(6) *I'll not answer that; but say, &c.* Meaning, 'I will not answer it as a question that you have a legal right to ask, or by argumentative reply; but I will merely say it is my whim, my peculiar fancy.' And then he goes on to answer it by various instances of peculiar whims and fancies instead of reasons, as the only reply he chooses to give. The iteration of the expressions "answer" and "answer'd" in this speech, show how much Shylock is galled by the duke telling him, "We all expect a gentle answer, Jew," and how determined he is to gall them in return.

(7) *A gaping pig.* There have been several passages cited from various writers to show that a pig caused antipathy, and that in these passages the pig alluded to was a cooked pig; but as Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "gaping" to express 'bawling,' loud-voiced, noisy, discordant, so it is possible that here "a gaping pig" means 'a yelling pig.'

(8) *For affection, master of passion, sways it, &c.* The Folio punctuates this passage differently; and adds an s to "master." The reading we give in the text was originally suggested by Dr. Thirlby, and has been adopted by most modern editors. "Affection" here means constitutional tendency or impulse; innate disposition; idiopathy or idiosyncrasy.

(9) *Swollen.* The Folio prints 'woollen' for "swollen" (Sir John Hawkins' suggested correction); but even if 'woollen' described the cover of a bagpipe, it is more likely that the poet would use an epithet describing the whole appearance of the instrument than its mere exterior.

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question<sup>10</sup> with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Solan.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What! man,  
courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,<sup>11</sup> harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.<sup>12</sup> Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* Oh, be thou curs'd, inexorable<sup>13</sup> dog!  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell<sup>14</sup> soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd,<sup>15</sup> and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned doctor to our court.—  
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart.—Some three or four  
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

*Clerk.* [*Reads.*] Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion;<sup>16</sup> which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I

(10) *Question.* Converse, discourse, debate, argue. See Note 48, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(11) *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, &c.* This play on the word is characteristic in Gratiano's mouth; and the bold, poetical image of making a man's cruel disposition the whetstone for his weapon has been repeated by Shakespeare, "2 Henry IV." iv. 4.

(12) *Envy.* Hatred, malice. See Note 1, Act iv.

(13) *Inexorable.* The editor of the third Folio's correction for 'inexorable'; which is given in the original copies.

(14) *Fell.* Fierce, ferocious. See Note 4, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream." In this passage there occurs an instance of "who" and "his" being formerly used where now 'which' and 'its' would be employed.

(15) *Starv'd.* Some editors retain the old spelling of the word

here ("sterv'd"), affirming that it means lethal, deadly. It does so; but it also includes the more usual sense of 'hungry,' 'rapacious'; moreover serving to convey the idea of gaunt with famine, pinched, sharp-set—even that of sordid, base, shrunk, and crouching. Shakespeare's epithets are so finely chosen that it cannot be too often pointed out how many senses they include—suggestively, if not actually.

(16) *He is furnished with my opinion.* This opinion we must imagine to be contained in the "notes" Portia mentions when she despatches her servant with a letter to her cousin Bellario; saying, "What notes and garments he doth give thee, bring them," &c. It has been objected that though the Duke might naturally send for the learned lawyer to judge the cause, yet that Portia could not foreknow this. But she, aware of her kinsman's great reputation,



cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.<sup>17</sup>  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informèd thoroughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—

[*To Antonio.*] You stand within his danger,<sup>18</sup> do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,—  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer<sup>19</sup> doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant  
there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum:<sup>20</sup> if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth.<sup>21</sup> And, I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree establish'd;

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—

Oh, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

of course foresaw that he would be consulted upon a cause so important, and would very likely be summoned to give decision at the trial as judge; and her letter applying to him for means to appear in court as advocate, came just in time for Bellario to comply with the Duke's application, and with that of his kinswoman, by sending her as his own substitute to deliver judgment instead of merely to plead. It is most probable, also, that Portia, in her letter to her lawyer-cousin, confides to him her intended course of procedure with regard to the bond and "the pound of flesh;" and that he, approving the plan, and acquainted with her intellectual superiority and fine intelligence, willingly entrusts the case in her hands, furnishes her with the requisite "notes and garments," and writes the present letter of recommendation to the Duke.

(17) *Take your place.* That is, on the judgment-seat immediately beneath the ducal throne. Portia, as judge, would be entitled to occupy it as her due "place."

(18) *Stand within his danger.* An old law technicality for being in the power of a creditor, liable to his exaction of payment or infliction of penalty. Here, the term is most aptly used, as conveying the impression of urgent peril as well as indebtedness.

(19) *That same prayer.* Here (in answer to some who have cavilled at this sentence as "out of character"), the doctor of laws' appeal to Shylock does not so much allude to the daily prayer

known to all Christians, as to the one in the text-book common to both Jews and Christians—"Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest," Ecclesiasticus xxviii. 2.

(20) *Twice the sum.* It has been asserted that the word "twice" here must be either an oversight of the poet or a printer's error for "thrice," as Portia says soon afterwards—"There's thrice thy money offered thee." But it should be remembered that Bassanio has already before said—"For thy three thousand here is six." He now repeats that offer; adding, "If that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er." Then Portia, acting upon this extensively-worded offer, proposes "thrice" the money. Bassanio's words leave it to her, as judge, to make an offer of any sum she may deem fit, between the original one of three thousand ducats, twice its amount, thrice its amount, and so on up to "ten times" its amount; and she (in consonance also with her own words, iii. 2—

"Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that")

is prepared to vary the offer sufficiently to try the Jew to the utmost.

(21) *That malice bears down truth.* "That malice outweighs, or prevails, against honesty and right." "Truth" was often used for

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why, then, thus it is:—  
You must prepare your bosom for the knife.

*Shy.* Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young  
man!

*Por.* For, the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: oh, wise and upright  
judge!

How much more elder<sup>23</sup> art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance<sup>23</sup> here to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you anything to  
say?

*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd<sup>24</sup> and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use<sup>25</sup>  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.<sup>26</sup>  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which<sup>27</sup> is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands!  
I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas<sup>28</sup>  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

[*Aloud.*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sen-  
tence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence! come,  
prepare!

*Por.* Tarry a little: there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,—  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* Oh, upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—Oh,  
learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act;  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* Oh, learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned  
judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer, then;<sup>29</sup>—pay the bond  
thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

'honesty,' as "true" was for 'honest.' See Note 40, Act iii.,  
"Much Ado about Nothing."

(22) *More elder.* Instance of double comparative. See Note 13,  
Act i., "Tempest."

(23) *Are there balance?* The words "are" in this question, and  
"them" in the reply, show that "balance" was formerly spoken  
of in the plural, as if it were 'scales.'

(24) *Arm'd.* Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses this word to  
express 'provided with moral strength.' At the beginning of the  
present scene Antonio says that he is "arm'd to suffer with a quiet-  
ness of spirit, the very tyranny," &c.; and in the first speech of  
"Love's Labour's Lost" the King says—

"If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do," &c.

(25) *It is still her use.* "Still" is here employed for 'ever,'  
'always,' or 'generally,' 'ordinarily.' "Use" means 'usage,'  
'practice,' 'habit.'

(26) *Whether Bassanio had not once a love.* This fervour of ex-  
pression in manly friendship was usual in Shakespeare's time; and  
peculiarly adopted by him in many of his delineations of male  
friends through his plays, as well as in his sonnets. With him  
friendship was an ardent sentiment, a warm and devoted feeling, a  
noble passion. See Note 71, Act iii.

(27) *A wife which is, &c.* Here "which" is used for 'who.' See  
Note 14, Act iv. And in "Tempest," iii. 1, we have—"The mis-  
tress which I serve."

(28) *Barrabas.* This (the spelling of the Folio), and the rhythm  
of the line, seem to show that Shakespeare used for the stage the  
same accentuation of the name as did Marlowe in his "Jew of  
Malta;" although the spelling in the New Testament is 'Barabbas.'  
It has a fine snarling sound in Shylock's mouth, when wishing his  
daughter were the wife of a robber rather than of one of these  
Christian gentlemen.

(29) *I take this offer, then.* Here "this" has been changed to



*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the  
flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.<sup>30</sup>

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-  
feiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court:

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.<sup>31</sup>

*Por.* Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive<sup>32</sup>

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang  
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's  
charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our  
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio,<sup>33</sup>

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not  
that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for Heaven's  
sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the  
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,<sup>34</sup> to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.<sup>35</sup>

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou  
say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.<sup>36</sup>

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from  
hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

'his.' But "this offer" means the one Shylock names—"pay the bond thrice;" he having been offered various amounts. See Note 20, Act iv.

(30) *I have thee on the hip.* See Note 61, Act i.

(31) *Question.* Debate; controversy; dispute. See Note 10, Act iv.

(32) *Contrive.* To devise harm; to plot treacherously; to machinate. French, *contriver*.

(33) *Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.* Meaning that the portion awarded to the state may be reduced to a fine, but not that awarded to Antonio.

(34) *In use.* In trust. Shakespeare here employs the strict legal technicality usual when property is to pass, through a third person, into the possession of another, on the death of the original owner; the third person is said to have it "in use" for the future possessor. Thus, Antonio provides that Shylock shall have the interest of this half share during his lifetime, while securing that the principal shall revert to Lorenzo at his death. In return for this permission to enjoy the interest of the half share, Antonio stipulates that the Jew shall turn Christian, and shall bequeath all property that he may hereafter gain to his son-in-law. Verily, the merchant shows that he understands making an advantageous bargain; while exercising what he thinks lenity and bounty, in reply to Portia's inquiry, "What mercy can you render him, Antonio?"

(35) *Else I do recant the pardon, &c.* The Duke's speech, in con-

firmation of the merchant's sentence, is in a kindred spirit. Oh, just Shakespeare! who thus boldly showed the way in which those possessed of power exercised their arbitrary sway over the persecuted race. If he have truly depicted Jewish malignity and resentment of injustice, he has equally manifested the fact of that injustice.

(36) *Clerk, draw a deed of gift.* If we must bring a Dramatic Poet to book for every minute point (and that we do so with Shakespeare is one proof of his bearing the closest scrutiny, with invariable evidence of his correctness), we shall have here to imagine that the necessity for this "deed of gift" was foreseen, and that it was among the "notes," &c., furnished by Bellario; else, to believe Nerissa capable of drawing up a legal paper at a moment's warning, would be a stretch of our credulity. That Portia, from her kinsman's being a renowned lawyer, may, in intercourse with him, have gained considerable legal knowledge, we can readily conceive; but Nerissa, we think, must have had the "deed of gift" ready drawn up in her lawyer's clerk bag of papers, and merely had to produce it (or, perhaps, to copy it out; for, in the last scene, Gratiano says, "The boy, his clerk, took some pains in writing") when called upon by her doctor-of-laws mistress. Moreover, Shakespeare, in his own incomparable way of providing for every point of verisimilitude, has, in the next speech, contrived that the deed need not be drawn up on the spot; since Shylock says, "Send the deed after me, and I will sign it."

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers:  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,<sup>37</sup>  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:<sup>38</sup>  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—

Antonio, gratify<sup>39</sup> this gentleman:  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,<sup>40</sup>  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope<sup>41</sup> your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—  
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas! it is a trifle;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation:

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy<sup>42</sup> for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.*]

*Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.<sup>43</sup>

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house:—away! make haste.

[*Exit GRATIANO.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—VENICE. A street.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's house out,<sup>44</sup> give him this deed,

And let him sign it: we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home:  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:  
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>45</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:  
His ring I do accept most thankfully:

(37) *Ten more.* Gratiano facetiously means by these ten additional godfathers, twelve jurymen.

(38) *Desire your grace of pardon.* A form of expression used in Shakespeare's time. See Note 22, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(39) *Gratify.* Recompense; reward. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word in the sense of 'show all honour and generous treatment to;' and again elsewhere in the sense of 'bestow fitting reward.' Here it seems to include both these senses; and serves well to introduce the subsequent entreaty of Antonio, that Bassanio will yield the ring to the doctor. Shakespeare uses "please" somewhat as he here uses "gratify." See Note 46, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(40) *In lieu whereof.* 'In requital whereof.' Shakespeare sometimes uses "in lieu," not as it is now used, for 'instead of,' but for 'in exchange for,' 'as an equivalent for.' See Note 27, Act i., "Tempest."

(41) *Cope.* Shakespeare elsewhere employs this word to express 'encounter,' or 'meet in kindly interchange of word or deed;' and here it seems to include indirect reference to one of the original meanings of the word, 'a covering for the head,' so as to be employed as now would be said—'We freely crown your courteous

pains withal.' Johnson explains the word here to be the same with the old verb, to cope, cove, chap, or buy; and probably—as is usual with Shakespeare's employment of words—it has inclusive reference to all these primary meanings of "cope."

(42) *Hold out enemy.* A form of expression similar to the messenger's in the first scene of "Much Ado about Nothing," where he says to Beatrice—"I will hold friends with you, lady."

(43) *Commandment.* This word must here be sounded like a quadrisyllable, for the sake of the rhythm; as if it were spelt 'commandement,' which it sometimes was in Shakespeare's time.

(44) *Enquire the Jew's house out.* It is worth noting how Shakespeare, in his short and apparently insignificant scenes, makes them serve fullest dramatic purpose. Here, the very first thing, Portia fulfils in careful, practical, professional way—the duty of conveying the deed to Shylock for signature; and afterwards, by her desiring Gratiano to show her clerk the way to the Jew's house, the opportunity for Nerissa to obtain her husband's ring is naturally brought about.

(45) *Upon more advice.* 'Upon more consideration;' 'on farther reflection.'





*Portia.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.  
*Shylock.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Act IV. Scene I.*









Drawn by F. BARNARD.

Engraved by J. SWAIN.

BOTTOM, AS PYRAMUS.

*Pyramus.* Come tears, confound ;  
Out sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," Act V., Scene I.



And so, I pray you, tell him: farthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.—

[*Aside to PORTIA.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's  
ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have  
old<sup>46</sup> swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house? [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—BELMONT. *The avenue to PORTIA'S  
mansion.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—in such a night  
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise,—in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido<sup>1</sup> with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft<sup>2</sup> her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.<sup>3</sup>

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an unthrift<sup>4</sup> love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,<sup>5</sup>  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did nobody come;  
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?  
*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray  
you, friend.

*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day<sup>6</sup>  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses,<sup>7</sup> where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from  
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!<sup>8</sup>

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola!—did you see Master Lorenzo and  
Mistress Lorenzo?—sola, sola!

(46) *Old*. This word was formerly sometimes used to express 'excessive,' 'abundant.' See Note 56, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and Note 61, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(1) *Dido*. See Note 7, Act ii., "The Tempest." It has been gravely affirmed that "this passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakespeare was no reader of the classics." Not only does he show himself to be well acquainted with classical stories, but he invests them with a poetic heightening of his own (as, for instance, putting the "willow" in Dido's hand, as an emblem of her being forsaken); and, by introducing this assemblage of antique love-romances, and linking them on with the actual one between Lorenzo and Jessica, he gives a curiously double effect of ideality and reality to the whole occurrence; while he, at the same time, casts the rich colouring of the South, with its beauty of association and its beauty of climate, over the whole scene. Italian garden-grounds, Italian moonlight, Italian deep blue sky, Italian open-air warmth, with Italian lovers lingering out of doors until late into the night, are all brought before us in this lovely conclusion to a noble play.

(2) *Waft*. Waved; beckoned. See Note 26, Act ii., "Comedy of Errors."

(3) *Æson*. Father to Jason, whose wife Medea was. In com-

pliance with her husband's request, she, being acquainted with the magical properties of plants, selected those fitted for her purpose, and, by substituting their juices for the blood of the old man, restored him to youth.

(4) *Unthrift*. Unthrifty; prodigal; lavish.

(5) *Shrew*. Used here for 'one who speaks chidingly,' 'one who speaks mischievously,' and with the same sportive meaning as we should now say, 'a little rogue.'

(6) *Before the break of day*. Shakespeare's time here is managed with his usual skill. Ere her messenger has well arrived, and long "before the break of day," Portia herself comes; and soon after her, Bassanio appears; having said to his friend Antonio, at the close of Act iv., sc. 1—"In the morning early will we both fly toward Belmont;" and evidently setting forth before the time appointed. Thus subtly does the poet convey the effect of the married lovers' eagerness to return home.

(7) *Holy crosses*. Wayside shrines, still seen by scores in Italy; where (as formerly in England) they are rarely passed without a raised hat, a bent knee, a murmured paternoster, or a prayer for whatever lies nearest to the heart of the devotee—such as the "happy wedlock hours" besought by Portia.

(8) *Sola, sola!* An exclamation used to express haste and excitement. See Note 26, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."



*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man :—here.

*Lawn.* Sola !—where ? where ?

*Lor.* Here.

*Lawn.* Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news :<sup>9</sup> my master will be here ere morning.

[*Exit.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>10</sup> of bright gold :



*Lorenzo.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew.

*Act V. Scene I.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.  
And yet no matter :—why should we go in ?—  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;  
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit STEPH.*

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,<sup>11</sup>  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :<sup>12</sup>  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;<sup>13</sup>  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in,<sup>14</sup> we cannot hear it.

(9) *With his horn, &c.* The "post," or postman, formerly had a horn slung round his neck; partly as an official badge, partly that he might sound it, on his arrival, to announce the bringing of news. There are many allusions to this custom in the elder dramatists; and one at so late a date as in the opening of Book iv. of Cowper's "Task" ("The Winter Evening") :—

"Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn ! o'er yonder bridge," &c.

(10) *Patines.* A "patine" (from the Latin, *patina*) is the small flat plate of gold used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist.

(11) *In his motion like an angel sings.* The idea of the "music of the spheres," or the melodious sound produced by the heavenly bodies in their course of revolution, is as ancient as it is familiar to every one. But Shakespeare, as usual, has added another beauty to a popular and poetical belief. Milton, in his "Arcades;"

Coleridge, in his "Remorse;" Wordsworth, in his "Power of Sound," each has a fine passage on this grand subject.

(12) *The young-ey'd cherubins.* "Cherubins" was formerly the plural used instead of 'cherubim;' but for the epithet "young-ey'd" we are solely indebted to Shakespeare, and a matchless one it is !

(13) *Such harmony is in immortal souls.* "Such" here stands for 'the like,' or 'similar;' and the meaning of the line is illustrated by a sentence of Hooker, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," where he says of musical harmony that "such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in every part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony."

(14) *Close it in.* This is the reading of one of the Quartos; misprinted in the other Quarto, and in the Folio, 'close in it.' This "it" here we take to be an instance of Shakespeare's way of using that word in reference to something previously named plurally.





*Bassanio.* By Heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!  
*Portia.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.

*Act V. Scene I.*





*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana<sup>15</sup> with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.<sup>16</sup>

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,<sup>17</sup>  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing  
loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet<sup>18</sup>  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods;  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.<sup>19</sup>—Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty<sup>20</sup> world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see  
the candle.

See Note 24, Act i., of this play; and Note 2, Act iii., "The Tempest." In the present passage "it" means 'the human soul,' one of the "immortal souls" mentioned in the penultimate line. The "it" at the end of the present line, of course, alludes to "harmony;" and the poet's having used "it" in allusion to two different things in the same sentence, together with his condensation of exuberant thoughts into the same passage, renders a recollection of his peculiar style essential to the comprehension of such speeches as the present. "This muddy vesture of decay" is a poetical expression for the corporeal and material part of man—his mortal body.

(15) *Diana.* Here used in allusion to the moon, as afterwards "the moon" is used for Diana.

(16) *I am never merry when I hear sweet music.* For the sake of this one line (a line that was an especial favourite with one of the profoundest musicians we ever knew), we feel inclined to forgive Jessica anything we may have charged her with elsewhere. See Notes 71 and 78, Act ii., and Note 55, Act iii. Her avowal of the effect that music has upon her shows her to be capable of amelioration; and we may trust that this, her appreciation of a woman like Portia, and her husband's loving influence, may ultimately soften her into excellence. But thus it is that Shakespeare ever throws in redeeming points; making his characters illustrate "the good and ill together" that exist in human nature.

(17) *Unhandled colts.* We have allusion to the effect produced by music upon "unback'd colts" in "The Tempest," iv. 1; and it is worth observing the characteristic difference of the description placed in the mouth of the frolicsome sprite Ariel, and in that of the staid Lorenz, having reference to the same point.

(18) *The poet.* Ovid; who, in his story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not only describes the Thessalian musician as drawing the "trees, stones, and floods" on earth; but, when penetrating to the shades below in search of his lost wife, causing those doomed to everlasting penal labours to suspend them—Tantalus to desist from pursuing the receding stream; Ixion's wheel to cease rolling; the Belides to pause in their fruitless toil of filling leaky vessels; and Sisyphus to refrain from pushing up the ever-mounting, ever-falling stone.

(19) *Let no such man be trusted.* In the time when Shakespearian commentators tilted at each other in successive notes of the Variorum Editions, upon certain passages in our poet's plays, there

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:<sup>21</sup>

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!—  
Peace, ho! the moon<sup>22</sup> sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*]

*Lor.* That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.<sup>23</sup>

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,

Which<sup>24</sup> speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa;  
Give order to my servants that they take

was an exchange of weapons (or sharp opinions) upon the lines under consideration; one critic pronouncing the thought here to be "extremely fine," the other denouncing it as neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree. That Shakespeare promulgated the axiom, "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not mov'd," &c., as a solemnly delivered and deliberately uttered dogma, no one, we should think, would imagine; but that it is in consonance with the poetical creed as to the weight of refining influence in music, held by men from the remotest ages, and that it is precisely one of those ardent expressions inspired by the immediate hearing of music, and by the impressions and emotions it produces, no one who has experienced those impressions and emotions will doubt.

(20) *Naughty.* Formerly used with greater force of meaning than at present. See Note 46, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing." Here it means 'evil,' 'wicked,' 'corrupt'; yet, somehow, its lighter form of expression harmonises well with the light-hearted mood, the condition of internal happiness, that possesses Portia at this moment of her return from having successfully fulfilled a project for rescuing her husband's friend from peril incurred for his sake. Her sweet cheerfulness, her readiness to find everything doubly bright, doubly melodious, has the exquisite charm of a spirit at ease with itself, from conscious rectitude. It is the spiritual evidence of the moral lesson taught by Shakespeare in this scene—felicity attained from good achieved.

(21) *Respect.* This word here includes two meanings: it has the sense of 'regard,' 'attention,' 'consideration' (see Note 45, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream"); and it also has the sense of 'respectively,' 'relatively,' as modified by concomitant circumstances.

(22) *The moon.* Here used for Diana. See Note 15, Act v. This allusion to the lovely mythological story of Diana's enamoured visits to the sleeping shepherd of Mount Latmos, is introduced here with beautiful and almost epithalamic appropriateness. In the old copies "ho!" is misprinted 'how;' not an unusual typographical error.

(23) *By the bad voice.* Just one of those playful ironies that Shakespeare puts into the mouths of his women; Portia knowing full well that neither her own voice, nor that ever-welcome fluty one of the bird of spring, is "bad."

(24) *Which.* Here used for 'who.' See Note 27, Act iv.



No note at all of our being absent hence ;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*<sup>25</sup>]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;

It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.<sup>26</sup>

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.<sup>27</sup>

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me :

But God sort<sup>28</sup> all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend :

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him ;

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.<sup>29</sup>

Gra. [*To NERISSA.*] By yonder moon I swear  
you do me wrong ;

In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were chok'd that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me ; whose posy<sup>30</sup> was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry<sup>31</sup>  
Upon a knife, " Love me, and leave me not." <sup>32</sup>

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value ?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave :  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>33</sup> and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, Heaven's my judge,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

(25) *A tucket sounds.* "A tucket" meant a flourish on the trumpet ; from the Italian *toccata*, a musical prelude.

(26) *'Tis a day, such as the day, &c.* Those who have witnessed the pale gold splendour of an Italian moonlight will feel the truth of this passage ; and the poet's bringing it thus visibly before the reader's eye, not only serves to give the colouring of Italy to the scene, but serves to depict the feelings of Portia, who is precisely in that mood of mind when we involuntarily notice the beauty of the natural influences around us.

(27) *We should hold day, &c.* 'We should have day here now, as they have it at the Antipodes, if you would walk when it is night.'

(28) *Sort.* Here used for 'dispose,' 'cause to befall or occur.' See Note 30, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(29) *Breathing courtesy.* 'Courtesy composed of breath,' or mere verbal courtesy.

(30) *Posy.* Motto ; inscription. "Posy" is a contraction of the word 'poesy ;' and in the Folio it is printed 'poesie' here.

(31) *Cutler's poetry.* It was the custom for cutlers to have

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbèd<sup>34</sup> boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it ; and here he stands,—  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,<sup>35</sup>  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed  
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :  
And neither man nor master would take aught  
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By Heaven ! I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours  
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain<sup>36</sup> the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,

mottoes inscribed, by means of aqua-fortis, upon the knives they sold for giving away as keepsakes.

(32) *Leave me not.* "Leave," as here used, meant 'give away,' 'part with.' See Note 30, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(33) *Should have been respective.* 'Should have respected your pledged word,' 'should have been respectful of your honour.' See Note 21, Act v.

(34) *Scrubbèd.* This word comprises the two senses of 'stunted,' 'stubbèd,' or 'stubby,' like a dwarf tree or shrub ('shrub' and 'scrub' being at one time used synonymously ; witness the name of "Wormwood Scrubs," which was originally a place covered with low shrubs, or brushwood), and of 'scrubby,' contemptible, pitiful, shabby.

(35) *He would not leave it.* 'He would not part with it.' Again, a little farther on : "How unwillingly I left the ring ;" that is, 'gave the ring.'

(36) *Contain.* Hold, keep, retain. There is still an expression commonly used of a person in a suppressed rage—'He could hardly contain his fury ;' and Lord Bacon employs the word thus when he



If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?<sup>37</sup>  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my  
soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,<sup>38</sup>  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet  
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him:  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady.  
For, by these bless'd candles of the night,<sup>39</sup>  
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my  
house:  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal<sup>40</sup> as you;  
I'll not deny him anything I have:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:<sup>41</sup>  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him,  
then.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome not-  
withstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforc'd wrong;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,<sup>42</sup>  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;<sup>43</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's  
ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.<sup>44</sup>

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him  
this;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this  
ring.

*Bass.* By Heaven! it is the same I gave the  
doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;  
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;  
For that same scrubb'd boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this<sup>45</sup> last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-  
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough;<sup>46</sup>  
What! are we cozen'd ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all  
amaz'd:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;  
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,  
And even but now return'd; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;  
And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you  
not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me  
cozen'd?

*Ner.* Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

says, "To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." Shakespeare himself uses "contain" in the sense of 'restrain,' elsewhere.

(37) *Held as a ceremony.* 'Held sacred,' 'kept religiously.' The whole passage—its construction being somewhat involved—means, 'What man could have been so unreasonable (if you had chosen to defend it zealously), and so wanting in modesty, as to have urged you giving up a thing you held so dear?'

(38) *A civil doctor.* The expression is used half punningly, for a doctor of civil law, and for a doctor courteous in speech and manner. Here "which" is again used for 'who.'

(39) *These bless'd candles of the night.* Shakespeare has more than once, elsewhere, used this epithet for the stars; and it may have been in popular use, for in some ancient Saxon poetry preserved in Hickes's "Thesaurus," the sun is called 'God's candle.' The old English writers were not afraid of a simple, homely epithet; and it sometimes has a robust force of effect that is ill substituted by a tamer, if more refined, word.

(40) *Liberal.* Used here for prodigal, profuse, lavish.

(41) *Argus.* Being possessed of a hundred eyes, two only of which slept at a time, he was set by Juno to watch the nymph Io,

who had been changed into a heifer by Jupiter; but Mercury, after lulling to sleep with the sound of his lyre all Argus's eyes at once, slew him; and the goddess placed his eyes in the tail of her peacocks—the birds that drew her car, and were held sacred to her.

(42) *Your double self.* "Double" is here used punningly; in the sense of 'twofold,' and in the sense of 'deceitful,' full of duplicity. See Note 29, and Note 73, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(43) *Wealth.* Here used, as it still is in the word 'common-wealth,' for 'weal,' 'well-being,' 'advantage,' 'prosperity.'

(44) *Advisedly.* 'Deliberately,' 'purposely,' 'designedly.' See Note 12, Act ii.

(45) *In lieu of this.* 'In exchange for this,' 'as an equivalent for this.' See Note 40, Act iv.

(46) *Where the ways, &c.* In some editions "where" has been changed to 'when,' as the more consistent word here; and from the idea that the "where" of the Folio was a probable misprint. But considering that "there" is used for 'then' in a passage of the "Tempest" ("The afternoon to sleep, there thou mayst brain him," Act iii., sc. 2), and also in "Romeo and Juliet" ("This afternoon; and there she," &c., Act ii., sc. 4), we leave the text as originally given in the present passage.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;<sup>47</sup>  
For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.<sup>48</sup>

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starvèd people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,<sup>49</sup>  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,<sup>50</sup>  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.]

(47) *Living.* Here used for wealth, possessions; what Shylock (Act iv., sc. 1) calls "the means whereby I live." The word is still used in this sense, in the phrase, 'earn my living;' that is, 'earn the means whereby I may live.'

(48) *Road.* Port, harbour, roadstead.

(49) *It is almost morning.* To the last, Shakespeare maintains the carefully systematised marking of Dramatic Time throughout this enchanting play; where the difficulties of the simultaneous Short Time and Long Time, needful for the due development of the

double plot, are met with a skill equalling the mastery with which the whole of its composition is conducted.

(50) *Inter'gatories.* An elision formerly in use for 'interrogatories.' Lord Campbell (page 52 of "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements") has shown that "charge us there upon inter'gatories," and "answer all things faithfully," are technicalities of English legal procedure; and it is another instance of the poet's ceaseless touches of characteristic individuality, his having made Portia thus sportively keep up her lawyerly tone in this final banter with her husband.







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

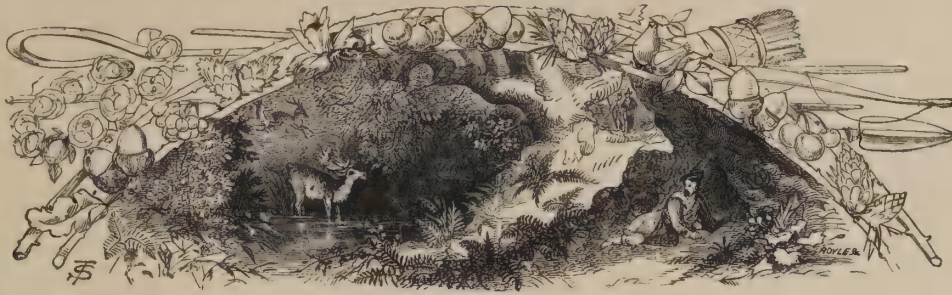
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DUKE, *Senior*, living in exile.  
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.  
AMIENS, } lords attending on the exiled Duke.  
JAQUES, }  
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.  
CHARLES, a wrestler.  
OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Roland de Bois.  
ORLANDO, }  
ADAM, } servants to Oliver.  
DENNIS, }  
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.  
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.  
CORIN, } shepherds.  
SILVIUS, }  
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.  
A person representing HYMEN.  
  
ROSALIND, daughter to the exiled Duke.  
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.  
PHEBE, a shepherdess.  
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*First near Oliver's house ; afterwards in the  
usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*





# AS YOU LIKE IT.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—OLIVER'S orchard.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion—bequeathed me by will<sup>2</sup> but poor a thousand crowns,<sup>3</sup> and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays<sup>4</sup> me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their

feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired:<sup>5</sup> but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me, his countenance<sup>6</sup> seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,<sup>7</sup> bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines<sup>8</sup> my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

(1) The first known printed copy of "As You Like It" is that in the Folio, 1623. But as there exists an entry in the Stationers' Register, "4 Auguste, As you like yt, a book," believed to be for the year 1600, we may entertain some hope that a quarto copy of this play may hereafter be discovered. Traces of evidence point to the fact that this exquisite sylvan drama was probably written in the year 1599; and, from internal evidence, we have an impression that it may well have issued from his pen about that period. There is the same enchanting air of elastic spirits in the composition which marks another of his productions probably written about this time—"Much Ado;" and it is pleasant to believe that both these plays emanated from the cheerful mood that seems to have possessed him when he was about thirty-five years of age. The source of the plot of "As You Like It" is to be found in a novel by Thomas Lodge, called "Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacye," 1590; the story of which novel bears resemblance to some points in the "Cook's Tale of Gamelyn," attributed to Chaucer. But whereas in the Euphuistic romance there is that stiffness and overstrained hyperbole which mars even a graceful story—and in the old ballad tale a hardness, roughness, and dryness which destroy our belief in its being really Chaucer's, though it possesses certain Chaucerian touches—there are, on the contrary, in Shakespeare's charming play, an ease, a freshness, a vivacity, yet withal a tenderness and truth intensely home-telling, that make the production essentially his own. While in the ballad-tale and the novel Orlando is merely brave and Herculeanly strong, in the play he is a type of manly spirit and modesty combined; while in Lodge Rosalynde is a heroine such as Euphuists loved to depict, in Shakespeare Rosalind is a piece of breathing perfection—playful, graceful, witty, wise, loving, pure—as genuine as she is vivacious. The old originals may have furnished our poet with the first sketch; but he filled his canvas with the created and consummate portraiture of Touchstone, Jaques, and Audrey; while he re-touched those figures already indicated with a skill that make them virtually his own. Compare the Adam Spencer of "The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn" with the old Adam of Shakespeare, the Coridon of Lodge with the Corin of Shakespeare, and the poet's power of vitalising outlined characters

will be strikingly apparent. It is delightful to know that we possess traditional proof that Shakespeare himself played the part of the faithful old servitor; a strong indication that it was a favourite one with him. To have heard the author utter that speech of simple, trustful devotion he had written! (Act ii., sc. 3.) Well might Coleridge exclaim—"It is worth having died two hundred years ago, to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line."

(2) *Bequeathed me by will.* Here we must understand 'he' before "bequeathed," as it is also understood before "charged," immediately after. Orlando is speaking of his father; and the effect of this *understood* nominative in the speech is excellent, as conveying the impression of a conversation already begun and now proceeding. The sentence, "As thou sayest," carries on this impression. The omission of the word 'he' here has another advantage; it allows its introduction immediately after, in the sentence, "My brother Jaques *he* keeps at school," as an allusion to Oliver; which else would have made a confusion of antecedents.

(3) *But poor a thousand crowns.* This form of expression—putting the adjective before the article—is found in old writers before Shakespeare's time; and he himself has a somewhat similar one in "Antony and Cleopatra," v. 2, "What poor an instrument may do a noble deed!"

(4) *Stays.* Some editors change this to 'stys' or 'sties;' but "stays" is only another form of "keeps," the word previously used; and Orlando uses it to express simply *retaining* at home, without *entertaining* at home, as "keeping" includes both senses.

(5) *Riders dearly hired.* Here again, 'are' is understood before "dearly;" and this elliptical style of expression, so much employed by Shakespeare, is most natural and conversational. Besides, in the present passage, where the word "are" so frequently occurs, the effect is much improved by its omission here.

(6) *Countenance.* Here used—as elsewhere by Shakespeare, and by other writers of his time—to express entertainment, treatment.

(7) *Hinds.* Servants. See Note 46, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(8) *Mines.* Undermines; saps; impairs. "Gentility" here means 'gentle birth,' 'noble birth.'



*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM retires.]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?<sup>9</sup>

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.<sup>10</sup>

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* Oh, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>11</sup>

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?<sup>12</sup>

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.<sup>13</sup>

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow

me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon<sup>14</sup> me? I will physic your rankness,<sup>15</sup> and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles,—what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* Oh, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,<sup>16</sup> and a many merry men with him; and there

(9) *What make you here?* 'What do you do here?' See Note 26, Act ii, "Merry Wives."

(10) *Be naught awhile.* Instances have been cited to show that this phrase was equivalent to 'a mischief upon you;' but it seems to us, from these very instances, that it meant more like 'make yourself nothing;' or, in more vulgar parlance, 'make yourself scarce.' "Awhile" was often formerly used indefinitely, for an unstated period of time.

(11) *Reverence.* The reverence due to superior age. Oliver, conscious that he morally deserves no reverence to be paid to him, feels this as a sarcasm, and resents it by an attempted blow; which Orlando parries, observing that his "elder brother" is "too young" in skill and strength of personal contest.

(12) *Villain.* Used in the sense of vile, wicked; and in that of base, low-born. See Note 17, Act i., "Comedy of Errors."

(13) *Be at accord.* Be agreed; be reconciled.

(14) *To grow upon.* To encroach overweeningly, to invade overbearingly. It also includes the idea of Orlando's growing into manhood, and into a sense of manhood's rights and manhood's power.

(15) *Rankness.* Arrogance; inscience.

(16) *The forest of Arden.* Because the scene of Lodge's novel is laid in France, because the novel makes the place of exile "the forest of Arden," and because there is a real forest of Ardenne or Ardennes in French Flanders, the commentators first assert that Shakespeare meant this Flemish forest, and then they assert that he made a great mistake in introducing a palm-tree, a lioness, and a serpent there. But we believe that Shakespeare, by his "forest of Arden," meant no special forest, but a typical forest; a forest that represents a poetical forest generally, where lovers, dukes, lords, shepherds, jesters, natural philosophers and artificial philosophers, lions and lambs, serpents and goats, oaks and olives, palm-trees and osiers, may all flourish contentedly and plausibly, without disturbing the peace of those whose imaginations accept the truths of poetry as universal truth, not mere geographical, animal, or botanical literalities. The old English word "Arden" originally signified 'woodiness;' it was applied to a large wooded district in Warwickshire, called the Forest of Arden; and it was the maiden name of Shakespeare's own mother—Mary Arden, whose ancient family derived their name from this very forest of their county.



they live like the old Robin Hood of England:<sup>17</sup> they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.<sup>18</sup>

*Oli.* What! you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?<sup>19</sup>

*Cha.* Marry do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver<sup>20</sup> against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't: for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if

ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*]—Now will I stir this gamester:<sup>21</sup> I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he.<sup>22</sup> Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts<sup>23</sup> enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised:<sup>24</sup> but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle<sup>25</sup> the boy thither: which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A lawn before the DUKE's palace.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn<sup>26</sup> me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I,<sup>27</sup> nor none is he like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir;<sup>28</sup> for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise

Well might it in the poet's mind—as it should in the minds of his readers—serve well for the name of the archetype of poetic and romantic forests.

(17) *The old Robin Hood of England.* By such a touch as this last, "*of England*," Shakespeare contrives to take his readers out of their own country, and show them that he lays his scene abroad. Be it observed, that in this very point we have proof of his improved art, since the production of his early written play, "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," where he lets one of the outlaws swear "by the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar," without any such artistic addition as in the present case. See Note 4, Act iv., "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*." See also Note 1, Act iii., "*Merchant of Venice*."

(18) *The golden world.* Allusions to the golden age of the world—when innocence and happiness prevailed upon earth, when mankind toiled not, and had no cause for care—abound among poets and poetical writers. Some of the most famous of these descriptions may be found in Leigh Hunt's elegant translation of Tasso's "*Aminta*," Fanshawe's version of Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*," and Cervantes' "*Don Quixote*." Shakespeare himself has put into the mouth of Gonzalo—when the good old lord is planning an ideal commonwealth—a sketch of a kind of second "golden world." See Note 15, Act ii., "*Tempest*."

(19) *The new duke.* It will be noticed that in this scene, Shakespeare has given the effect of *recentness* to the event of the elder duke's banishment; although, later on, he gives it the effect of having occurred some time ago. This is one of his strokes of dramatic art. Here, it is needful that the incident should be

related, for the information of those who are reading the first scene, and therefore it is mentioned as "*news*," in order to give naturalness to its being detailed by Charles, the court wrestler; but afterwards, dramatic purpose is best served by throwing it somewhat farther back, among past occurrences.

(20) *Contriver.* Plotter, machinator. See Note 32, Act iv., "*Merchant of Venice*."

(21) *Stir this gamester.* "*Stir*" is here used for incite, instigate; and Shakespeare elsewhere uses "*gamester*" to express a vivacious, free-lived person. Here it seems to be tantamount to the more modern phrase, "*a mettlesome young spark*," "*a forward chap*."

(22) *Hates nothing more than he.* "*He*" used for "*him*," "*I*" for "*me*," "*she*" for "*her*," &c., were frequent grammatical licences in Shakespeare's time.

(23) *Of all sorts.* "*By all ranks*;" "*by persons of various conditions*." "*Enchantingly*" is here used for "*with the force of enchantment*," "*with the fascination of a spell*."

(24) *Misprised.* Taken amiss; undervalued, depreciated, despised. See Note 6, Act iii., "*Much Ado*."

(25) *Kindle.* Urge, spur, excite.

(26) *Learn.* Often used for "*teach*;" and the original Saxon word *læran* meant both to teach and to learn; from *lære*, knowledge, skill, learning, which might either be instilled or acquired.

(27) *Hath no child but I.* See Note 22, Act i., of this play; and Note 60, Act iii., "*Merchant of Venice*."

(28) *Heir.* Often used for "*heirress*." See Note 6, Act iv., "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*."



sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for



*Touchstone.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Celia.* Were you made the messenger?

*Act I. Scene II.*

*Ros.* What shall be our sport then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,<sup>29</sup> that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Cel.* No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?

Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving<sup>30</sup> our natural wit too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his

(29) *Mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel.* Johnson gravely protests against the poet's having "confounded" the type of vicissitude with a spinning-wheel: but Shakespeare puts a playful mingling of the image of uncertainty with that of the thread of life, into a lady's mouth here; and he has also allowed Cleopatra to use the same blended mythological and housewifely

idea. ("Antony and Cleopatra," iv. 13.) That he knew the strictnesses of the subject thoroughly, may be evidenced from other passages where he has introduced "Fortune."

(30) *Perceiving.* Misprinted 'perceiveth' in the first Folio. The second Folio gives the word rightly.





*Duke Frederick.* No more, no more.

*Orlando.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Act I. Scene II.*





honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick,<sup>31</sup> your father, loves.

*Cel.*<sup>32</sup> My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation<sup>33</sup> one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?*

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what colour?<sup>34</sup>

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

(31) *Old Frederick.* "Old," here, is probably used by Touchstone with the same effect of familiar speaking as it is by Lucio. See Note 62, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(32) *Cel.* This is misprinted '*Ros.*' in the Folio; but the speech evidently belongs to Celia. Theobald made the correction.

(33) *Whipped for taxation.* Professional fool-jesters had the punishment of a whipping, when they exceeded their licence and offended by their freedoms. "Taxation" means satire, censure, accusation, impugning.

(34) *Sport! of what colour?* Celia, in banter of Le Beau's affected pronunciation of the word "sport" (which we may imagine him to pronounce 'spawt'), asks him the affectedly expressed question, "of what colour?" for 'of what kind?' There is a similar raillery of court affectation in "Hamlet," v. 2; where the Prince mystifies Osric, as Celia here mystifies Le Beau.

(35) *That was laid on with a trowel.* A colloquial phrase that still exists, applied to coarse flattery. Here, it means, 'that was well added, well heaped up.'

(36) *If I keep not my rank.* Touchstone, as the professional jester, uses this word "rank" to express 'rate of talking,' 'way of following up one joke with another;' while Rosalind puns upon it in the sense of 'rancid,' 'offensively scented.'

(37) *Amaze.* Used here for bewilder, confuse, obfuscate.

(38) *Which you have lost the sight of.* In Shakespeare's way of wittily conducting a dialogue, these words equally refer to the sport of which the ladies have lost the sight, and the subject in question, which their gay banter has suffered to pass out of view.

(39) *With bills on their necks.* These words have been supposed by Farmer and others to belong to Le Beau's speech; but we preserve the Folio arrangement, where they form the beginning of Rosalind's reply. She, hearing him in these set terms describe the

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>35</sup>

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,<sup>36</sup>—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze<sup>37</sup> me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.<sup>38</sup>

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks;<sup>39</sup>—"Be it known unto all men by these presents"—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!<sup>40</sup>

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music<sup>41</sup> in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

youths, imagines them labelled as goodly fellows; and hearing him use the term "presence," interrupts him with a play upon the word. Her quick wit therefore suggests the appropriate "bills on their necks;" which means either the forest-bills thus worn by hunters, or the bills called in legal technicality 'deeds poll,' which commonly begin, 'Know all men by these presents.' See Note 95, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost." This legal term is well explained in Mr. Rushton's clever little book, called "Shakespeare a Lawyer." Advertising bills also in Shakespeare's time sometimes began with the words, "Be it known unto all men," &c.

(40) *Alas!* It is often by such apparently slight touches as these that Shakespeare depicts the moral perfection of his characters, and gives them their crowning charm. By this single word, introduced here, he shows us Rosalind pausing in the full career of her sportive word-banding, struck with pity for the poor old father's grief. His women are always true women; not mere heedless, heartless wits, but witty from the very depths of their sweet and sensitive natures.

(41) *Broken music.* This was a technicality in Shakespeare's time for music performed on stringed instruments; probably because these are unable to sustain unbrokenly or uninterruptedly a long note, as wind instruments can do. Mr. Chappell, in his valuable work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," was the first to supply this information; which interprets one or two passages in our poet that were not previously understood. Some critics object to the word "see" here, as applied to sound; but it is in Shakespeare's style of sometimes playfully confusing the application of verbs, so as to combine varied allusion. Here "see" refers to witnessing the so-called "sport," quite as much as to hearing the sad sound of "rib-breaking." We must suppose Rosalind as slightly emphasising the word "shall" in her subsequent inquiry, "Shall



*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas! he is too young; yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin!<sup>42</sup> are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men.<sup>43</sup> In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.<sup>44</sup>

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,<sup>45</sup> the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised;<sup>46</sup> we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein<sup>47</sup> I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;<sup>48</sup> if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world

no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*]

*Ros.* Oh, excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.<sup>49</sup>

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*]

What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,  
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,<sup>50</sup>  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

we see this wrestling, cousin?" so as to indicate the reluctance she evidently feels to behold it, as shown by Celia's rejoinder, "Let us now stay and see it."

(42) *Cousin.* Here used for niece. See Note 50, Act i., "Much Ado."

(43) *Such odds in the men.* The Folio misprints 'man' for "men;" Hanmer's correction.

(44) *The princesses call for you.* Misprinted in the Folio, 'the princesses calls for you.'

(45) *If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment.* The delicacy of this Shakespearianly subtle compliment, those commentators would spoil, who propose substituting 'our eyes' and 'our judgment' for "your" in both cases. Celia means to say that the clearness of Orlando's own discernment would suffice to deter him from so unequal a contest, were he but to exercise it instead of letting the boldness of his spirit wholly influence him.

(46) *Misprised.* Misjudged; undervalued; injured.

(47) *Wherein.* This word is used elliptically here; for it includes the point that deservedly incurs the ladies' blame. If we under-

stand the words "for this refusal" after "hard thoughts," then "wherein" follows naturally; and, indeed, the subsequent words, "to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything," as an explanation, imply refusal to have been given.

(48) *Gracious.* Used for 'graced by fortune,' 'favoured by destiny.' The Italian word *gratiato*, as explained in Florio's Dictionary, 1598, bears similar interpretation.

(49) *Well breathed.* 'Fully exercised;' 'thoroughly entered into action.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "breathed" for 'exercised;' but here it also includes the effect of 'made to breathe hard,' or 'made to be out of breath.'

(50) *Calling.* 'Appellation;' 'the right to be called thus.' It is well to observe the construction in this speech, as characteristic of Shakespeare's style. Orlando begins with a phrase that seems to require 'than' before "to be adopted heir to Frederick;" but changes his form of expression as he proceeds. This variation in manner of utterance while speaking, is true to nature; and therefore it is adopted by Shakespeare, the most natural, as well as greatest, of all writers.



*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious<sup>51</sup> disposition  
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly,<sup>52</sup> as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*  
Wear this for me, one out of suits with Fortune,<sup>53</sup>  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
means.—  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain,<sup>54</sup> a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my  
fortunes;  
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my  
tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
Oh, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love,  
Yet such is now the duke's condition,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous:<sup>55</sup> what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.<sup>56</sup>

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me  
this,—  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,  
That here was at the wrestling?

(51) *Envious*. Used for 'grudging'; 'full of ill-will.'

(52) *But justly*. Used elliptically; 'as' understood before 'justly.'

(53) *One out of suits with Fortune*. "Out of suits" seems to be one of those phrases used by Shakespeare, involving many metaphorical allusions: it may be taken as 'deprived of Fortune's livery or badge;' as 'not in accord, or unsuited with Fortune;' as 'unpossessed of the trump-suits in Fortune's cards;' and as 'out of favour with Fortune.'

(54) *A quintain*. Tilting at the quintain was an ancient sport; wherein first a trunk of a tree, and then a wooden block carved into the semblance of a human figure, formed the object at which lances were aimed. There was a shield attached to the block; and the great art of the tilter consisted in smiting this shield, so as to break its ligaments, and strike it to the ground. Therefore Orlando compares his power of speech and faculty of address (his "better parts") to the overthrown shield of the quintain, and his mute self to the "mere lifeless block" that remains standing there. The word "quintain" has been derived by some from the Latin *quintus*, five; and said to be a game celebrated every fifth year. Others derive it from the Welsh *gwynnyn*, literally, a 'vane;' and the game is usual at a Welsh wedding.

*Le Beau*. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the smaller<sup>57</sup> is his daughter:  
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves<sup>58</sup>  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
Grounded upon no other argument  
But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
And pity her for her good father's sake;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—  
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—A room in the palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid, have  
mercy!—not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast  
away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come,  
lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when  
the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other  
mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child.<sup>59</sup>  
Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee  
in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden  
paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs  
are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem, and have  
him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

(55) *Humorous*. Full of ill-humours; capitious, wayward, morose.

(56) *Than I to speak of*. "I" used for 'me.' See Note 27, Act i.

(57) *Smaller*. This is misprinted in the Folio 'taller;' which Rosalind's words in the next scene ("I am more than common tall") show to be wrong. Rowe, Pope, and others adopt 'shorter;' Mr. Staunton reads 'lower;' but Malone's correction, "smaller," as being nearer to the Folio misprint, and because Shakespeare elsewhere uses the epithet "small" in reference to a woman's figure (as "small as a wand"—"Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii. 3), appears to us to be the more probable original word. We therefore give it in the text; else, we confess to a leaning towards the word 'lower.' First, because in Act iv., sc. 3, Celia is thus described: "the woman low, and browner," &c.; and next, because 'lower' would accord well (punningly) with the context of Le Beau's words.

(58) *Whose loves*. Instance of Shakespeare's use of a pronoun, not in reference to the immediately preceding named antecedent.

(59) *My father's child*. The Folio prints 'my childes father.' Rowe made the corrected transposition in his second edition. Rosalind, by this reading, says all her trouble is not for her father; some of it is for herself.

*Ros.* Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* Oh, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,<sup>60</sup> I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;<sup>61</sup> yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not?<sup>62</sup> doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,<sup>63</sup>  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:  
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic  
(As I do trust I am not),—then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:<sup>64</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her;<sup>65</sup>  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.<sup>66</sup>

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK and Lords.*]

*Cel.* Oh, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? hath not?<sup>67</sup> Rosalind lacks, then, the love

Which teacheth thee<sup>68</sup> that thou and I am one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir.

(60) *By this kind of chase.* 'By this kind of pursued argument.'

(61) *Hated his father dearly.* 'Dearly' is here used for intensely, extremely, thoroughly. Some have believed this use of the word 'dearly' to be the same as 'direly,' or 'derely.' See Note 160, Act v., 'Love's Labour's Lost.' But it is probable that 'dearly' was used for intensely—whether in a good sense or a bad sense, according to the emotion excited. Here it is first used for loving and then for hating; both, in an extreme or intense degree.

(62) *Why should I not?* This has been variously interpreted by various editors; while some have altered it to 'Why should I?' But Celia, in a playful way of replying to her cousin's 'Hate him not,' says, 'Why should I not 'not hate him?' or in other words, 'Why should I not love him? doth he not deserve well?' Whereupon Rosalind rejoins, 'Let me love him for that,' &c. In such a dialogue as this, the sportive iteration of 'not,' in the construction, is exactly in keeping with the previous word-tossing of 'hate,' 'love,' and 'dearly.'

(63) *Safest haste.* Some editors have proposed for 'safest,' here, 'swiftest,' 'fastest,' &c., which would be mere pleonasm. Shakespeare elsewhere has 'convenient haste,' and 'convenient speed;' and here the duke banishes his niece, with time to 'provide' herself 'within these ten days.'

(64) *Remorse.* Used for pity, compunction.

(65) *I was too young that time, &c.* See Note 19, Act i.

(66) *Still we went coupled and inseparable.* Shakespeare has himself paralleled this lovely picture of girl-friends in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' iii. 2; and it is worth comparing the two beautiful passages together, for the sake of observing how perfectly he has preserved the distinctive characterisation in each. Helena's 'We, Hermia,' &c., is pretty, affectionate, artless; the images are tasteful—the 'double cherry,' the 'two lovely berries moulded on one stem' is a dainty figure; but Celia's words have a simplicity, a dignity, a certain stateliness of charm—no less nobly-graceful an image than 'Juno's swans' employed—that precisely befits the princess and the lady.

(67) *No? hath not?* It has been asserted that this should be printed 'No hath not?' as being an idiomatic expression similar to Hubert's 'No had, my lord?' ('King John,' iv. 2). But it seems to us that here 'No? hath not?' is a mere usual colloquial form of answering by repeating the words of the previous speaker as a question.

(68) *Which teacheth thee, &c.* Warburton suggested that 'thee' here should be changed to 'me,' and the 'am' in the line makes us think the suggestion plausible. Nevertheless, the blending of



Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change<sup>69</sup> upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas! what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber<sup>70</sup> smirch my face;  
The like do you: so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe<sup>71</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing<sup>72</sup> and a martial outside;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.<sup>73</sup>  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content<sup>74</sup>  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty<sup>1</sup> of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel<sup>2</sup> in his head:  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*Ami.* I would not change it.<sup>3</sup> Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?<sup>4</sup>

persons in the construction of a sentence is in Shakespeare's manner, when he wishes to convey a speaker's complicated feeling; and here Celia tells her cousin that she lacks the love which should teach her (Rosalind; as it teaches herself, Celia) that the two friends are (or "am") one.

(69) *Your change.* It has been proposed to alter "change" to 'charge'; but "change" here means 'change of fortune,' 'reverse,' 'vicissitude.'

(70) *Umbre.* A reddish or yellowish brown earth; deriving its name from Umbria, in Italy. It is used as a painting colour by artists; and it was also used in staining faces of a dark shade for the stage, in Shakespeare's time.

(71) *Curtle-axe.* A short, crooked sword. The name is one of many, derived from the French *coute-las*; as *court-las*, *court-lax*, *cut-lax*, *cut-las*.

(72) *Swashing.* Swaggering, dashing. To "swash" was applied to making a clashing noise with arms upon the target or buckler; and thence came to mean noisy, blustering, swaggering.

(73) *Ganymede.* The names assumed by the disguised heroines in Lodge's story are those given by Shakespeare to his Rosalind and Celia when they wander forth; one of his usual instances of good taste and judgment in adopting the most available points from the sources whence he derived his plots.

(74) *Now go we in content.* The first Folio misprints 'Now goe in we content.' The second Folio makes the corrected transposition.

(1) *Here feel we but the penalty, &c.* The Folio gives 'not' instead of "but;" Theobald's correction. There are few typographical

errors more frequently occurring in old books than the substitution of "not" for 'but,' and "but" for 'not.' Several excellent editors retain the word of the Folio in this passage, interpreting it with much ingenuity; but we cannot feel that the context will bear the reading they give. The speech seems to us to lose consecration if 'not' be retained; whereas "but the penalty of Adam" (taking this "penalty" to mean "the seasons' difference") accords with that which follows, and also with other passages in the play where the sharp yet salutary effects of open-air life are adverted to.

(2) *A precious jewel.* By this, besides the bright eye which distinguishes the otherwise ill-favoured reptile, it is probable that Shakespeare alluded to the ancient belief regarding the toad; which was said to have in its head a stone, having the power of repulsing poisons, and, if worn in a ring, of "forewarning against venom." This was called a "toad-stone," and was held to be "most commonly found in the heads of old and great and he toads." While giving this information, the commentators preclude the idea of the poet's having any other "jewel" than the toad-stone in his mind; but we cannot help feeling that the notably brilliant eye of the toad was included in Shakespeare's reference to the one precious point possessed by the repulsive-looking creature.

(3) *I would not change it.* Upton and others think that these words should form the conclusion of the duke's speech. But they are the reply which Amiens makes, assuring his lord and kinsman that he feels the praises just pronounced upon their forest life to be true, that he has no wish to change it, or to leave him; and then goes on to say how happy is the duke in a nature that can convert reverses into sources of delight.

(4) *Shall we go and kill us venison?* Here, the "us" is used in



And yet it irks me,<sup>5</sup> the poor dappled fools,<sup>6</sup>  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads,<sup>7</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears<sup>8</sup>  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.



*First Lord.* "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion."

*Act II. Scene I.*

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

*First Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;<sup>9</sup>  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:" then, being there  
alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;<sup>10</sup>  
" 'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part  
The flux<sup>11</sup> of company:" anon, a careless herd,

the same idiomatic form of construction that "me" is elsewhere used by Shakespeare. See Note 33, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(5) *It irks me.* 'It frets me;' 'it is irksome to me.'

(6) *Poor dappled fools.* Instance of Shakespeare's using the term "poor fool" as a term of compassion and kindness, rather than of contempt. See Note 31, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(7) *Forkèd heads.* The hunters' barbed darts or arrows.

(8) *The big round tears.* It was an ancient belief that the deer wept when put to death by the hunters; and that his "tears" were "precious in medicine."

(9) *The needless stream.* Used for 'the unneeding stream;' the stream that needed not additional water.

(10) *Friends.* Printed in the Folio 'friend;' which some editors retain, observing that 'the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical.' But we cannot feel this to be one of these instances; and it is probable that the 's' was left out by the Folio printer, as, in the previous line, "much" is misprinted 'must.'

(11) *Flux.* Flow; confluence; concourse.





*Celia.* I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.  
*Touchstone.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you.  
*Act II. Scene IV.*





Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;<sup>12</sup>  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,<sup>13</sup>  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,<sup>14</sup>  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*Sec. Lord.<sup>15</sup>* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:  
I love to cope<sup>16</sup> him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the palace.*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance<sup>17</sup> in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.<sup>18</sup>

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish<sup>19</sup> clown, at whom  
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

(12) *Citizens.* Used here as "burghers" is a few speeches previously, for the deer as denizens (or free dwellers) of the forest.

(13) *What's worse.* Used elliptically for 'whatever is worse than these.'

(14) *To kill them up.* Shakespeare sometimes adds the word "up" to verbs, to express thoroughly, entirely, completely. For instance, in the sentence commented on in Note 164, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost," "To flatter up" means to flatter to excess, to soothe or pamper. This use of "up" still exists in such phrases as 'cover it up,' 'eat it up,' 'drink it up,' 'shut it up,' 'dress it up,' 'cut it up,' &c.; where "up" is almost a redundancy, and yet serves to give the effect of thoroughness to the act indicated by the verb. Here, "to kill them up," means 'to kill them all utterly,' to exterminate them; and also serves to imply 'hunt them up,' 'drive them to extremity.'

(15) *Sec. Lord.* This is misprinted in the Folio 2 *Lord*, as a prefix to the speech; therefore we leave it in the text. Otherwise, what the first lord says of "my lord of Amiens and myself" watching Jaques, seems to show that only two gentlemen were with him then; so that it should seem as if "We did, my lord," &c., rightly belongs either to Amiens or to First Lord. The concluding words of the scene, "I'll bring you," &c., are in the Folio given to First Lord; though in some editions they are erroneously assigned to 2 *Lord*.

(16) *Cope.* Used here for encounter, engage with, meet in interchange of talk with. There is a modern familiar word that answers

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant<sup>20</sup>  
hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>21</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before OLIVER's house.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle master!

Oh, my sweet master! Oh, you memory<sup>22</sup>  
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?<sup>23</sup>  
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond<sup>24</sup> to overcome  
The bony priser of the humorous duke?<sup>25</sup>  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* Oh, unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors! within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother (no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—  
Of him I was about to call his father)  
Hath heard your praises; and this night he  
means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off:  
I overheard him and his practices.<sup>26</sup>  
This is no place;<sup>27</sup> this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have  
me go?

to the verb "cope" here; "I love to 'tackle' him in these sullen fits."

(17) *Consent and sufferance.* "Consent" is here used for 'conspired agreement.' See Note 109, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost." "Sufferance" here means toleration, permission, non-hindrance, unprevention.

(18) *See her.* Instance of Shakespeare's using a pronoun in the singular, when referring to an antecedent in the plural. The duke speaks of "them," inquiring after both ladies; the courtier replies, mentioning Celia only.

(19) *Roynish.* Scurvy; French, *rogneux*.

(20) *Fetch that gallant.* Meaning Orlando. The present passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's characteristic way of making a person in agitated speaking use an expression which refers to a not immediately previously named antecedent.

(21) *Quail.* Used for languish, relax, slacken.

(22) *Memory.* Shakespeare, and other writers of his time, sometimes used "memory" for 'memorial.'

(23) *What make you here?* 'What do you do here?'

(24) *Fond.* Foolish, injudicious.

(25) *Bony priser of the humorous duke.* "Bony" (Warburton's correction) is misprinted 'bonnie' in the Folio. "Priser" is tantamount to our modern term, 'prize-fighter.' "Humorous" here means 'ill-humoured,' 'morose,' 'captious,' 'wayward.'

(26) *Practices.* Treacherous schemes or devices.

(27) *This is no place.* "Place" here has been explained to mean

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood<sup>28</sup> and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:<sup>29</sup>

Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious<sup>30</sup> liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweet<sup>31</sup> for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion;

And having that, do choke<sup>32</sup> their service up

Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man! thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield

In lieu of<sup>33</sup> all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways; we'll go along together;

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.—

From seventeen years<sup>34</sup> till now almost fourscore

Here livèd I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore it is too late a week:<sup>35</sup>

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

a mansion, a residence, a country-seat; in which sense the term is still used. But we take the passage to be no more than a broken exclamation of the old man's,—'this is no place for you,' 'this is not a fit place for you to come to.' The whole tenor of his speech confirms this.

(28) *A diverted blood.* 'A perverted affection of kindred,' 'a relationship turned from its natural course.'

(29) *And unregarded age in corners thrown.* This line gives an instance of Shakespeare's elliptical style. Here the "should" of the previous line and the word 'be' are understood between "age" and "in." It has in this passage an excellent effect, since it serves to generalise the remark, as if the words were, "And unregarded age 'is' in corners thrown."

(30) *Rebellious.* One of Shakespeare's aptly chosen epithets; conveying, as it does here, the impression of liquors opposed to health, and liquors exciting to evil propensities.

(31) *Sweet.* An old form of 'sweated.' See Note 38, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

#### SCENE IV.—*The forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND, drest like a youth; CELIA, like a shepherdess; and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!<sup>36</sup>

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.<sup>37</sup>

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,<sup>38</sup> if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* Oh, Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine

(As sure I think did never man love so),

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* Oh, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying<sup>39</sup> thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.—Oh, Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*]

(32) *Having that, do choke, &c.* 'Having acquired promotion, canceled the service they have done, by means of the very gain it procured them.'

(33) *In lieu of.* 'In requital of.' See Note 40, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice."

(34) *From seventeen years.* Misprinted in the Folio, 'From seauentie yeeres.' Rowe made the correction, which the context shows to be right.

(35) *A week.* Anciently used for an indefinite period of time.

(36) *How weary are my spirits!* The Folio misprints 'merry' for 'weary;' Theobald's correction.

(37) *I can go no farther.* The first Folio gives 'I cannot go no farther;' but the second Folio omits the superfluous 'not.'

(38) *Cross.* A coin, bearing the mark of a cross upon it. See Note 44, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(39) *Wearying.* The reading of the second Folio. The first Folio prints 'wearing.'





ROSALIND, CELIA, AND TOUCHSTONE.

*Touchstone.* Holla, you clown !

*Rosalind.* Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

"As You Like It," Act II., Scene II.





*Ros.* Alas! poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>40</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod<sup>41</sup> instead of her; from whom<sup>42</sup> I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.<sup>43</sup>

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond' man,  
If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, gentle shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little reck<sup>44</sup> to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:  
Besides, his cote,<sup>45</sup> his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice<sup>46</sup> most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me: if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder<sup>47</sup> be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—Another part of the forest.

*Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.*

#### SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note<sup>48</sup>  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged:<sup>49</sup> I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you them stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.<sup>50</sup> Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

(40) *Batlet*. An implement used in beating and washing coarse clothes.

(41) *Peascod*. Used here for a bunch of peas in the pod; "cods" being an old name for their pods or shells. See Note 23, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream." From a passage in "Camden's Remains," it appears that peas pods were sometimes worn as ornaments: speaking of Richard II., he says—"He also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, and the peas out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." And in an ancient schedule of jewels is found—"Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with seventeen pearls."

(42) *From whom*. That is, from the bunch of peas pods, impersonating Mistress Jane Smile.

(43) *As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly*. Touchstone plays on the word "mortal;" using it first in the sense of 'subject to death,' and secondly in its sense of 'excessive,' 'abundant.' In Miss Baker's "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases," she so explains the word; giving as example the county phrases, "I'm mortal bad," "it's a mortal shame," "there was a mortal sight o' people, and a mortal deal o' fun."

(44) *Recks*. Cares, heeds. We still use the word 'reckless' for careless, or heedless.

(45) *Cote*. An old form of cot, or cottage. It is still used (as in the next line) in its compound form of "sheep-cote," which strictly means an enclosure for sheep; but is sometimes, as here, used for a shepherd's cottage.

(46) *In my voice*. 'By my voice during my master's absence.'

(47) *Feeder*. One who feeds sheep. Corin, just before, says—"do not shear the fleeces that I graze;" and mentions "bounds of feed" for 'pasture-lands.'

(48) *Turn his merry note*. This was an old expression; as we still familiarly say, 'turn a tune.' Pope altered "turn" to 'tune;' but "turn his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat" means, 'sing or whistle his gay tune in unison with the bird's singing.'

(49) *Ragged*. An epithet combining the sense of rough, husky, worn-out, shabby, poor; and any other disparaging epithet that a singer, making mock-modest excuses, applies to his voice. Amiens' sweet-tempered bantering of the crabbed Jaques is delightful.

(50) *I care not for their names; they owe me nothing*. Jaques makes punning allusion to the Latin word *nomen*, which means 'a name,' and also a 'debt,' and a 'debtor.' Ainsworth, in the fourth edition of his Dictionary, 1761, interprets *nomen facere*, 'to contract a debt;' and gives 'debtor' as the seventh meaning of the word *nomen*.

*Jaq.* Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes;<sup>51</sup> and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while;<sup>52</sup> the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.<sup>53</sup>

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>54</sup> for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

## SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.  
And loves to live i' the sun,<sup>55</sup>  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.<sup>56</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:<sup>57</sup>  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that "ducdame?"

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>58</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE VI.—Another part of the forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no farther: oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

(51) *Dog-apes.* "Dog" is sometimes prefixed to the name of an animal, to indicate its being of the male species; as dog-fox, dog-otter.

(52) *Cover the while.* 'Prepare the table meanwhile;' 'spread the meal while I sing.'

(53) *To look you.* 'To look for you.' See Note 11, Act iv., "Merry Wives."

(54) *Disputable.* Used here for 'disputations;' 'fond of disputing.' Shakespeare sometimes uses words ending in "ble" in this way—as the passive form used in an active sense, and the active form used passively—according to the usage of writers of his time.

(55) *Loves to live i' the sun.* It was once proposed to change "live" to "lie;" but "live i' the sun" accords with the next line, "seeking the food he eats;" and be it observed that the sentiment in this verse of the song tends to support our view of the reading discussed in Note 1 of the present Act. The "penalty of Adam" means "the seasons' difference;" for we find here that the exiled gentleman-foresters have to "seek their food" by sunny exertion, by hunting; and that they need fear "no enemy but winter and rough weather."

(56) *In despite of my invention.* Here used for 'in spite of my tardy invention;' or 'in a struggle with my invention:' in the same whimsically expressed way that Iago says—"My invention

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.<sup>59</sup> For my sake be comfortable;<sup>60</sup> hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!<sup>61</sup> thou lookest cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII.—Another part of the forest (the same as in SCENE V.).

A table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here he was merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars,<sup>62</sup> grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.<sup>63</sup> Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

*First Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company! What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!<sup>64</sup>—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize—it plucks out brains and all" ("Othello," ii. 1).

(57) *Ducdame.* We imagine that, as a fling at the burthen to Amiens' song, "Come hither," Jaques makes this facetious transposition of the Latin words, *duc ad me*, 'lead to me;' and farther mystifies the young nobleman by calling it a "Greek invocation." A suggestion was once made that possibly "Ducdame" is a misprint for *huc ad me*, 'hither to me.' "Ducdame" must be read as a trisyllable, with the accent laid on the second syllable.

(58) *The first-born of Egypt.* This is said by Johnson to be a proverbial expression for high-born persons.

(59) *Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.* 'It is more that thou believest thou art going to die, than that thy powers are failing thee.'

(60) *Comfortable.* Used here for 'be susceptible of comfort,' 'be capable of receiving comfort.' See Note 54, Act ii.

(61) *Well said!* Formerly sometimes used as we now use the words 'well done!' as a term of encouragement.

(62) *Compact of jars.* 'Compounded, composed, or made up of jarring elements.' See Note 3, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(63) *Discord in the spheres.* Allusion to the creed of the harmony of the spheres. See Note 11, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(64) *A miserable world!* This we take to be a parenthetical



"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"<sup>65</sup>

And then he drew a dial from his poke,<sup>66</sup>  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:  
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world  
wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;  
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contemplative;  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial.—Oh, noble fool!  
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.<sup>67</sup>

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. Oh, worthy fool!—One that hath been a  
courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.—Oh, that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;<sup>68</sup>

Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have:  
And they that are most gall'd with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The why is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob:<sup>69</sup> if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomis'd,<sup>70</sup>  
Even by the squand'ring glances<sup>71</sup> of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

exclamation; whereby Jaques for the moment laughs at his own melancholy view of the world, having just heard it echoed by a professional jester. Moreover, he seems to exclaim, "This a miserable world! No, it contains a fool and food for laughter."

(65) *Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.* In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis*, 'Fortune favours fools.'

(66) *Poke.* Pouch; pocket.

(67) *Motley's the only wear.* Alluding to the parti-coloured garment worn by the professional fool-jester.

(68) *It is my only suit.* A play on the word "suit" in its sense of 'dress,' 'suit of clothes;' and in its sense of 'petition,' 'pleaded request.'

(69) *Not to seem senseless of the bob.* The words "Not to" were omitted in the Folio, and supplied by Theobald; both metre and meaning showing them to be needed. "Bob" is used for 'smart hit,' 'fling,' 'scoff,' 'sarcasm.'

(70) *Anatomis'd.* Intellectually dissected; laid bare; exposed to view.

(71) *Squand'ring glances.* Various-directed shots of wit. To "squander" was sometimes used for to 'scatter.' See Note 58, Act i., "Merchant of Venice." To "glance," in archery, meant to shoot obliquely.

(72) *A counter.* Counters were coins made for counting up, and

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,<sup>72</sup> would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>73</sup> itself;  
And all the emboss'd sores and headed evils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax<sup>74</sup> any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the weary very means<sup>75</sup> do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says his bravery<sup>76</sup> is not on my cost  
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?<sup>77</sup>

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture.<sup>78</sup> But forbear, I say:  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

reckoning sums; the use of which had been recently brought into England, about the time when this play was believed to have been written.

(73) *Brutish sting.* Animal appetite.

(74) *Tax.* Satirise, accuse, impugn. "Taxing," farther on in this same speech, is used in a similar sense. See Note 33, Act i.

(75) *The weary very means.* This has been variously altered; but no offered substitution is satisfactory. The passage as it stands seems to us to mean, 'Till that the very means, becoming weary (worn out, exhausted), do ebb.'

(76) *Bravery.* Finery, expensive clothes. See Note 37, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(77) *Of what kind should this cock come of?* Pleonasm, such as the present superfluous repetition of the word "of" in this sentence, occur not only in Shakespeare's writings, but in other authors of his time. "Kind" is here used for 'native stock,' 'breed.'

(78) *Inland bred, and know some nurture.* "Inland," and 'upland' or 'outland,' were formerly used to express the same meaning for which we now use the words 'urbane' and 'rustic;' the one bearing the sense of 'polished in breeding,' the other 'rough and uncultivated.' "Nurture" meant 'education,' 'training,' 'breeding,' 'cultivation,' 'refinement.'

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason,<sup>79</sup>  
I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentle-  
ness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our  
table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray  
you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;<sup>80</sup>  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take upon command<sup>81</sup> what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—  
Oppress'd with two weak evils,<sup>82</sup> age and hunger,—  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good  
comfort! [Exit.]

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone un-  
happy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.<sup>83</sup>

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace,<sup>84</sup> with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,<sup>85</sup>  
Jealous in honour, sudden<sup>86</sup> and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,<sup>87</sup>  
Full of wise saws and modern<sup>88</sup> instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,<sup>89</sup>  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans<sup>90</sup> everything.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable  
burden,  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:—

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—  
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

*Ami.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind<sup>91</sup>  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,<sup>92</sup>  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

(79) *An you will not be answered with reason.* Here Jaques plays on the words "answered" and "reason." Orlando uses "answered" in the sense of 'attended to,' while Jaques replies with it in the sense of 'responded to in argument;' and then he brings in "reason" (for 'raisin') in consonance with Orlando's "this fruit." A pun upon "reason" and "raisin" seemed to be a favourite with Shakespeare. See Note 34, Act v., "Much Ado."

(80) *All things had been savage here.* In this passage, "savage" is used in its sense of 'wild,' 'uncultivated;' and not in that of 'cruel,' 'ferocious.' So, in the previous scene, where Orlando says, "If this uncouth forest yield anything *savage*," he means 'wild,' 'untame;' something that will serve for food, such as deer or game of any kind.

(81) *Upon command.* 'At your own disposal;' 'according to your own pleasure.'

(82) *Two weak evils.* Used for 'two evils causing weakness.'

(83) *Wherein we play in.* Another instance of the pleonasm or redundancy of expression then in use. See Note 77, Act ii.

(84) *Sighing like furnace.* Any one calling to mind the portentous gasps of a blast furnace, will feel the comic exaggeration of this simile.

(85) *Pard.* An abbreviation of 'leopard.' See Note 61, Act ii., "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

(86) *Sudden.* Sometimes used by Shakespeare for 'violent,' 'passionate,' 'rash,' 'hasty.'

(87) *Beard of formal cut.* Beards, in Shakespeare's time, were cut in different fashions for men of different professions. The soldier had his style, the justice had his, the young gallant had his: and we find from various passages in our poet's works, that there was much characteristic distinctiveness in the way in which beards were trimmed and worn.

(88) *Modern.* Here and elsewhere used by Shakespeare for 'common,' 'trite,' 'hackneyed,' 'conventional.'

(89) *Pantaloons.* A comic character of the Italian stage (of Venetian origin, and taken typically of Venice, as *Arlecchino* is of Bergamo, *Pollicinello* of Naples, *Stenterello* of Florence, &c.); wearing slippers, spectacles, and pouch, and invariably represented as old, lean, and gullible. We have him on the English stage, to this day, in the Christmas pantomimes.

(90) *Sans.* The French word for 'without;' sometimes used in colloquial English of Shakespeare's time. See Note 51, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(91) *Unkind.* Besides its usual meaning of 'cruel,' 'unfeeling,' 'unkind' here bears the sense of 'unnatural,' 'contrary to native quality.'

(92) *Because thou art not seen.* This line has been suspected to





Orlando. I thank you most for him.  
Adam. So had you need:—  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.  
Act II. Scene VII.





Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,<sup>93</sup>  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.<sup>94</sup>  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Roland's  
son,—  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—  
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,  
That lov'd your father: the residue of your for-  
tune,  
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—  
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and  
Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that  
cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument<sup>1</sup>  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle;<sup>2</sup> bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit<sup>3</sup> thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.  
Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in  
this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.  
Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out  
of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands:<sup>4</sup>  
Do this expediently,<sup>5</sup> and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And thou, thrice-crown'd queen of night,<sup>6</sup> survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name,<sup>7</sup> that my full life doth sway.<sup>8</sup>  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive<sup>10</sup> she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,  
Master Touchstone?  
Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is

be incorrect; but we take the passage to mean—"Thy tooth is not so keen (as the pain of a friend's ingratitude), because thou art not seen (to be an unnatural injustice and cruelty, as his conduct is)."

(93) *Though thou the waters warp.* Shakespeare elsewhere uses "warp" to express 'shrink,' 'contract,' 'alter,' 'change,' 'pervert,' 'distort'; and in these mingled senses he seems to employ the word here. Mr. Holt White pointed out that there was an ancient Saxon adage, 'Winter shall warp water;' and he also cites a Scottish version of an English ballad, where the line, 'Nor shrink before the wintry wind,' is altered to 'Nor shrink before the warping wind.' The visible effect of frost upon water is to change and distort its surface; sometimes even bending and warping it into a concave form, very apparent in small ponds. Although this is caused by expansion, it looks like contraction; and poets deal with visible effects.

(94) *As friend remember'd not.* "Remembered" is here used for 'remembering.' A form of the verb 'to remember' is "to be remembered of," which Shakespeare sometimes uses.

(1) *Argument.* Shakespeare elsewhere uses this word for 'subject.' See Note 37, Act i., "Much Ado." As he also uses the words "theme" and "story." See Note 43, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(2) *Seek him with candle.* A metaphorical way of saying, 'Seek him diligently, or with every means of careful search.'

(3) *Quit.* Used for 'acquit,' 'absolve.'

(4) *Make an extent upon his house and lands.* The accuracy of legal technicality in this passage is borne testimony to by Lord Campbell, who says:—"The usurping Duke Frederick, wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, awards a writ of extent

against him in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer; an *extendi facias* applying to house and lands, as a *feri facias* would apply to goods and chattels, or a *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person." And Blackstone explains the terms thus:—"An extent, or *extendi facias*, is so called, because the sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full extended value before he delivers them to the plaintiff."

(5) *Expediently.* Used for 'expeditiously.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "expedient" for 'expeditious.'

(6) *Thrice-crown'd queen of night.* Orlando addresses the moon by this title, in allusion to her names of Luna, Diana, and Hecate. See Note 43, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(7) *Thy huntress' name.* Orlando calls his mistress one of Diana's huntresses, as being a votaress of her order; a maiden lady, a virgin princess. Just as Hero is styled the "virgin knight" of the "goddess of the night." See Note 64, Act v., "Much Ado."

(8) *My full life doth sway.* "Full" is here used for 'whole,' 'entire,' 'complete.' It is observable that Shakespeare repeats this phrase, "my life doth sway," or "doth sway my life," in another passage, where an amorous extravagance of expression is in question. In the present speech, Orlando uses just such strained words and phrases as accord thoroughly with the fanciful style of his rhymed diction, and the fantastic fashion of his action here; both of which are in the vein of an Arcadian swain. It is as if Shakespeare wished to show even this manly young hero capable of a freak when under the influence of that passion which makes "all nature in love mortal in folly." Orlando, as a "true lover," was bound, as it were, to "run into strange capers," at least once in the course of the play.

(9) *Character.* Write; inscribe in characters.

(10) *Unexpressive.* For 'inexpressible;' 'not to be expressed.'



a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.<sup>11</sup> In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art condemn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,—

*Touch.* Truly, thou art condemn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou



*Rosalind.* Peace!  
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Act III. Scene II.

in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,<sup>12</sup> or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.<sup>13</sup> Wast ever in court, shepherd?

never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners,<sup>14</sup> then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is condemnation. Thou art in a parlous state,<sup>15</sup> shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,<sup>16</sup> you know, are greasy.

(11) *Naught.* Not anything; worth nothing; worthless, bad.

(12) *May complain of good breeding.* 'Want of,' or 'deficient,' is understood between "of" and "good breeding." This is an elliptical form of expression used by other writers besides Shakespeare.

(13) *Natural philosopher.* Touchstone quibbles on the word 'natural' in its sense of 'fool' or 'idiot,' and in its sense of 'taught by nature and nature's productions.'

(14) *Manners.* The court jester here uses this word in its double sense of 'demeanour' and 'morals:' in the same way that the French use their word *mœurs*, which means both 'manners' and 'morals.'

(15) *Parlous.* A corruption of 'perilous.' See Note 2, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(16) *Fells.* Skins or hides. The difference between the woolly



*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the greese of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance,<sup>17</sup> come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:<sup>18</sup> civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest condemn'd? Heaven help thee, shallow man! Heaven make incision in thee!<sup>19</sup> thou art raw.<sup>20</sup>

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm;<sup>21</sup> and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; I cannot see how thou shouldst scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
[*Reads.*] No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd<sup>22</sup>  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.<sup>23</sup>

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.<sup>24</sup>

*Ros.* Out, fool!

exterior and the inner skin, fleece and fell, is manifest in this passage from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries:"—"A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells."

(17) *A more sounder instance.* Example of double comparative.

(18) *Perpend.* Reflect; consider; think it over. See Note 14, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(19) *Heaven make incision in thee!* That is, 'May Heaven cut or lance thee, so as to cure thee by letting some of thy simpletonism out with thy blood!' There are phrases of similar allusion in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; and Shakespeare himself, elsewhere, uses the expression for curing by blood-letting. See Note 80, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(20) *Thou art raw.* "Raw" is here punningly used in the sense of 'sore,' and in the sense of 'ignorant,' 'inexperienced,' 'immature,' 'green.'

(21) *Content with my harm.* 'Content with my adversity or penury.'

(22) *Fairest lin'd.* Most fairly delineated.

(23) *The fair of Rosalind.* The beauty of Rosalind. "Fair" was often used substantively for 'fairness.' See Note 27, Act i., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(24) *It is the right butter-women's rank to market.* Touchstone compares the jog-trot pace of the verses, one after the other, to the rate of going in single file of the butter-women on horseback to market, by the word "rank;" just as he formerly used that expression, when he spoke of his own rate of striking in with, and pouring out his professional jokes. See Note 36, Act i.

(25) *If the cat will after kind.* 'If the cat will act according to its nature.' The phrase seems to have been proverbial; for in Florio's

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,<sup>25</sup>  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's thorn and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses:<sup>26</sup> why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit<sup>27</sup> i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this a desert be?<sup>28</sup>  
[*Reads.*] For it is unpeopled?<sup>29</sup> No;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil<sup>30</sup> sayings show:  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,<sup>31</sup>  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age;  
Some, of violated vows  
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence' end,  
Will I Rosalinda write;  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite<sup>32</sup>  
Heaven would in little<sup>33</sup> show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide-enlarg'd;  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;  
Cleopatra's majesty;  
Atalanta's better part;<sup>34</sup>  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

"Second Frutes" we find, "What is hatcht by a hen, will scrape like a hen; and cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch."

(26) *The very false gallop of verses.* A farther allusion to the "butter-women's rank to market."

(27) *Then it will be the earliest fruit.* 'Then the medlar, which is now one of the latest fruits, will become the earliest, being soonest decayed.'

(28) *Why should this a desert be?* The Folio omits "a," which Rowe supplied.

(29) *For it is unpeopled.* "For" is here used for 'because.'

(30) *Civil.* Here employed in its combined senses of 'civilised,' 'polished,' 'refined' (in opposition to 'wild' and 'uncultivated,' as implied in the word "desert" in the first line); and 'grave,' 'serious,' 'reflective.' See Note 38, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(31) *How brief the life of man runs his erring pilgrimage, that the, &c.* This sentence is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's style. It is elliptically condensed; and it contains a word including combined senses. "Brief" is used for 'briefly' (as adjectives were sometimes employed adverbially); "his" is used for 'its'; and "erring" is used to express 'wandering,' and 'full of errors.'

(32) *Spirit.* Spirit, native quality, original characteristic.

(33) *In little.* In miniature, in abstract; epitomised.

(34) *Atalanta's better part.* Atalanta, daughter to the king of Scyros, famed for her beauty, attracted many lovers; but, reserved as beautiful, she would accept none of them. To her beauty and reticence she joined great swiftness of foot; and therefore appointed that any suitor who proposed for her hand, should run a race with her, on the understanding that if he lost the race, he also lost his suit and his life. Her skill in running always obtained her the victory, until Hippomenes presented himself; when he, provided by



Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod<sup>35</sup> was devis'd;  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches<sup>36</sup> dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. Oh, most gentle Jupiter!<sup>37</sup> what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat! though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.<sup>38</sup>

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:<sup>39</sup>—I was never so be-rhymed<sup>40</sup> since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you<sup>41</sup> who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prythee, who?

Cel. Oh, lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Venus with three golden apples, threw them in the path of his fair competitor; and she, stooping to admire and take them up, lost the race. Her allowing herself to be thus beguiled, and her subsequent less reserved conduct, contrast with her original beauty, reticence, and agility; and it is these latter which form the "Atalanta's better part" of the text.

(35) *Synod*. State council. See Note 3, Act i., "Comedy of Errors."

(36) *Touches*. Traits; distinctive points.

(37) *Oh, most gentle Jupiter!* It is worthy of notice, that here Rosalind invokes "Jupiter" (the god of good spirits, who, from his name of Jove, gave origin to the word 'jovial'), when she is complaining of the "tedious homily" with which Celia has "wearied" her hearers, as she invoked him at the commencement of Act ii., sc. 4; which makes for the adoption of "weary" in that passage. See Note 36, Act ii.

(38) *Scrip and scrippage*. "Scrip" here means a small sack or pouch for scraps; and "scrippage" is used for the contents of a scrip, as "baggage" is used for the contents of a bag.

(39) *A palm-tree*. See Note 16, Act i.

(40) *I was never so be-rhymed, &c.* Rosalind playfully alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls from one animal to another, and to the old superstition that rats in Ireland were rhymed to death.

(41) *Trow you*. This is used here in the sense of 'Do you guess?' 'Can you imagine?' although the word originally meant to 'think,' to 'believe.' But Shakespeare employs it with various shades of meaning. See Note 59, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(42) *Out of all whooping!* 'Beyond the loudest exclamations of

Ros. Nay, I prythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!<sup>42</sup>

Ros. Good my complexion!<sup>43</sup> dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I prythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I prythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, Heaven will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both, in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.<sup>45</sup>

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here?<sup>46</sup> Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth<sup>47</sup> first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

amazement.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word in this sense:—"Admiration did not whoop at them," "Henry V.," ii. 2. A similar expression to the one in the text was formerly in use—"out of all cry;" meaning, 'beyond all exclamation of admiring wonder.'

(43) *Good my complexion!* Celia, bantering Rosalind upon her "change" of "colour," the latter makes an ejaculation, tantamount to 'Have mercy on my complexion!'—"complexion" here meaning not only 'bloom of countenance,' but 'natural propensity,' 'constitutional tendency.' See Note 3, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice." The construction of the present ejaculation is similar to that of the one Rosalind makes later on:—"Odd's my little life!" Act iii., sc. 5.

(44) *One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery*. It has been proposed to change the second "of" here to 'off;' but we take the passage, as it stands, to mean—"One inch of delay more is as tedious to wait for as a discovery made in the South Seas."

(45) *Speak sad brow and true maid*. 'Speak with a grave brow (or serious face), and as a true maid.'

(46) *Wherein went he? What makes he here?* 'In what clothes was he dressed? What does he do here?'

(47) *Gargantua's mouth*. "Gargantua" is the name of the giant in Rabelais' satirical work; of which there were various popular versions known in England in Shakespeare's time. The size of His Eminence's "mouth" may be estimated from its being recorded that he "swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad;" and Celia thinks that the "one word" in which Rosalind desires her nine questions to be answered would be "too great for any mouth" in an age when men's dimensions have degenerated from those of the giant Gargantua.



*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies<sup>48</sup> as to resolve the propositions of a lover:<sup>49</sup>—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes<sup>50</sup> the ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla!<sup>51</sup> to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.<sup>52</sup>

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out.<sup>53</sup>—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.<sup>54</sup>

[ROSALIND and CELIA retire.]

Enter ORLANDO and JAKES.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* Heav'n bewi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?<sup>55</sup>

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>56</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.<sup>57</sup> Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit JAKES. ROSALIND and CELIA come forward.]

*Ros.* [Aside to CELIA.] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—[To him.] Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

(48) *Atomies*. Bullokar, in his "English Expositor," 1616, thus explains the word:—"An atomie is a mote flying in the sunne. Anything so small that it cannot be made lesse." Henley says:—"Atomies are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room."

(49) *Lover*. Used in Shakespeare's time for a woman as well as for a man. See Note 47, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(50) *Becomes*. 'Adorns,' 'graces,' 'sets off,' 'ornaments;' Shakespeare sometimes uses the word in the sense of 'render becoming,' 'give becomingness to.' See Note 18, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(51) *Holla!* A term of the riding-school; whereby the horse was checked or stopped.

(52) *To kill my heart*. A play on the words "heart" and "hart."

(53) *You bring me out*. In modern parlance, 'You put me out.'

(54) *'Tis he: slink by, and note him*. One of Shakespeare's touches of womanly nature. Rosalind—so eager to hear of him, so impatient to extract every particle of description of him—the instant she sees Orlando approach, draws back; and defers the moment of meeting him. In the first place, she cannot bear to join him while he has another person with him, and waits till Jaques is gone; in the next place, she wishes to look upon him, before she looks at him

face to face; and lastly, she is glad to have an interval, wherein to recover from her first emotion at hearing he is near, ere she accosts him in person. Dramatically, also, the poet is skilful in this pause; he gives opportunity for the dialogue between Jaques and Orlando, showing them together, and making the latter avow his passion for Rosalind (in her very presence, though unconsciously), before he brings the lover to his mistress.

(55) *Conned them out of rings?* "Conned" is 'studied,' 'committed to memory.' See Note 16, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream." "Them" refers to "pretty answers;" and the sort of "pretty" sentences usually engraved upon "rings" by "goldsmiths," has been seen in the last scene of the "Merchant of Venice," where we find that Nerissa's ring bears a posy or motto.

(56) *I answer you right painted cloth*. An idiomatic form of expression, signifying—'I answer you just after the fashion of painted cloth.' This use of the word "right" is exemplified in the phrase discussed in Note 24, Act iii.—"The right butter-women's rank to market." It was the fashion to insert moral sentences over the heads of the figures in "painted cloth;" which was used for hangings for the walls of rooms, like tapestry, or arras. Therefore Orlando has a fling at the conventional style of Jaques' "questions," affecting sententiousness and axiomatic morality.

(57) *Atalanta's heels*. See Note 34, Act iii.



*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney,<sup>58</sup> that you see dwell where she is kindled.<sup>59</sup>

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed<sup>60</sup> a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many;<sup>61</sup> but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man;<sup>62</sup> one that knew courtship too well, for there<sup>63</sup> he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank Heaven I am not a woman, to be touched<sup>64</sup> with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian<sup>65</sup> of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks<sup>66</sup> upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye<sup>67</sup> and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable<sup>68</sup> spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:<sup>69</sup>—then, your hose should be ungartered,<sup>70</sup> your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-device<sup>71</sup> in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?<sup>72</sup>

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish<sup>73</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now

(58) *Coney*. Rabbit. Italian, *coniglia*.

(59) *Kindled*. Brought forth; born. A technical expression, used for the bringing forth young of some animals.

(60) *Removed*. Used for 'sequestered;' 'remote from other habitations.'

(61) *I have been told so of many*. Here, "of" is used for 'by;' as, sometimes, "by" is used for 'of.' See Note 104, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(62) *An inland man*. 'A man dwelling in civilised and refined places.' See Note 78, Act ii.

(63) *There*. Instance of Shakespeare's using this word in reference to a previously inferred place. See Note 46, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(64) *Touched*. Shakespeare sometimes uses "touch" and "touched" with stronger force of meaning than are usually attached to them. Here it means 'tainted,' 'infected.' He thus uses the word in the last scene of "Measure for Measure;" where Isabella desires the Duke not to believe that she is "touched with madness."

(65) *Quotidian*. For 'quotidian fever;' of which the fits return day after day; from the Latin *quotidianus*, 'daily.'

(66) *There is none of my uncle's marks*. "Is" for 'are,' and

"are" for 'is,' occur frequently in Shakespeare; and were allowable grammatical licenses in his time. See Note 62, Act i., "Tempest."

(67) *A blue eye*. A hollow, heavy eye; one that has dark blue marks beneath it, denoting low spirits. See Note 45, Act i., "Tempest."

(68) *Unquestionable*. 'Avoiding question;' question being used in the sense of 'discourse,' 'conversation.' See Note 10, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice."

(69) *Your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue*. 'Your amount of possession in beard is no greater than the income of a younger brother.' "Having" is here used substantively.

(70) *Your hose should be ungartered*. This, and the rest of the negligences in attire described here, were reckoned indispensable tokens of amorous dejection by young gallants in the time that Shakespeare wrote. See Note 7, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(71) *Point-device*. Precise, over-particular, punctiliously nice, finical. See Note 13, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(72) *But are you so much in love, &c.* Ah! sly rogue, Rosalind! and slyer rogue, Shakespeare!

(73) *Moonish*. Variable, or subject to change, as the moon.





Orlando. What were his marks?  
Rosalind. A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye  
and sunken,—which you have not. Act III. Scene II.





weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness;<sup>74</sup> which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic.<sup>75</sup> And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; <sup>76</sup>JAQUES behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?<sup>77</sup>

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! What features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious<sup>78</sup> poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] Oh, knowledge ill-inhabited,<sup>79</sup>—worse than Jove in a thatched house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the

forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.<sup>80</sup>—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured;<sup>81</sup> for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material fool!<sup>82</sup>

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.<sup>83</sup>

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter.<sup>84</sup> But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext,<sup>85</sup> the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?<sup>86</sup> Courage! As horns are odious,

(74) *A living humour of madness.* Johnson proposed (and other editors have adopted his suggestion) to substitute 'loving' for 'living' here. But the substitution seems to us to deprive the passage of meaning. We take the sentence, as it stands, to signify—'I drove my suitor from his mad humour of dying for love, to a humour of living madly'; that is, 'to live in a nook merely monastic.'

(75) *A nook merely monastic.* A nook solely monastic, purely monastic. So, a little before, 'Love is merely a madness,' means thoroughly, completely, absolutely a madness. Shakespeare uses 'mere' in a similar sense. See Note 48, Act iii., 'Merchant of Venice.'

(76) *Audrey.* A corruption of Ethelreda; the saint of that name is thus designated in ancient calendars. From a document in the State Paper Office, it is known that 'Audrey' was the name borne by a woman of Stratford-upon-Avon in Shakespeare's time; and there is pleasure in tracing these evidences of his preserving neighbours' appellations, and familiar village associations of home, when penning his town productions. We feel a strong desire to know what sort of a person this Stratford 'Audrey' was, and whether she was in any way the prototype of Arden Audrey, the delectable wench of our acquaintance.

(77) *Doth my simple feature content you?* The court-jester uses the word 'feature' in the sense it sometimes bore of 'general personal appearance.' See Note 23, Act ii., 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' This being too fine a signification for the rustic Audrey, she replies by pluralising the word into the one she may have heard (as applied to facial lineaments); though even of this she seems to have but a glimmering idea.

(78) *Capricious.* Touchstone uses this word to express 'fantastic,' 'freakish,' 'goatish' (in its derived signification from the Latin *caper*, a goat), as being applicable to the poet Ovid, who was exiled, and dwelt among the *Getae*, described by him as a warlike and savage people. The jester calls them 'the Goths,' as affording punning similitude to 'goats.'

(79) *Ill-inhabited.* 'Inaply habitationed,' 'unsuitably lodged.' The allusion is to the story of Jove's visit to the cottage of Baucis and Philemon. See Note 10, Act ii., 'Much Ado.'

(80) *It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning, &c.* Touchstone's description of a wit's standing as aghast at the dull comprehension of his hearers, as a fellow who has to pay a heavy tavern bill in a wretched house of entertainment, was lost upon the commentator who proposed to change 'reckoning' into 'recking.'

(81) *Unless thou wert hard-favoured.* These words show that Audrey was not uncomely; although she in her modesty, and Touchstone in his subsequent pleasantry, choose to make her out to be plain. It is evident that the court-jester had the wit to perceive something genuinely and intrinsically attractive about the girl, beneath her simple looks and manner. Besides, she was an oddity, and that had charms for him. Moreover, she evidently idolises him; which rivets him to her.

(82) *A material fool.* 'A fool with matter in him.' As the Duke says of Jaques (Act ii., sc. 1): 'I love to cope him in these sullen fits, for then he's full of matter.'

(83) *I am foul.* Audrey draws the distinction between being a 'slut' (a dirty sloven), and being 'foul' (personally plain and homely); thanking the gods she is the latter (as before, she has modestly owned she is 'not fair' in her own estimation), since she hears that honesty accords ill with beauty.

(84) *Sluttishness may come hereafter.* Judging by these jumbled axioms upon fairness, foulness, and sluttishness, Shakespeare seems to have been looking into the twelfth chapter of Florio's 'Second Frutes,' where are strung together as many of these trite sayings upon women's various qualities as Sancho Panza's irrelevant proverbs. We believe that this work of Florio's was often in Shakespeare's hand; for it is curious to observe how many of the words and phrases therein he has adopted. For instance, one of the scores of whimsical axioms in the above-mentioned twelfth chapter is—'If fayre, she is sluttish; if foule, she is proud.'

(85) *Sir Oliver Martext.* The title of 'Sir' was given to priests. See Note 2, Act i., 'Merry Wives.'

(86) *What though?* An idiomatic form of 'What then?' 'What of it?'



they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?<sup>87</sup>—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.<sup>88</sup>

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild



*Touchstone.* And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Audrey.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Act III. Scene III.*

Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier<sup>89</sup> than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence<sup>90</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.—Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

you<sup>91</sup> for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow,<sup>92</sup> sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you

(87) *Horns?* Even so:—Poor men alone? This passage is thus printed in the Folio:—'Hornes, even so poore men alone:' and the wording, as well as the punctuation, has been variously altered. The punctuation we adopt is the ordinary one; and accords well with the chop-logic, question-and-answer style used by Touchstone throughout this speech.

(88) *Rascal.* A term for lean deer; and for mean, low, sorry fellows.

(89) *More worthier.* Instance of double comparative.

(90) *Defence.* 'The art of defence;' which was the title for knowledge of fencing.

(91) *God 'ild you.* An abbreviation of 'God yield you,' or give you your reward.

(92) *Bow.* Here used for 'yoke;' the yoke being bow-shaped.



will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey.—  
Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not,—

Oh, sweet Oliver,<sup>93</sup>  
Oh, brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee:—

but,—

Wend away,<sup>94</sup>  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest. Before a cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND and CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's:<sup>95</sup> marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut<sup>96</sup> was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast<sup>97</sup> lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.<sup>98</sup>

*Ros.* Do you think so?

(93) *Oh, sweet Oliver.* A ballad beginning with these words is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, August 6, 1584.

(94) *Wend away.* In the Folio "wend" is printed 'winde;' which was one form of the word, as was also 'weind.' See Note 61, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(95) *Something browner than Judas's.* Judas was generally represented in ancient paintings and tapestry with a red or yellow hair and beard.

(96) *Your chestnut.* Shakespeare often uses the word "your" in this idiomatic way, to express an instanced generality. So in the speech discussed in Note 21, Act iv., "Measure for Measure:" "Every true man's apparel fits *your* thief;" the word is prefixed to "thief," and "true man," instancing them in a general sense—"your thief," or "your true man," as types of their class. Here, "your chestnut" signifies chestnut hair in general.

(97) *Cast.* Left off; as a lady's-maid has her mistress's 'cast clothes' for a perquisite. There is a refined play upon the word here, as applied by Celia, in its similarity to the Latin *castus*, 'chaste.'

(98) *There is no truth in him.* Nothing can exceed the sweetness of the touches whereby Shakespeare has painted the character of Celia. In three several scenes she appears comforting her sprightly cousin in the April tears she sheds, and pretty poutings she gives

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet<sup>99</sup> or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke, your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>100</sup> with him: he asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* Oh, that's a brave<sup>101</sup> man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover;<sup>102</sup> as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft enquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting<sup>103</sup> by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

*Ros.* Oh, come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.— Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS and PHEBE.

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

way to; ever petting, humouring, loving, and ministering to Rosalind. Here, her irony of banter, her praising under guise of disparaging, her affecting to blame the man her cousin loves, that her cousin may have an opportunity of defending and eulogising him, are all in the highest taste and most perfect knowledge of womanly nature.

(99) *A covered goblet.* The epithet "covered" gives the idea of a goblet void of its usual contents; and, therefore, suggests 'emptiness' and 'hollowness.'

(100) *Question.* Used for 'conversation,' 'discourse,' 'debate,' wherein there is cross-examining and inquiry. See Note 48, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(101) *Brave.* Used here in the mingled senses of 'courageous,' 'valorous,' and 'fine,' 'excellent;' as the French use their word *brave*.

(102) *Quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover.* To brake a lance across the breast of the adversary, instead of by a thrust with the point, was reckoned disgraceful in the tilt-yard. See Note 22, Act v., "Much Ado." "Lover" was used for a woman as well as for a man. See Note 49, Act iii.

(103) *Who you saw sitting.* "Who" used for 'whom.' See Note 14, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
hard,

Falls not<sup>104</sup> the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?<sup>105</sup>

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.<sup>106</sup>  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very<sup>107</sup> probable,  
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,<sup>108</sup>—  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;  
Or, if thou canst not, oh! for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>109</sup>  
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* Oh, dear Phebe,  
If ever (as that ever may be near)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>110</sup>  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time,  
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you?  
Who might be your mother?<sup>111</sup>  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,<sup>112</sup>

Over the wretched? What though you have no  
beauty?<sup>113</sup>

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed),  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of Nature's sale-work:<sup>114</sup>—'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—  
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.<sup>115</sup>—  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a proper<sup>116</sup> man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy;<sup>117</sup> love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—  
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year to-  
gether:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness, [*To SILVIUS*] and she'll fall in love with my anger.<sup>118</sup> If  
it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning  
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—[*To PHEBE.*]  
Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill-will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—

(104) *Falls not.* Used here actively, for 'lets not fall.'

(105) *He that dies and lives by bloody drops?* 'He that all his life long is familiar with the sight of blood.' A similar form of the expression is used by Oliver (Act v., sc. 2), where he says he will 'here live and die a shepherd.'

(106) *For I would not injure thee.* 'For' used for 'because.'

(107) 'Tis pretty, sure, and very, &c. 'Sure' is here used for 'surely,' 'certainly,' 'indeed.'

(108) *Atomies.* See Note 48, Act iii.

(109) *Cicatrice and capable impressure.* 'Cicatrice' is here used for 'dint,' 'mark.' Shakespeare uses the word 'capable' very peculiarly. Here he uses it with curious construction; 'capable impressure' meaning the impression or indentation which the hand is capable of receiving. 'The able-to-be-received impressure' would be the compound form of the adjective which the poet's epithet here implies. It is also possible that 'capable' here means 'visible,' or 'capable of being seen.'

(110) *Fancy.* Used here for 'love,' 'affection,' 'enamoured imagination,' and 'preference.'

(111) *Who might be your mother?* It seems evident to us that there was in Shakespeare's time some point in making allusion to a beauty's mother. Here there is a scoff implied in the question, 'Who might be your mother, that you insult,' &c.; and in 'Cymbeline,' Act iii., sc. 4, there is a passage which has puzzled the commentators; but which we think is readily comprehensible, if our theory be correct. 'Some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting,' appears to us to contain the like contemptuous reference to a would-be beauty's origin as in the sentence of the text.

(112) *And all at once.* A phrase used in Shakespeare's time to express 'and all of them included.'

(113) *What though you have no beauty.* The word 'no' in this

passage has been sometimes left out, and sometimes changed to 'mo,' or 'more,' by various editors. But the tenour of Rosalind's whole speech goes to disparage Phebe's personal appearance, and she asks her, 'Because you have no beauty, must you be therefore proud and pitiless?' in consonance with the antiquated saying quoted in Note 84, Act iii.:—'If fayre, she is sluttish; if foule she is proud.' It is an old remark, that the least well-favoured women are frequently the most vain, and give themselves most airs upon their self-supposed good looks. The line a little farther on, 'Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer,' is also in keeping with the saying from Florio's book; taking 'scoffer' in the sense of one who is proud, disdainful, and contemptuous in speech.

(114) *Nature's sale-work.* 'Sale-work' is a term used for those goods got up for immediate sale, in contradistinction to those expressly ordered, or bespoke; the former being indifferently executed, the latter with more care and finish.

(115) *Can entame my spirits to your worship.* 'Can subdue my affections to idolatry of you.'

(116) *Properer.* 'Handsome.' See Note 67, Act ii., 'Much Ado.' 'More proper,' a little farther on, is used in the same sense.

(117) *Cry the man mercy.* 'Ask the man's pardon,' 'crave his forbearance.' 'Cry you mercy' is a phrase frequently occurring in Shakespeare; it was a colloquialism of the time for 'I beg your pardon,' 'I crave your forbearance.'

(118) *With your foulness, and she'll fall, &c.* This is an instance of Shakespeare's changing from the second person to the third person in the same speech. See Note 30, Act v., 'Measure for Measure.' Rosalind first replies to Phebe, and then turns to Silvius; which accounts for the 'she' in the sentence so soon after 'your,' which some editors have changed to 'her.'



Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—  
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.<sup>119</sup>—  
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of  
might,—

“Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?”<sup>120</sup>

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst<sup>121</sup> was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for farther recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me  
erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot<sup>122</sup> once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish<sup>123</sup> boy:—yet he talks well;—  
But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes  
him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little ripier and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the diffe-  
rence

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.<sup>124</sup>  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels<sup>125</sup> as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
Have more cause<sup>126</sup> to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;  
And, now I am remember'd,<sup>127</sup> scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;<sup>128</sup>

The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing short.<sup>129</sup>

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

(119) *Though all the world could see, none, &c.* ‘If all mankind could look upon you, none could be so blind to the truth as he is in thinking you beautiful.’

(120) “Whoever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?” This is a line quoted from Marlowe's poem of “Hero and Leander,” first printed in 1598, although it had been left unfinished at his death, which occurred in 1593. Shakespeare's putting the words “dead shepherd” into the mouth of Phebe has a kindly effect; and it is pleasant to note these instances of a poet's affectionate remembrance of a brother poet. See Notes 3 and 20, Act iii., “Merry Wives.” George Chapman, the fine and vigorous translator of Homer, completed this unfinished poem of Marlowe's previously to its publication; Milton celebrated the early demise of a young fellow-student and fellow-poet, in his lovely poem of “Lycidas;” Shelley recorded the loss of John Keats in the magnificent elegiac poem, “Adonais;” while Shakespeare has more than one reference to Marlowe's muse.

(121) *Erst*. ‘Formerly,’ ‘previously,’ ‘Ere,’ before, and ‘erst,’ at first, are from the Saxon *ær*; “erst” being the superlative of ‘ere.’

(122) *Carlot*. A variety of ‘carle,’ a boor, a peasant, a country-man. It is synonymous with the more modern word ‘churl,’ which

first meant a rude, rough rustic, and then came to mean a brutal, morose, ill-conditioned fellow. The man here in question is described (Act ii., sc. 4) as being “of churlish disposition.”

(123) *Peevish*. ‘Wayward,’ ‘perverse.’ See Note 3, Act v., “Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

(124) *The constant red and mingled damask*. A poetical allusion to the rich, full colour of red roses, and the exquisite blush varieties of damask roses. “Mingled damask” here means the same as “damask sweet commixture” in “Love's Labour's Lost,” Act v., sc. 2.

(125) *In parcels*. ‘In portions,’ ‘part by part.’

(126) *Have more cause*. “Have” and “has” were frequently used without the previous ‘I,’ which is understood before them. Here “Have more cause,” &c., is tantamount to ‘I’ve, or I have more cause,’ &c.; the “I” in the previous line being understood as if repeated.

(127) *Now I am remember'd*. ‘Now I remember.’ See Note 94, Act ii.

(128) *I'll write it straight*. “Straight” is here used for ‘directly,’ ‘immediately.’ See Note 102, Act ii., “Merchant of Venice.”

(129) *Passing short*. “Passing” is used for ‘surpassingly,’ ‘excessively;’ “short” is used for ‘curt,’ ‘sharp,’ ‘snappish.’





*Jaques.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Rosalind.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Act IV. Scene I.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The forest of ARDEN.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern<sup>1</sup> censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor

the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;<sup>2</sup> nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,<sup>3</sup> extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination,<sup>4</sup> wraps me in a most humorous<sup>5</sup> sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

(1) *Modern.* Used in the sense of 'common,' 'ordinary,' 'general.'

(2) *Nice.* Used here for 'mincing,' 'affected,' 'modish.'

(3) *Compounded of many simples.* Jaques here uses the word "simples," figuratively, in the sense of drugs or herbs containing medical properties; and, punningly, in the sense of 'simpletonisms,' which he has observed in the course of his journeys.

(4) *Which, by often rumination.* The Folio inserts 'in' before "which;" the printer's eye having probably caught the word, which occurs again in the sentence.

(5) *Humorous.* Used here for 'full of strange humours,' 'full of whimsical fancies and cynical notions.' Jaques is evidently proud of his cynicism, his snarling philosophy, his harsh opinions of the world, his self-conceited melancholy.





*Second Lord.* What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

*Act IV. Scene II*





*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, Heav'n bewi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look,<sup>6</sup> you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>7</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide Heaven for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit JAQUES.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail!

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman.

*Orl.* My Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer<sup>9</sup> than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?<sup>10</sup>

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled<sup>11</sup> for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (Heaven warn us!<sup>12</sup>) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.<sup>13</sup> Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, die by attorney.<sup>14</sup> The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*,<sup>15</sup> in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers<sup>16</sup> of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, 'faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.<sup>17</sup>

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

*Cel.* Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

(6) *Look*. Used here for 'see that,' 'mind that.'

(7) *Disable*. Used here for 'disparage,' 'depreciate,' 'under-value.'

(8) *Have swam in a gondola*. "Swam" is here used where "swum" would be more correct; but these grammatical licences were then allowed. For an explanation of "a gondola," see Note 93, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice." The allusion here is to visiting Venice; which was then the resort of travelled youth, and noted for its vicious social life. See Note 41, Act i., "Much Ado."

(9) *Leer*. Complexion, look, countenance, appearance. The word has been derived from the Saxon *hleare*, face, visage.

(10) *Very very Rosalind*? "Very" is here used for 'true,' 'real.' See Note 27, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(11) *Gravelled*. 'Stuck fast,' 'brought to a standstill.' It is an expression used in familiar parlance, in the same way as the phrase, 'run aground.'

(12) *Heaven warn us!* A parenthetical exclamation (like "Bless the mark!"), used in deprecation and in excuse.

(13) *Out of your suit*. A pun on the word "suit;" in the sense of 'dress,' and in the sense of 'petition.'

(14) *Die by attorney*. 'Die by deputy.' Shakespeare often uses "attorney" in this sense. See Note 6, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(15) *Videlicet*. 'That is to say.'

(16) *Chroniclers*. Some have supposed this to be a misprint for 'coroners.' But Shakespeare occasionally gives to a word the effect of another by using some technicality that peculiarly belongs to the latter one; as here, "found" being the technical term for a verdict pronounced at a coroner's inquest, "chroniclers" stands for historians, while having the effect of 'coroners.'

(17) *Fridays and Saturdays and all*. These being the days of the week devoted by the Catholic Church to fasting or abstinence, Rosalind implies that she will love Orlando as a feast.

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest;<sup>18</sup> and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts,—they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,<sup>19</sup> and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>20</sup> and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* Oh, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit<sup>21</sup> to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors<sup>22</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”<sup>23</sup>

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>24</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so Heaven mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic<sup>25</sup> break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[Exit ORLANDO.]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked brat of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena,<sup>26</sup> I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow,<sup>27</sup> and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the forest.

Enter JACQUES and Lords.

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*First Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*Sec. Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.<sup>28</sup>

### SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.<sup>29</sup>

{ The rest shall bear  
this burden.

(18) *Goes before the priest.* Anticipates what Celia, in her enacting the priest's part, should have said; that is—“Will you, Rosalind, have to husband this Orlando?”

(19) *Like Diana in the fountain.* Fountains, with a statue of some heathen god or goddess, contrived so as to represent a weeping figure, by means of the water conveyed through it, were formerly common.

(20) *Hyen.* ‘Hyena.’ The cry of this animal is supposed to resemble a discordant laugh; so much so, that one variety is called ‘the laughing hyena.’

(21) *Wit.* Used here in the sense of quickness, intelligence.

(22) *Make the doors.* ‘Make the doors fast;’ ‘fasten the doors.’ See Note 12, Act iii., “Comedy of Errors.”

(23) “Wit, whither wilt?” A colloquial phrase, tantamount to ‘Where's your tongue running to?’

(24) *Make her fault her husband's occasion.* ‘Make out her fault to be her husband's occasioning,’ or, ‘to be occasioned by her husband.’

(25) *Pathetical.* Full of touching eloquence; gifted with moving powers of talk. See Note 25, Act iv., “Love's Labour's Lost.”

(26) *I'll tell thee, Aliena.* “I'll tell thee” seems to us to be used here, as in the first scene (“I'll tell thee, Charles”), for ‘I'll own to thee,’ ‘I'll confess to thee.’

(27) *A shadow.* Used here for ‘a shady spot;’ as in “Macbeth” (iv. 3), “Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep.”

(28) *'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.* A speech thoroughly characteristic of the acerb, harsh, discordant-natured Jacques; who is described in Act ii., sc. 6, as “compact of jars.”

(29) *Then sing him home.* These words, and “The rest shall



Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it:  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!<sup>30</sup>

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—  
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd,  
well,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:  
Phebe did write it.<sup>31</sup>

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:  
I say, she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

bear this burden," form a line of the song in the Folio; but the latter seem as if they should be printed as a stage direction, while "Then sing him home" seems to be the burden in question.

(30) *Here much Orlando!* This is an ironical form of expression which Shakespeare uses elsewhere in simply the word "Much!" as an exclamation. The idiom still exists in such phrases as, 'Much he comes!' 'Much I'll go!' 'Much she'll do it!' &c.

(31) *Phebe did write it.* Mason's conjecture, that this line originally finished with the words, 'with her own fair hand,' is very plausible. Some allusion to the whiteness and delicacy of Phebe's hand seems requisite to account for Rosalind's abuse of its colour and texture; as else this abuse comes in without apparent consecution.

(32) *Ethiop.* Properly, a native of Ethiopia; but sometimes used in the same way as 'blackmoor' or 'blackamore,' to express a

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop<sup>32</sup> words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.  
[*Reads.*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—

Did you ever hear such railing?—

[*Reads.*]

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance<sup>33</sup> to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

[*Reads.*]

If the scorn of your bright eyne<sup>34</sup>  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me;  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>35</sup>  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;<sup>36</sup>  
Or else by him my love deny,<sup>37</sup>  
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas! poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—  
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What! to make thee  
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not  
to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for I see  
love hath made thee a tame snake<sup>38</sup>), and say this to  
her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee;  
if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou  
entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and  
not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

general notion of a swart personage, a black man, a negro—such an ideal creature as the giant black slaves who figure in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or other colossal barbarians of romance.

(33) *Vengeance.* Used here for mischief, harm.

(34) *Eyne.* Old form of 'eyes.' See Note 38, Act i., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(35) *Kind.* Here used in its old sense of nature, natural affection or propensity.

(36) *Make.* Here used for the sake of rhyme; but it is comprehensively expressive, in Shakespeare's way of combining several meanings in one word. By "all that I can make," Phebe means 'all that she can earn,' 'all that she can do,' and 'all that she can make up (or sum up) in herself.'

(37) *Deny.* Here used for 'refuse.' See Note 34, Act iv., "Much Ado."

(38) *A tame snake.* Just one of Rosalind's witty terms; implying an abjectly creeping or crawling creature.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus<sup>39</sup> of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand,<sup>40</sup> brings you to the place.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,

Of female favour,<sup>41</sup> and bestows<sup>42</sup> himself  
Like a ripe sister:<sup>43</sup> but the woman low,  
And browner<sup>44</sup> than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.<sup>45</sup>

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin:<sup>46</sup>—are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour;<sup>47</sup> and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,<sup>48</sup>  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself:  
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

(39) *Purlieus.* This was anciently a term applied to certain ground adjoining a forest, cleared and enclosed. French, *purlieu*, clear place.

(40) *Left on your right hand.* The whole of the sentence means, 'If you leave the rank of osiers on your right hand, you will arrive at the place.'

(41) *Of female favour.* Of female aspect, look, appearance, or countenance. See Note 8, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(42) *Bestows.* Used here for 'acts,' 'behaves,' 'comports.' Shakespeare elsewhere employs this word in a similar sense; and he seems to include in it the effect of both appearance and conduct.

(43) *Like a ripe sister.* 'Like a full-grown sister.' Rosalind is taller than Celia; while, as a youth, she has still a feminine appearance.

(44) *Browner.* It must be remembered that when Celia proposes to disguise herself as a shepherdess, she says she will "with a kind of umber smirch" her "face;" and this "browner" complexion, mentioned now, shows that she has fulfilled her idea. See Note 70, Act i.

(45) *We are.* In this little touch there is manifestation of Shakespeare's subtlety and true taste. Oliver, wholly occupied with Celia, asks her if she be the "owner of the house" he inquires for; but she, with the usual delicacy, modesty, and generosity which characterise her, especially where sharing all things equally with her cousin is concerned, answers by a word that comprehends them both as joint owners.

(46) *Napkin.* In Shakespeare's time used for 'handkerchief.'

(47) *Within an hour.* Those who stickle for what they call 'con-

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render<sup>49</sup> him the most unnatural  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do.

For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,<sup>50</sup>  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling,<sup>51</sup>  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By-and-by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As, how<sup>52</sup> I came into that desert place;—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

sistency' say that here we should read "within two hours;" because when Orlando parts from Rosalind, in Act iv., sc. 1, he says—"For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee." But we have in many instances shown that Shakespeare purposely gives these variations and vaguenesses to his Dramatic Time, where he wishes to produce the effect of indefiniteness.

(48) *Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.* In this celebrated line many have believed "food" to be a misprint for 'cud.' But this passage seems to us to be one of those that afford an instance of what we pointed out in Note 16 of the present Act, on the word "chroniclers"—that Shakespeare sometimes gives the effect of another word to one he uses, by introducing an expression peculiarly applied to the word which seems to be present in the sentence. Thus, while using the word "food," he makes it appear to be 'cud' by the introduction of the word "chewing;" which is almost invariably associated with 'cud.' "Fancy" was often used for 'love,' or enamoured imagination; which has been represented by poets, from time immemorial, to be full of sweetness and bitterness, as well as other contrasted qualities.

(49) *Render.* Describe, demonstrate by representation, or rendered account.

(50) *His just occasion.* That which might justly have occasioned his resentful abandonment of his brother. Be it observed that "occasion" is here used as elliptically as it is in the passage discussed in Note 24 of this Act.

(51) *In which hurtling.* During which clashing encounter, or noisy struggle. Shakespeare elsewhere has the word "hurtled" in a similar sense.

(52) *As, how.* 'As, for instance, by what means.'



Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he  
fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at  
heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND faints.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-  
mede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on  
blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. — Cousin! — Gany-  
mede! <sup>53</sup>

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither. —

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? <sup>54</sup>

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man? you  
lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah! sirrah, <sup>55</sup> a body  
would think this was well counterfeited: <sup>56</sup> I pray you,  
tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-  
ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great  
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion <sup>57</sup>  
of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well, then, take a good heart, and counter-  
feit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a  
woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you,  
draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something. But, I pray you,  
commend my counterfeiting to him:—will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The forest of ARDEN.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,  
gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all  
the old gentleman's saying.<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most  
vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in  
the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest  
in me in the world: here comes the man you  
mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a

clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have  
much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot  
hold.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* Give ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy  
head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered.  
How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five-and-twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

(53) *Cousin!*—*Ganymede!* Johnson was the first to point out the touch of natural feeling here: that Celia, in her alarm at seeing Rosalind faint, forgets their assumed characters and disguise, and calls upon her by the accustomed title of "cousin," and then, recollecting herself, says, "Ganymede!" This is marred by the Folio's printing the passage unstopped (and the mal-punctuation in the Folio is remarkable), thus:—'Cosen Ganimed.' The old printer doubtless missed the poet's meaning, and took "cousin" for a usual term of address; but if it had been so, Celia would have said, "Brother Ganymede."

(54) *Will you take him by the arm?* Here is another of Shakespeare's subtly characteristic touches. Celia, like a true woman for the first time in love, and in love at first sight, eagerly takes the opportunity of retaining near her the man she loves, and as gladly enlists his services of manly support and kindness on behalf of one dear to her. But while indicating this womanly trait in Celia, he at the same time marks her generosity of nature, by making her, even in the first moment of awakened interest in Oliver, still most mindful of her cousin Rosalind; whom, when she sees likely to

betray her secret, she calls to herself by the words—"Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards."

(55) *Sirrah.* Often used by writers in Shakespeare's time as a merely familiar title of address.

(56) *This was well counterfeited.* By "this," Rosalind means her swoon in the character of Orlando's mistress.

(57) *Passion.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this word for 'powerful emotion;' 'fit of strong inward feeling.'

(1) *The old gentleman's saying.* The epithet "old gentleman" is excellently put into Audrey's mouth; as conveying just the effect that a hackneyed man of the world would have upon a rustic young girl. A sniff at his seeming "old," too, would be a natural vent for her pettishness at his interference; without necessarily implying that Jaques is of advanced age. He seems to be chiefly old in the ways of the world and in worldly vices. See Note 31, Act i.

(2) *Hold.* Hold back; refrain.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank Heaven.

*Touch.* Thank Heaven;—a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* So so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying,—“The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.” The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me:—to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit,<sup>3</sup> I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado,<sup>4</sup> or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction;<sup>5</sup> I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* Rest you merry, sir.

[Exit.]

Enter CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her?<sup>6</sup> that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to possess her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may possess each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate<sup>7</sup> upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.<sup>8</sup>

[Exit.]

*Ros.* Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* Oh, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical<sup>9</sup> brag of—“I came, saw, and overcame:” for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees<sup>10</sup> have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent:<sup>11</sup> they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.<sup>12</sup>

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I

(3) *To wit.* “That is to say;” “be it known.” “To wit” is part of the verb from the German *wissen*, to know. See Note 112, Act ii., “Merchant of Venice.”

(4) *Bastinado.* A cudgelling, a beating. Italian, *bastone*, a stick; *bastonado*, or more correctly, *bastonata*, a beating with a stick.

(5) *I will bandy with thee in faction.* Touchstone's grand way of saying, “I will meet thee in squabble;” “bandy” being to toss to and fro, to interchange words or blows; and one meaning of “faction” being tumult, discord, dissension, or quarrel.

(6) *Is't possible, &c.* This question of Orlando's is one of those Dramatic Art expedients used so ingeniously by Shakespeare. Here it serves the purpose of evoking an explanation of the suddenness of the mutual liking between Oliver and Celia; which else might strike the audience, or readers, as being unnaturally abrupt.

(7) *Estate.* Settle, confer, bestow. See Note 14, Act i., “Midsummer Night's Dream.”

(8) *Fair sister.* The commentators say they “know not why Oliver should call Rosalind ‘sister.’” He has a double reason for doing so: he calls her “sister” because she is the girlish-looking brother of the woman he hopes to marry, and because she is the

youth whom his own brother courts under the name of a woman. It should be remembered, that in the very first scene where they meet, Oliver thus addresses her:—“I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.” He at once acknowledges the assumed character, humours its assumption by giving her the name she is supposed to assume, and now follows up this playful make-believe by giving her the title and relationship she has a claim to, as the feigned Rosalind.

(9) *Thrasonical.* Boasting, vapouring. See Note 9, Act v., “Love's Labour's Lost.”

(10) *Degrees.* Used here in its original sense as derived from the Latin *gradus*, and French *degré*, a step; which affords the pun with the word “stairs” immediately after.

(11) *Incontinent.* Used for ‘incontinently,’ ‘immediately;’ without delay.

(12) *Clubs cannot part them.* There was a custom, in Shakespeare's time, of calling out “Clubs, clubs!” when a street brawl occurred, to part the combatants; and it was also the cry where-with the London apprentices rallied, or whereby they were called forth.





*Touchstone.* I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Audrey.* Do, good William.

*William.* Rest you merry, sir.

*Act V. Scene I.*





will bid<sup>13</sup> the duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:<sup>14</sup> I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not condemnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,<sup>15</sup> and without any danger.<sup>16</sup>

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender<sup>17</sup> dearly, though I say I am a magician.<sup>18</sup> Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance; All humbleness, all patience, and impatience; All purity, all trial, all obedience;<sup>19</sup>— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* [*To ROSALIND.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Sil.* [*To PHEBE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Whom do you speak to,<sup>20</sup>—"Why blame you me to love you?"

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves<sup>21</sup> against the moon.—*[To SILVIUS.]* I will help you, if I can:—*[To PHEBE.]* I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—*[To PHEBE.]* I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—*[To ORLANDO.]* I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—*[To SILVIUS.]* I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—*[To ORLANDO.]* As you love Rosalind, meet:—*[To SILVIUS.]* As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—Another part of the forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.<sup>22</sup> Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

(13) *Bid.* Invite. See Note 60, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice." A little farther on, Rosalind says, "Bid your friends."

(14) *Conceit.* Here used for understanding, intelligence, conceiving faculty, power to conceive ideas.

(15) *Human as she is.* The real Rosalind herself, and not a phantom like her; such as the "Snowy Lady" created by witchcraft to resemble Florimell, in canto viii., book 3, of Spenser's "Faery Queene."

(16) *Without any danger.* That is, without any of the dangers attending sorcery and the performance of incantations.

(17) *Tender.* Hold, prize, value, esteem.

(18) *Though I say I am a magician.* Rosalind means that, though she owns she is a magician, she values her life; which (according to the usage in Shakespeare's time) would be endangered by an avowal of dealing in magic, or practising the black art.

(19) *Obedience.* Here, by a mistake of the printer, in the Folio the word "observance" is repeated. Malone made the correction.

(20) *Whom do you speak to?* The Folio misprints this 'Why do you speak too?' Rowe made the correction.

(21) *Irish wolves.* The last portion of Great Britain wherein the ancient British wolf was to be found was Ireland; and this passage in Shakespeare corresponds with the known fact in natural history. We have evidence that in 1680 Sir Ewen Cameron was the killer of the last wolf in Scotland; and until as late as 1710 wolves existed in Ireland, since about that time the last presentment for killing them in the county of Cork was made.

(22) *A woman of the world.* A phrase then in use for 'a married woman.' See Note 45, Act ii., "Much Ado."



*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

*Sec. Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

*First Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lie,  
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In the spring time, &c.



*Rosalind.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orlando.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. Act V. Scene IV.

*Sec. Page.* I' faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

#### SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,<sup>23</sup>  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

(23) *The only pretty ring time.* 'The only pretty time for putting on the wedding-ring;' in other, and more familiar words, 'for getting married.' 'Rang' is misprinted in the Folio for "ring;" which the discovery of a MS. copy of the original ancient ballad shows to be the right word.

(24) *Untuneable.* This (on account of the page's reply) has been altered by some editors to 'untimable.' But "untuneable" was sometimes used in Shakespeare's day for 'out of time,' as well as for 'out of tune;' and it is probable that pert Master Touchstone wished to insinuate both defects in the pages' singing; while the first page defends himself and his fellow-chorister from the more pardonable musical error of the two. This may be the better com-

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crown'd with the prime  
In the spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.<sup>24</sup>

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time

prehended, if it be imagined (as we always do when we read this amusing little scene—so pointed a satire as it is upon the affectations of musical amateurs, both performers and listeners) that Touchstone, with the air of a connoisseur, beats time to the music while the song is proceeding; which accounts for the page's words in answer to the action that preceded the word "untuneable," and gave it the meaning then often attached to the term. Be it observed that the second page's words immediately before the song—"both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse"—tend to show that "in a tune" was sometimes used for 'in time;' as the simile of two fellows jogging along on the same horse implies measure, rhythm, uniform pace.





CS  
*Jaques de Bois.* Let me have audience for a word or two:  
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly  
*Act V. Scene IV.*





lost to hear such a foolish song. Heaven b'wi' you;  
and Heaven mend your voices!—Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter* DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO,  
OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do  
not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.<sup>25</sup>

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compâct is  
urged:—

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosa-  
lind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give  
with her.

Ros. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have  
her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms  
king.

Ros. [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if  
I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour  
after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shep-  
herd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have  
Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both  
one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter  
even.

Keep you your word, oh, duke, to give your  
daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry  
me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND and CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.<sup>26</sup>

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw  
him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscur'd in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and  
these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a  
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are  
called fools.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is  
the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often  
met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he  
swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me  
to my purgation. I have trod a measure;<sup>27</sup> I have  
flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend,  
smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three  
tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have  
fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?<sup>28</sup>

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was  
upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like  
this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you,<sup>29</sup> sir; I desire you of the  
like.<sup>30</sup> I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the  
country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; ac-  
cording as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a  
poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine  
own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that  
no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser,  
sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul  
oyster.<sup>31</sup>

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift<sup>32</sup> and sen-  
tentious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such  
dulcet diseases.<sup>33</sup>

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you  
find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

(25) *Those that fear they hope, and know they fear.* This line has been suspected of corruption, and has been variously altered. But it seems to us wonderful that the commentators have not only failed to perceive its meaning, but have failed to see how completely it is in Shakespeare's manner; condensed in style, with epigrammatic point and force. To us it appears to express succinctly—and as clearly as succinctly—"Those who dread that they may be hoping without foundation, knowing that they really fear."

(26) *Favour.* Aspect, appearance, look, countenance.

(27) *I have trod a measure.* To 'tread a measure' was the term used for taking part in a slow, stately dance described in Note 6, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(28) *How was that ta'en up?* 'How was that made up?' To "take up a quarrel" was an idiom of similar signification with the present one, 'to make up a quarrel'; to settle it, to accommodate the difference between the disputants.

(29) *God 'ild you.* See Note 91, Act iii.

(30) *I desire you of the like.* A phrase of the time, signifying 'I wish you a similar good wish to the one you wish me;' 'I return your compliment.' The same form of construction occurs in the sentence discussed in Note 22, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(31) *As your pearl in your foul oyster.* Instance of "your" used to express an instanced generality. See Note 96, Act iii.

(32) *He is very swift.* 'He is very quick-witted;' ready with his jests; prompt with his jokes. Shakespeare elsewhere applies this epithet "swift" to wit. See Note 13, Act iii., "Much Ado."

(33) *According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.* In the first part of this speech of Touchstone's, he alludes to the old proverb—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." By "such dulcet diseases" we take it that he means to say, in his whimsical style, 'similar sweet disagreeables;' implying that the wit-arrow of the fool-jester amuses the bystanders, while it makes those who are its object smart. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "disease" (as

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming;<sup>34</sup> Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike<sup>35</sup> the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled<sup>36</sup> my judgment: this is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no farther than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* Oh, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;<sup>37</sup> as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel;<sup>38</sup> but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers.<sup>39</sup> Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,<sup>40</sup> and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Still music.* Enter HYMEN,<sup>41</sup> leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes, and CELIA.

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even

if it were written 'dis-ease') in the sense of 'inconvenience,' 'annoyance,' 'disagreeable,' 'disaster,' rather than in the usual sense of 'malady,' 'illness.'

(34) *Seemingly.* Seemingly, becomingly.

(35) *Dislike.* It has been clearly shown by Mr. Staunton that "dislike" was sometimes used by writers in Shakespeare's time (as by himself here) for aversion expressed as well as entertained; and instances the passage—"I never heard any soldier dislike it" ("Measure for Measure," i. 2). In reference to "the cut" of the "courtier's beard" see Note 37, Act ii.

(36) *Disabled.* Disparaged, depreciated; impugned. See Note 7, Act iv.

(37) *By the book.* Some of these veritable "books," both on duelling and on "good manners," have been traced and instanced by the commentators; to whom we owe obligation, if it be but for enabling us to judge how Shakespeare not only pungently satirised the follies of his age, but how admirably he took the letter of these old curiosities, and converted them into the spirit of wit and delightful comedy humour.

(38) *Could not take up a quarrel.* See Note 28 of this Act.

(39) *Swore brothers.* See Note 13, Act i., "Much Ado."

(40) *Stalking-horse.* An animal, or painted and stuffed figure of

Atone<sup>42</sup> together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within her bosom is.

*Ros.* [To DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—

[To ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight,<sup>43</sup> you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why then,—my love adieu!

*Ros.* [To DUKE S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he.

[To PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands  
To join in Hymen's bands,  
If truth holds true contents.<sup>44</sup>

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:—

[To OLIVER and CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:—

[To PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,  
Or have a woman to your lord:—

[To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,  
As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with questioning;<sup>45</sup>  
That reason wonder may diminish,  
How thus we met, and these things finish.

#### SONG.<sup>46</sup>

Wedding is great Juno's crown:  
Oh, blessed bond of board and bed!  
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
High wedlock, then, be honoured:  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town!

one, from behind which sportsmen took aim at their object. See Note 58, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(41) *Enter Hymen.* As, by the persons on the scene, Rosalind is supposed to be brought to this forest assemblage by magic art, so some spirit, summoned by the same means, may be supposed to impersonate Hymen, who was a chief figurer in all allegorical shows at ancient solemnisations of nuptials.

(42) *Atone.* Accord, agree, combine, unite; are at one.

(43) *If there be truth in sight.* By Phebe's words that immediately follow, it has been plausibly conjectured that the word "sight" in Orlando's speech should be 'shape;' nevertheless, as he may echo the Duke's words, and Phebe may add instead of repeat the word "shape," we adhere to the Folio text here.

(44) *If truth holds true contents.* 'If truth contain truth;' 'if there be truth in truth.'

(45) *Questioning.* Conversing; interchanging inquiry. See Note 100, Act iii.

(46) *Song.* Although the stage direction does not include them when the pageant enters, we must imagine this to be sung by the train of supposed spirits who attend upon Hymen; witness the previous words—"Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing;" and the words of the song itself, rendering honour to Hymen.



*Duke S.* Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.<sup>47</sup>

*Phe.* [To SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.<sup>48</sup>

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*Jaques de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd<sup>49</sup> a mighty power; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct,<sup>50</sup> purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword;  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question<sup>51</sup> with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well begot:  
And after, every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd<sup>52</sup> days and nights with  
us,  
Shall share the good of our return'd fortune,

According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music!—And you, brides and bridegrooms  
all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.<sup>53</sup>

*Jaques.* Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you  
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaques de B.* He hath.

*Jaques.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

[To DUKE S.] You to your former honour I be-  
queath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—

[To ORLANDO.] You to a love, that your true faith  
doth merit:—

[To OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and  
great allies:—

[To SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserv'd  
bed:—

[To TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your  
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaques.* To see no pastime, I:<sup>54</sup>—what you would  
have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these  
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance.

(47) *Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.* One of Shakespeare's elliptically expressed sentences, meaning—'I may even call you daughter, for no less welcome art thou than a daughter.'

(48) *Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.* 'Thy faith binds, contracts, or affiances my love to thee.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "combine" in this sense. See Note 60, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(49) *Address'd.* Prepared; made ready.

(50) *In his own conduct.* 'Conducted by himself.'

(51) *Question.* Discourse.

(52) *Shrewd.* Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "shrewdly," applied to the air, in the sense of sharply, piercingly, keenly; and here it seems to mean sharp, pinching, subject to privation and discomfort.

(53) *To the measures fall.* Fall to dancing; proceed to the dances.

(54) *To see no pastime, I.* One of the commentators, calling Jaques "an amiable though solitary moralist," expresses regret to

take leave of him in this manner; a regret which has been echoed by other editors since. But to our thinking, the "manner" of Jaques' departure is in perfect harmony with his character throughout. We first see him bluff and churlish to Amiens, who sings at his request; we see him full of churlish and affected avoidance of the Duke who inquires for him; we see him indulging in conceited and churlish rebukes upon vices that he himself has wallowed in to satiety; we see him trying to disgust Orlando with his young and hearty love; meddling in Touchstone's affairs with Audrey; attempting to persuade the shepherd boy, Ganymede, that assumed sadness is wisdom; and we now see him giving an ill-natured fling at the jester's choice of the country girl, and morosely declining to witness the wedding festivities—affected and churlish from first to last. The fact is, Jaques has always been taken for what he professes to be—a moralist; but looked at as the Duke demonstrates him to be, and as Shakespeare has subtly drawn him, he is a mere lip-deep moraliser, a dealer in moral precepts, a morality-monger.

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,<sup>1</sup> 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished<sup>2</sup> like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll

begin with the women. I charge you, oh, women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, oh, men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,<sup>3</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,<sup>4</sup> and breaths that I defied not:<sup>5</sup> and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

(1) *Bush.* It was formerly the custom to hang a "bush"—a branch, bunch, or tuft—of ivy at the door of a vintner; ivy having classical appropriateness, as it was anciently the plant sacred to Bacchus.

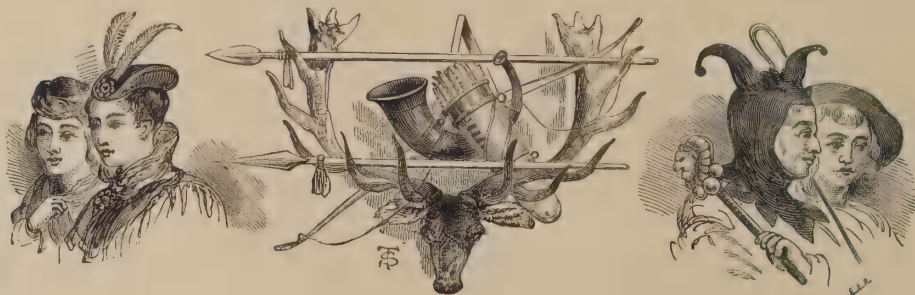
(2) *Furnished.* Used here for appareled, attired; having the exterior accompaniments belonging to. In Act iii., sc. 2, we have—"He was furnish'd like a hunter;" meaning, 'he had the dress and accoutrement or equipment of a hunter.'

(3) *If I were a woman.* It must be remembered that in Shake-

speare's time the women characters were played by men or boys. Julia ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," iv. 4), when she is disguised as the page, says—"Our youth got me to play the woman's part;" and we find that the part is that of "Ariadne." See also Note 49, Act i., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(4) *Complexions that liked me.* Used for 'complexions that I liked.' This form of construction is met with elsewhere in Shakespeare.

(5) *Defied not.* 'Abjured not,' 'rejected not.'







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,  
and Servants. } Persons in the  
Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona; suitor to  
Katharina.

GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.

HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.

CURTIS, }

Pedant.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, } Daughters to Baptista.

BIANCA,

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on  
Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE—*sometimes in PADUA, and sometimes in  
PETRUCHIO'S house in the Country.*





# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.<sup>1</sup>

## INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an alehouse on a heath.*

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

*Sly.* I'll pheeze you,<sup>2</sup> in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.<sup>3</sup> Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *sessa*!<sup>4</sup>

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?<sup>5</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier.<sup>6</sup> Go by, Saint Jeronimy,<sup>7</sup>—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>8</sup>

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy:<sup>10</sup> let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]

(1) The earliest known published copy of "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" is in the 1623 Folio, where it stands eleventh in number of the plays. There was a comedy, printed in 1594, bearing the title, "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew;" but the writer is unknown. Shakespeare adopted several of the main features of this comedy, and took some particulars, suited to his purpose, from a translation, by George Gascoigne, of Ariosto's "*I Suppositi*;" blending the borrowed materials together in his felicitous style, and setting them forth with such touches of his own as produced the lively play of "The Taming of the Shrew." The character of Petruchio is conceived and drawn with the poet's true knowledge of what is consistent in human nature: he is coarse, unscrupulous, resolutely fond of having his own way, and supremely attached to money. There are several curious and less evident indications of this, in addition to the more broad and prominent tokens of his avarice. Moreover, what is naturally coarse and unscrupulous in his disposition, Petruchio carries into his manner; with a dash of humour, as well as for a set object. This was the man fit for Shakespeare's dramatic purpose; this was the man to break a woman's spirit, and the man to overcrow the overbearing Katharine. She is insolent and domineering to those who will give way to her; but she gives way to the man who will domineer over her. She despises and abuses her weak father for his partiality to her younger daughter; she tyrannises over her sister, in hatred of her demure manners and acted meekness; she violently resents the injustice with which she feels herself to be treated by all those who dislike her while they yield to her; whereas, she submits to the man who, while he thwarts, insults, starves, and hectors over her, gives her reason to imagine that he admires, and even likes her—certainly well enough to undertake the curing of her shrewishness. There is wonderful subtleness in the way whereby Shakespeare has conveyed the impression we have of Petruchio's influence over Katharine. It is not (to our minds, at least) so much in the obvious means of "taming"—the hectoring, the starving, the keeping awake, the contradicting, and the thwarting—as in the quiet little undertouches of quite another discipline used by Petruchio, which obtains him his ascendancy over his handsome, high-spirited wife. There are certain Shakespearean vestiges—slight, veiledly shown, sparingly introduced hints—which show Katharine's consciousness that Petruchio has personal liking for her, and which show that he possesses personal

attraction for her; and these are the real causes of her submission, while the hectoring, &c., are the apparent ones. That Shakespeare himself felt and intended this, we think we have manifest proof by the concluding line of the play—"Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so." Yes, it would have been a wonder had the superficial means employed been the taming of her. They would merely have wrought superficial submission. But we are inclined to believe that the influence and the submission lay deeper and more truly founded than such a man as Lucentio can fathom.

(2) *I'll pheeze you.* 'I'll tease you.' To "pheeze" was used for 'vex,' 'worry,' 'torment,' 'tousle,' 'discompose'; and also for 'beat,' 'whip,' 'scourge,' 'chastise.' See Note 37, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(3) *Richard Conqueror.* Sly's blunder for 'William the Conqueror.'

(4) *Paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *sessa*! "Paucas pallabris" (a corruption of *pocas palabras*, 'few words') is one of those Spanish phrases that came into familiar use in England just previously to Shakespeare's time; and "sessa" (*cessa*, 'cease,' 'be silent,' 'be quiet') is another of them. "Let the world slide" was a proverbial phrase, tantamount to 'let things pass easily,' 'take matters quietly.'

(5) *Burst.* Sometimes, as here, used for 'broken.'

(6) *Denier.* An old French coin; value, the twelfth part of a sou, or halfpenny. It came to be used for expressing the lowest imaginable fraction of money.

(7) *Go by, Saint Jeronimy.* In the Folio "Saint" is printed 'S.' The "by" before "Hieronimo" in the line of the old play, makes the drunken tinker fancy it must be an oath—'by Saint Jerome'; and instead of "Go by, Hieronimo," which he has heard, and thinks he is quoting, he jumbles the two together into "Go by, Saint Jeronimy." See Note 40, Act i., "Much Ado."

(8) *Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.* This seems to have been a proverbial phrase; we find it again in "King Lear," Act iii., sc. 4.

(9) *Thirdborough.* Printed in the Folio 'headborough'; which Sly's rejoinder shows to be a mistake for "thirdborough," an under-constable. See Note 26, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(10) *I'll not budge an inch, boy.* This word "boy" is probably a drunken reminiscence, on the part of Sly, of the tapster, who makes his appearance, instead of the hostess, in the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew." There is one touch of humour here

*Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Trash Merriman,<sup>11</sup>—the poor cur is emboss'd;<sup>12</sup>  
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.<sup>13</sup>  
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?<sup>14</sup>  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*First Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,<sup>15</sup>  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all:  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*First Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* [*Sees SLX.*] What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

*Sec. Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,  
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* Oh, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—  
Grim Death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—

Sirs, I will practise<sup>16</sup> on this drunken man.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants<sup>17</sup> near him when he wakes,—  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

*First Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

*Sec. Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

in the old version worth preserving. Sly, when he flings himself on the ground to have his tipsy sleep out, calls to the tapster—"Fill's a fresh cushion here!" This mixing up of the two ideas inspired by thirst and drowsiness is capitally characteristic.

(11) *Trash Merriman.* This is misprinted in the Folio 'Brach Merriman;' the word "brach" at the end of the second line having probably caught the printer's eye. "Brach" was used in Shakespeare's time for a bitch-hound; while the words "Merriman" and "cur" show it to be a male dog in question. "And" at the commencement of the second line seems to demand a *verb* at the beginning of the first line; and various verbs were proposed—"Leech," by Sir Thomas Hanmer; "Breathe," by the Rev. J. Mitford; and "Bathe," by Johnson; but "Trash" (suggested by Mr. Dyce, adopted by Mr. Singer, and subsequently by Mr. Dyce himself, in his later edition) seems to be the word nearest to the original misprint, as well as being the most appropriate term; since Shakespeare uses "trash" elsewhere to signify 'check,' or 'stop' (see Note 20, Act i., "Tempest"), and here the object is to prevent the dog from over-fatiguing itself, as it is "emboss'd."

(12) *Emboss'd.* A hunting term; applied to animals foaming at the mouth, panting for breath, and wearied out. Used in this sense, the word is probably derived from the Italian *ambascia*, *ambastia*, or *ambagia*; which Florio interprets "noise, grief, torment, vexation, a loathsomeness, a dismaie, a swooning or qualm over the stomacke: an extasie or passion of the minde, a shortnes of one's breath."

(13) *Brach.* A name for a dog used in the chase; almost always for a bitch-hound.

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:  
Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:  
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
And, with a low submissive reverence,  
Say,—What is it your honour will command?  
Let one attend him with a silver bason  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;  
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;  
And, when he says he is,<sup>18</sup> say that he dreams,  
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
This do, and do it kindly,<sup>19</sup> gentle sirs:  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>20</sup>

*First Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,  
As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*SLX is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*  
*Sirrah*, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*  
Belike, some noble gentleman,<sup>21</sup> that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter Servant.*

How now! who is it?

*Serv.* An it please your honour,  
Players that offer service to your lordship.<sup>22</sup>

*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.  
*Players.* We thank your honour.  
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

(14) *In the coldest fault?* 'When the scent was at the coldest, and the dogs were most at fault.'

(15) *At the merest loss.* 'When utterly or absolutely lost.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "mere" and "merely" in this sense. See Note 48, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(16) *Practise.* Used for 'play tricks,' 'contrive devices.'

(17) *Brave attendants.* 'Attendants dressed showily or handsomely.' See Note 76, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(18) *And, when he says he is.* This is printed in most modern editions with a dash after "is," to represent the break which the lord is supposed to make in his speech, when at a loss to supply the name of Sly, which he is not likely to know. In the Folio the passage stands thus—"And when he sayes he is," which we think is very likely to be a misprint for 'And when he says he's this;' meaning, 'this beggarly fellow here, lying sprawling at my feet,' whom the speaker has before called "this drunken man," and whom he afterwards calls "this simple peasant."

(19) *Kindly.* 'Naturally,' 'with truth to nature.' Shakespeare often uses 'kind' and 'kindly' in this sense. See Note 8, Act iv., "Much Ado," and Note 77, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(20) *Modesty.* Used here for 'discretion.'

(21) *Belike, some noble gentleman.* It will be remembered that Bassanio's return to Belmont is preceded by sound of trumpet. See Note 25, Act v., "Merchant of Venice." And not only were gentlemen, when travelling, thus announced on arrival, but it was the custom for companies of actors to make known their advent by a flourish of trumpets.

(22) *Offer service to your lordship.* Companies of strolling players,



*Sec. Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.<sup>23</sup>

*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:<sup>24</sup>

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

*First Play.*<sup>25</sup> I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning<sup>26</sup> can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;<sup>27</sup>

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour

(For yet his honour never heard a play),

You break into some merry passion,<sup>28</sup>

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*First Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,<sup>29</sup>

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,<sup>30</sup>

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*]

[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me (as he will win my love),

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;

And say,—What is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife

May show her duty and make known her love?

or travelling troops, used to present themselves at the country mansions of noblemen or rich persons, and enact plays in their spacious halls or great barns.

(23) *To accept our duty.* 'To engage us for performance.'

(24) 'Twas where you woo'd, &c. An instance of Shakespeare's making a speaker begin by using the third person ("he"), and then proceeding with the second person ("you"). See Note 118, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(25) *First Play.* This speech has the prefix of 'Sinklo' in the Folio—the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company; and probably Heminge and Condell, the editors of the 1623 Folio, preserved it here in connection with the compliment paid by Shakespeare to their fellow-actor's skill. "Soto" is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Women Pleas'd." He is "a farmer's eldest son," and figures in two incidents which might give occasion to the words, "where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well." One is, where Soto appears bearing a ladder, with which his master intends scaling the window of a lady whom he admires; the other is, where Soto presents himself before the duchess to plead a knight's claim to her approval. But it is perhaps more probable that the "Soto" in the text was a character in a play anterior to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Women Pleas'd," which furnished them with their idea, and which anterior play is now lost.

(26) *Cunning.* Used for 'skill,' 'artistic knowledge,' or 'proficiency.' From Saxon, *connan*, to know.

(27) *Modesties.* 'Powers of discretion.'

(28) *Passion.* Sometimes used for 'fit,' 'mood,' or 'emotion,' either grave or gay.

(29) *Contain ourselves.* 'Retain our laughter;' 'restrain the betrayal of our mirth.' See Note 36, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(30) *Buttery.* The room where eatables were kept; something

And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seven years<sup>31</sup> hath esteem'd him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:<sup>32</sup>

And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift;

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,<sup>33</sup>

Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know the boy will well usurp<sup>34</sup> the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,<sup>35</sup>

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A bed-chamber in the Lord's house.

SLY is discovered<sup>36</sup> in a rich nightgown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and appurtenances; others with wine and sweetmeats. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

*Sly.* For Lord's sake, a pot of small ale.

*First Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?<sup>37</sup>

*Sec. Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

*Third Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no

like what is now called a larder or a pantry; only that there was a portion of the room called the buttery-bar, or the buttery-hatch; where cold meat, &c., was dispensed for immediate eating.

(31) *This seven years.* It was proposed by Theobald to change "this" to 'twice' here, in order that the passage might more nearly accord with the "fifteen years" mentioned in the next scene; but the servant's exaggeration of the lord's commands is characteristically humorous, and, moreover, Shakespeare not unfrequently gives these variations, as perfectly in accordance with nature. See Note 29, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(32) *Hath esteem'd him no better than a, &c.* Here "him" is used for 'himself,' a form of construction occasionally employed by Shakespeare and writers of his time.

(33) *Close convey'd.* "Close" is here used for 'closely;' in the sense of 'hiddenly,' 'secretly,' 'stealthily,' and in the sense of 'near.'

(34) *Usurp.* Shakespeare here uses this verb without its sense of violence and oppression; merely unrightfully, as having no real claim to womanhood; for 'assume.'

(35) *Spleen.* Sometimes, as here, used to express a fit of mirth or laughter. See Note 71, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(36) *Sly is discovered.* The stage direction in the Folio here (*Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, &c.*) exhibits the plan then pursued in the theatre, when a play within a play was represented. Those who were the spectators were on a raised platform or balcony at the back of the stage; while those performing the enacted play occupied the front, on the stage itself. Thus, the ancient plan was the exact reverse of the present one; as, in performing "Hamlet," the court occupy the front of the stage, while the actors in the enacted play appear on a raised platform at the back.

(37) *Sack.* See Note 42, Act iii., "Merry Wives."



more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath;<sup>38</sup> by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,<sup>39</sup> and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,<sup>40</sup> if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,<sup>41</sup> score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:<sup>42</sup> here's—<sup>43</sup>

*First Serv.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

*Sec. Serv.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants droop!

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth!  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*  
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch  
Softer and sweeter than the downy bed  
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.<sup>44</sup>  
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.  
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*First Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds  
are as swift  
As breathèd stags,<sup>45</sup> ay, fleeter than the roe.

*Sec. Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
thee straight

(38) *Burton Heath.* Probably an abbreviated form of Barton-on-the-Heath (formerly spelt Bertone), a village in Shakespeare's native county, Warwickshire.

(39) *Bear-herd.* Like "Bear-ward," a keeper of bears. See Note 2, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(40) *Wincot.* An abbreviated form of Wilmecote, a village near Stratford-upon-Avon. It is probable that "Marian Hacket" had a no less real prototype, known to the poet, than these villages here named.

(41) *Sheer ale.* This and "sheer wine" were terms then in use for pure or unmixed ale or wine; just as there is now the term "entire beer." Moreover, with punning effect, Master Sly uses the words "sheer ale," meaning merely ale—ale and nothing else.

(42) *Bestraught.* A form of 'distracted,' 'distracted,' 'demented,' 'mad.'

(43) *Here's*—We take this to be an indication that Sly breaks off his speech with a nod of the head, and a half-uttered 'here's to your health,' as he drinks off the proffered wine.

(44) *Semiramis.* An Assyrian queen, renowned for her luxury and magnificence.

(45) *Breathèd stags.* Here "breathed" is used in the sense of 'well exercised in running,' and (according to Shakespeare's way

Adonis painted by a running brook,  
And Cytherea<sup>46</sup> all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io<sup>47</sup> as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*Third Serv.* Or Daphne<sup>48</sup> roaming through a  
thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
Than any woman in this waning age.

*First Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed  
for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;  
And yet<sup>49</sup> she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—  
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.<sup>50</sup>

*Sec. Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash  
your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*  
Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;  
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay<sup>51</sup> a goodly  
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

*First Serv.* Oh, yes, my lord; but very idle  
words:

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
And rail upon the hostess of the house;  
And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>52</sup>  
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd  
quarts:<sup>53</sup>

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

of combining varied meanings in one word) in the sense of 'well supplied with breath for running.' See Note 49, Act i., "As You Like It."

(46) *Cytherea.* One of the names given to Venus, because she was believed to have risen from the waves of the sea near the island of Cythera.

(47) *Io.* A priestess at Argos, of whom Jupiter became enamoured; and whom he "beguiled and surprised" under the form of a cloud.

(48) *Daphne.* A nymph who, flying from the pursuit of Apollo, entreated the protection of the gods; and was by them transformed to a bay-laurel tree.

(49) *Yet.* Here used in the sense of 'even now,' 'even as it is.'

(50) *And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.* How humorously, by the earnestness and repetition of this call of Sly's, has Shakespeare indicated the thirst that besets the drunkard after his heavy sleep.

(51) *By my fay.* A corruption of 'by my faith.'

(52) *Present her at the leet.* Persons accused of using false weights or measures were presented at the court-leet, a tribunal appointed to judge such offences.

(53) *Seal'd quarts.* Measures holding a quart, and certified by a





*Sly.* What! would you make me mad? Am not I  
Christopher Sly?

*Induction. Scene II.*





*Third Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,<sup>54</sup>  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee:<sup>55</sup> thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, And slept above some fifteen year or more.<sup>56</sup>

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your sight.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—I would be loth to fall into my dreams again.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will;<sup>57</sup> let them play it. Is not a commonty<sup>58</sup> a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What! household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip:<sup>59</sup> we shall ne'er be younger. [They sit down.]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. *A public place.*

*Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,<sup>1</sup> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd With his good will and thy good company, My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;

Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious<sup>2</sup> studies.  
Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being, and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio,<sup>3</sup> come of the Bentivolii.  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become, to serve<sup>4</sup> all hopes conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

stamp or seal to be of the requisite size for containing that quantity of liquor.

(54) *Of Greece.* Blackstone plausibly suggested that we should here read 'o' the green.' In the "Second Part of Henry IV." (iii. 2) we find—"Peter Bull-calf of the green," which, in the Folio, is printed 'of the Greene.'

(55) *I thank thee.* This speech is probably made in answer to one of the servants bringing Sly some of the "sack" and "conserves;" as immediately after he says, "I fare well, for here is cheer enough;" which latter words we may imagine to be spoken with his mouth full, while cramming in the good things before him.

(56) *Above some fifteen year or more.* Some editors have objected to the wording of this line, altering "above" to 'about,' and "or" to 'and;' but its very vagueness of expression is characteristic of the speaker.

(57) *Marry, I will.* Sly, answering the proposal to "hear a play," says, "I will." In the Folio, the stopping is different; and some editors, adopting that punctuation, give the passage rather a different meaning.

(58) *Commonty.* Sly's blunder for 'comedy.'

(59) *Let the world slip.* Sly here varies his favourite adage. See Note 4.

(1) *Padua, nursery of arts.* Padua, possessed of a university founded early in the thirteenth century by Frederick Barbarossa, and boasting among its most celebrated students Petrarch, Galileo, and Columbus, was long famed as a seat of erudition. In Florio's "Second Frutes," where there is an enumeration of some of Italy's chief cities, Padua thus figures—"Milan great, Venice rich, Genoa proud, Bologna fertile, Naples gentle, Florence fair, Padua learned, Ravenna ancient, and Rome holy."

(2) *Ingenious.* It has been pointed out that in Shakespeare's time this word was sometimes used for 'ingenuous;' but in the present passage "ingenious" may equally well be taken in its stricter sense of intellectual, scientific.

(3) *Vincentio.* This, in the Folio, is misprinted 'Vincentio's,' probably because the printer's eye caught it from the line immediately below. It has been objected that it is absurd to make Lucentio tell Tranio his old master's name; but it might be equally so (excepting for dramatic purposes, which render it expedient for the information of readers of this opening scene) to tell him that he himself was born at Pisa, and that his father was a merchant, &c. "Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii," is the merchant's style and title; and, as it were, shows why he ranks "first" in Padua.

(4) *Serve.* Used here for 'fulfil,' 'minister to by achievement.'



Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply,<sup>5</sup> that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash,<sup>6</sup> to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

And practise rhetoric in your common talk;  
Music and poesy use to quicken you;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you;  
No profit grows,<sup>12</sup> where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.<sup>13</sup>  
*Luc.* Gramercies,<sup>14</sup> Tranio, well dost thou advise.



*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world  
slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

*Induction. Scene II.*

*Tra.* *Mi perdonate,*<sup>7</sup> gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected<sup>8</sup> as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote<sup>9</sup> to Aristotle's ethics,<sup>10</sup>  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
Balk<sup>11</sup> logic with acquaintance that you have,

If Biondello now were come<sup>15</sup> ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness;  
And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile: what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and  
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

(5) *Apply.* This word was formerly employed as we now use the word 'ply,' practise diligently. It was used elliptically for 'apply the mind to,' 'apply the faculties to the acquirement of, or practice of.'

(6) *Plash.* Pool, pond, puddle; small piece of water.

(7) *Mi perdonate.* Italian; 'pardon me.'

(8) *Affected.* Inclined; disposed towards.

(9) *Devote.* Used for 'devoted,' or (elliptically) for 'devote ourselves.'

(10) *Ethics.* The Folio here prints 'checkes.' Blackstone suggested the correction.

(11) *Balk.* To wrangle as a disputant, to altercate in reasoning.

To 'balk logic' was formerly used as we now use 'to chop logic.' Rowe altered 'balk' to 'talk,' and he is followed in some editions; but 'balk' was employed by Spenser and other writers of his time, as by Shakespeare in the present passage.

(12) *Grows.* Used in the sense of 'accrues.' See Note 55, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(13) *Affect.* Have an inclination for; have a predilection for.

(14) *Gramercies.* A form of 'gramercy,' many thanks. See Note 35, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(15) *If Biondello now were come.* The Folio prints 'thou wert' for 'now were;' the emendation of Mr. Collier's MS. corrector.



For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love Katharina,  
Because I know you well, and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

*Kath.* [To *BAP.*] I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?<sup>16</sup>

*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Kath.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:  
I wis<sup>17</sup> it is not half way to her heart;  
But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.<sup>18</sup>

*Hor.* From all such demons, good Lord deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too!

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Kath.* A pretty peat!<sup>19</sup> it is best  
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.<sup>20</sup>—

(16) *To make a stale of me amongst these mates?* Katharina, hearing her father thus coarsely offer her in marriage, like goods hawked about for sale, asks him if it be his will to make her this commodified ware among these chapmen companions. She not only uses the word "mates" in the sense of 'companions,' which has been shown to have been often employed disparagingly in Shakespeare's time (see Note 7, Act iii., "Merry Wives"); but there is a kind of punning reference to the terms 'stale' and 'mate' at chess, which signify positions of awkwardness and dilemma in the game, and (figuratively) apply to the humiliating position in which she is placed by Baptista's unfatherly speech. Hortensio, feeling the sting in the word "mates" as Katharina uses it, replies by employing it in the sense of partners for life—husbands.

(17) *I wis.* I know, I am certain. See Note 112, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(18) *Use you like a fool.* The rough usage to which the heads of professional fool-jesters were subjected has been shown in Note 17, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(19) *Peat.* A form of 'pet,' from the French *petite*, little; often used as a term of endearment. Katharina uses it in indignant allusion to the partiality of the father; petting and soothing one sister, who has been nowise injured, while degrading the other, and subjecting her to insult.

(20) *Content you in my discontent.* Bianca so generally produces the same impression upon superficial observers that she does upon Lucentio, that we take the pains to point out those passages where the character displays itself according to our view of Shakespeare's intention in its delineation. He has drawn it subtly, by skilful touches, scarcely perceptible to casual lookers-on; but clearly visible to those who know how false a reputation such mincing pretenders to sweetness, such demure affecters of modesty, such artful assumers of meekness, almost universally obtain. In these very first lines she utters, we find Bianca, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katharina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gail a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience,

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?<sup>21</sup>  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,<sup>22</sup>  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend-like shrew,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—  
Go in, Bianca:— [Exit *BIANCA.*  
And for<sup>23</sup> I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—  
Or Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,  
Prefer them hither;<sup>24</sup> for to cunning<sup>25</sup> men  
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up:  
And so, farewell.—Katharina, you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What! shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha?

[Exit.

*Gre.* You may go to the world's end: your gifts  
are so good,<sup>26</sup> here's none will hold you.—Their love  
is not so great,<sup>27</sup> Hortensio, but we may blow our  
nails<sup>28</sup> together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's  
dough on both sides.<sup>29</sup> Farewell:—yet, for the love  
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light  
on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I  
will wish him to her father.<sup>30</sup>

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I

and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katharina's conduct in all things.

(21) *Strange.* Used here for 'odd in conduct,' 'peculiar in resolve.'

(22) *Mew her up.* Shut her up; confine or imprison her, as in a cage. See Note 10, Act i., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(23) *And for I know she taketh, &c.* "For" used in the sense of 'because.'

(24) *Prefer them hither.* Send them hither for acceptance; present them to me that I may engage their services. Shakespeare uses "prefer" and "preferred" in this sense elsewhere. See Note 39, Act iv., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(25) *Cunning.* Skilful, proficient. See Note 26, Induction.

(26) *Your gifts are so good.* One of Shakespeare's ironical phrases. "Gifts" is here used for 'qualities,' 'endowments.'

(27) *Their love is not so great.* "Their" in this sentence has puzzled the commentators, who have variously altered it to 'our,' 'your,' 'this,' &c. But "their" seems to us to refer to "gifts"; in which case the meaning would be, 'The love of her gifts is not so great on our parts, Hortensio, as to induce either of us to marry Katharina, and enable the other to win Bianca; therefore we may bear our impatience as well as we may together.'

(28) *Blow our nails.* A colloquial expression then in use for remaining baffled, unable to take any steps in a vexatious affair. See Note 174, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost." South, in one of his sermons, says—"So that the king, for anything that he has to do in these matters, may sit and blow his nails; for use them otherwise he cannot."

(29) *Our cake's dough on both sides.* A proverbial expression, signifying, our prospect of success has turned out a failure, like a cake put down to the embers to bake, and sometimes proving scorched on one side, and underdone, or dough, on the other; sometimes dough on both.

(30) *I will wish him to her father.* "Wish," as here, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of 'recommend.'

pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle,<sup>31</sup> know now, upon advice,<sup>32</sup> it toucheth us both,<sup>33</sup>—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a dotard.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a dotard. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to her?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!<sup>34</sup> He that runs fastest gets the ring.<sup>35</sup> How say you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her,<sup>36</sup> wed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

*Tra.* [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* Oh, Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee,—That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna<sup>37</sup> to the Queen of Carthage was,—Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl.

(31) *Parle*. A form of 'parley.' See Note 13, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(32) *Upon advice*. Upon reflection; upon deliberation; upon farther consideration.

(33) *It toucheth us both*. It concerns us both; it is of importance to us both.

(34) *Happy man be his dole!* "Dole" is a portion, that which is dealt out; therefore the saying means, 'May happiness be his lot!' See Note 37, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(35) *He that runs fastest gets the ring*. An allusion to running matches, where a "ring" was the prize; and also to the wedding ring, which husbands as well as wives formerly wore.

(36) *Woo her*. "Her," of course, here refers to Katharine, though Bianca was last mentioned; affording an instance of Shakespeare's using a pronoun relatively to an antecedent not immediately named before.

(37) *Anna*. Sister to Dido, and her confidant when the latter was in love with Æneas. See Note 7, Act ii., "Tempest." Anna is mentioned in Book IV. of Dryden's translation of Virgil's *Æneid*.

(38) *Rated*. Used here for 'driven out by scolding,' 'expelled by reproof.'

(39) *Redime te captum quam queas minimo*.

'Redeem thyself, oh, captive, for the least sum thou canst.'

A line quoted from Terence in Lily's grammar; and as it is printed in the Folio as it is given by Lily, they who disparage Shakespeare's

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated<sup>38</sup> from the heart: If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so,—

*Redime te captum quam queas minimo*.<sup>39</sup>

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly<sup>40</sup> on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* Oh, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor<sup>41</sup> had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move; And with her breath she did perfume the air: Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,<sup>42</sup> That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.<sup>43</sup>

*Luc.* Ah! Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advis'd,<sup>44</sup> he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?<sup>45</sup>

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump<sup>46</sup> in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

*Luc.* It is: may it be done?

*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

learning affirm that the English poet derived the line from the grammarian's pages, and not from the Latin original.

(40) *Longly*. Used for 'longingly,' with the effect of 'intently,' 'perseveringly,' 'exclusively,' combinedly conveyed.

(41) *The daughter of Agenor*. Europa, of whom Jupiter was enamoured. In order to attract her notice, the god transformed himself into a magnificent bull, kneeling gently beside her, that she might seat herself upon his back; and when she did so, carried her off from her companion nymphs.

(42) *So curst and shrewd*. 'So cross-tempered, shrewish, and ill-conditioned.' The analogy between "curst," "shrewd," "shrewish," &c. (pointed out in Note 24, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona"), is here made manifest.

(43) *Because she will not be annoyed, &c.* "Will," here, has been changed by some editors to 'shall.' But the passage, as it stands, seems to mean, 'Because then she will not be annoyed by suitors.'

(44) *Art thou not advis'd*. Used for 'Did you not observe,' 'did you not remark.'

(45) *To get her cunning schoolmasters, &c.* The construction of this passage is the same as the one pointed out in Note 33, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice." Here "her" is used for 'for her.' "Cunning" was frequently used for 'skillful.' See Note 25 of this Act.

(46) *Jump*. Shakespeare sometimes uses this word for 'agree,' 'accord,' 'conform.' See Note 108, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."



And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;  
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*Luc.* *Basta*; <sup>47</sup> content thee; for I have it full.<sup>48</sup>  
We have not yet been seen in any house;  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
For man or master: then it follows thus;—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house, and port,<sup>49</sup> and servants, as I should:  
I will some other be; some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.<sup>50</sup>  
'Tis hatched, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once  
Uncase<sup>51</sup> thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:<sup>52</sup>  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.<sup>53</sup>

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]  
In brief, sir, sith<sup>54</sup> it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient  
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting,—  
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,  
Although I think 'twas in another sense),  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded  
eye.—  
Here comes the rogue.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been! Nay, how now!  
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?  
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Put my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life:  
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

(47) *Basta*. Italian; enough, sufficient.

(48) *I have it full*. 'I have it (the "device") completely, entirely sketched out in my mind. Shakespeare uses "full" (adjectively) in this sense. See Note 8, Act iii., "As You Like It." In the present passage he uses the word adverbially.

(49) *Port*. State, befitting appearance; style of living appropriate to the speaker's rank. See Note 22, Act i., "Merchant of Venice."

(50) *Or meaner man of Pisa*. Some editors alter "meaner" to 'mean'; but Lucentio intends to say, 'some man of Pisa (the speaker's native place) lower in rank than I am.'

(51) *Uncase*. Shakespeare uses this word for taking off the outer garments. In "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2), Moth says, "Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?"

(52) *My colour'd hat and cloak*. In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer-tinted clothes than their masters, the young gallants, who flaunted about in garments of bright and varied hues, that might well, by contrast, be emphatically called "coloured."

(53) *Charm him first to keep his tongue*. 'Bind him over, as by a spell, to keep his tongue within bounds; or, in modern parlance, 'to hold his tongue.'

*Bion.* The better for him: would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,  
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kinds of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute,—  
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me  
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>55</sup>]

*First Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!

## SCENE II.—PADUA. Before HORTENSIO'S house.

*Enter PETRUCHIO<sup>56</sup> and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for awhile I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,  
My best belovèd and approvèd<sup>57</sup> friend,  
Hortensio; and I trow<sup>58</sup> this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused<sup>59</sup> your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.<sup>60</sup>

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?

(54) *Sith*. An old form of 'since.'

(55) *Exeunt*. In the Folio, after this word, there is a stage direction—"The Presenters above speak;" meaning the actors in the Induction, who occupied the balcony at the back of the stage. See Note 36, Induction.

(56) *Petruchio*. This is the way in which the name is spelt in the Folio; and, judging by other anglicised spellings of foreign names therein, it is probably the means by which Shakespeare indicated to the actors the way in which those foreign names should be pronounced. Some editors have altered the orthography to 'Petrucio'; but if their intention be to give it as an Italian name, it should be spelt 'Petruccio.'

(57) *Approvèd*. In the sense of 'proved,' 'tested.'

(58) *Trow*. 'Think,' 'believe.'

(59) *Rebused*. Grumio's blunder for 'abused.'

(60) *Knock me here soundly*. The present passage affords a notable instance of the idiomatic form of phrase pointed out in Note 33, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice," as it gives occasion for a play upon the word. "Knock me" is used by Petruchio according to the constructional idiom, in the sense of 'Knock for me; but Grumio, after his clown-jester fashion, chooses to take it in the more usual

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*,<sup>61</sup> and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il core ben trovato*,<sup>62</sup> may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio*.<sup>63</sup>—

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.<sup>64</sup>—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps (for aught I see), two-and-thirty,—a pip out?<sup>65</sup>

Whom would to Heaven I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate!—Oh, heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?”

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,<sup>66</sup>  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,<sup>67</sup>  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:  
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,<sup>68</sup>

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?<sup>69</sup>  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife  
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>70</sup>  
As old as Sibyl,<sup>71</sup> and as curst and shrewd<sup>72</sup>  
As Socrates' Xantippe,<sup>73</sup> or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;<sup>74</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses;<sup>75</sup> why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

sense of the phrase. Another instance of this form of construction occurs in the first scene of the Induction, where the lord says—“Procure me music ready when he wakes.”

(61) *Sol, fa*. The Italian names for the notes *g* and *f* in music. The Italian nomenclature in notation is generally adopted; and a musical term (as a verb) is made from the words “*sol, fa*,” meaning to sing a scale, to practise the gamut with the voice.

(62) *Con tutto il core ben trovato*. “With all my heart, well found, or well met.”

(63) *Alla nostra casa ben venuto*, &c. “Welcome to our house, my much honoured Signior Petruchio.”

(64) *What he 'leges in Latin*. “What he alleges in Latin.” There is also a kind of pun on the word “*leges*” (as a part of the Latin word *lex*, law), and in its similarity to “*legal*.” The characters, of course, speaking English throughout the play, this casual introduction of a few words of Italian gives the effect of the two gentlemen talking in a foreign language, which the obtuse Grumio takes to be “Latin.”

(65) *A pip out*. “Pip” was the name for the spot or mark on a card, which determines the suit and value. “Two-and-thirty” is an allusion to an old game called “Bone-ace, or one-and-thirty.” When there was one number more than the one that made the game, it was called being “a pip out.” In Motteux's edition of “*Don Quixote*,” 1733, Sancho says to the ancient Duenna, “If sixty is the game, you're a pip out.” And it is observable that not only in this edition of “*Don Quixote*,” but also in Shelton's (1675), the word is printed “peep;” while in the 1623 Folio Shakespeare it is spelt “peepe.”

(66) *This' a heavy chance*, &c. “This is a heavy chance betwixt him and you.” For a similar construction see Note 16, Act v., “Measure for Measure.”

(67) *In a few*. For “in a few words;” “in short;” “briefly.” “In few” is similarly used by Shakespeare. See Note 29, Act i., “*Tempest*.”

(68) *Come roundly to thee*. Now-a-days, “To come roundly to a point” gives the effect of taking a roundabout course, a gradual course; but formerly, “to come roundly” to a point meant to come at once to it, to take a direct course. In “*As You Like It*” (v. 3), the Pages, asking Touchstone if they shall begin their song at once, say—“Shall we clap into't *roundly*, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse?”

(69) *Wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?* To “wish” was used for “recommend.” (See Note 30 of this Act.) “Shrewd” here means “shrewish,” sharp-spoken; and “ill-favoured” here means “ill-conditioned,” “ill-tempered.”

(70) *Florentius' love*. An allusion to a story in Gower's “*Confessio Amantis*,” where a knight named Florent engages to marry a hideous old woman, in return for her teaching him to solve an enigma, on the solution of which his life depends. Chaucer, in his “*Wife of Bath's Tale*,” has taken the same plot; and it has also been adopted by other writers.

(71) *As old as Sibyl*. See Note 51, Act i., “*Merchant of Venice*.”

(72) *Curst and shrewd*. See Note 42 of this Act.

(73) *Xantippe*. Wife to Socrates, and proverbial for her scolding tongue. On one occasion, when she had railed her utmost, she emptied a vessel of dirty water on her husband's head; whereupon the philosopher jestingly remarked, that “after thunder there generally comes rain.”

(74) *Aglet-baby*. An “aglet” was the tag of a point, used for fastening the lower portion of the dress to the upper part; and also a jewel, or brooch, worn in the cap; French, *aiguillette*. These tags were sometimes made in the form of a small figure; and the cap ornament likewise occasionally bore the same shape. See Note 11, Act iii., “*Much Ado*.”

(75) *As many diseases as two and fifty horses*. The manifold diseases to which horses are subject were almost proverbial; and Grumio gives his own peculiar version of the saying. We find an





Lucentio. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Act I. Scene I.





Her only fault (and that is faults enough)  
Is,—that she is intolerable<sup>76</sup> curst,  
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worsen than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well.  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,<sup>77</sup>  
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>78</sup> I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand<sup>79</sup> him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.<sup>80</sup> You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;  
For in Baptista's keep<sup>81</sup> my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,<sup>82</sup>  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
And her withholds from me, and other more,<sup>83</sup>  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;  
Supposing it a thing impossible  
(For those defects I have before rehears'd)  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,<sup>84</sup>  
That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;  
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,<sup>85</sup>

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen<sup>86</sup> in music, to instruct Bianca;  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] Here's no knavery!<sup>87</sup> See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

*Enter GREMIO; and LUCENTIO disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.—Petruchio, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous!<sup>88</sup>

*Gre.* Oh, very well; I have perus'd the note.<sup>89</sup> [*They retire.*]

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:  
All books of love, see that at any hand;<sup>90</sup>  
And see you read no other lectures to her;  
You understand me:—over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess:<sup>91</sup>—take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd;  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
As for my patron (stand you so assur'd),  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* Oh, this learning! what a thing it is!

*Gru.* Oh, this woodcock!<sup>92</sup> what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward.*—] Save you, Signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.  
Trow you whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.  
I promis'd to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:  
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man; for learning and behaviour  
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,  
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman  
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

enumeration of several of these diseases in Act iii., sc. 2, of the present play.

(76) *Intolerable.* Intolerably. An adjective used for an adverb was a grammatical licence of Shakespeare's time. See Note 11, Act v., "As You Like It."

(77) *Give you over at this first encounter.* 'Leave you so soon on our first meeting again.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "give over" and "give o'er" in the sense of 'yield,' 'relinquish,' 'leave,' 'for-sake,' 'abandon.'

(78) *Rope-tricks.* Tricks of abusive language; the kind of offensively abusive rhetoric which it was the fashion to teach to parrots. See Note 45, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors." That Grumio uses the word in its reference (and slight similarity) to 'rhetoric,' is obvious, from the punningly-introduced expression, "figure," immediately afterwards.

(79) *Stand.* Used for 'withstand;' make show of resistance.

(80) *No more eyes to see withal than a cat.* Master Grumio's simile is no better than his play upon the words 'Kate' and "cat" here. He mixes up the implied idea of a scratched face with the eyes of the animal that scratches.

(81) *Keep.* Keeping, custody.

(82) *In hold.* 'In possession.'

(83) *Other more.* 'Others beside myself.'

(84) *This order hath Baptista ta'en.* 'Baptista has taken these measures.' Shakespeare uses "take order" for 'take measures,' 'make provision for,' 'adopt a course of proceeding.'

(85) *Disguis'd in sober robes.* This shows that Hortensio, as a young gallant, wore gay-coloured garments; and had to assume sober-hued ones when personating a schoolmaster. See Note 52 of this Act.

(86) *Well seen.* Well versed, skilled, or practised.

(87) *Here's no knavery!* One of Shakespeare's ironical exclamations. See Note 26 of this Act.

(88) *A proper stripling and an amorous!* Another ironical exclamation. Grumio seeing the old greybeard Gremio, applies the epithets "proper" (handsome), "stripling," and "amorous" to him.

(89) *The note.* The memorandum, or list of books, which Lucentio has brought with him, when presenting himself to Gremio as an instructor.

(90) *At any hand.* 'At any rate,' 'at all events.' The phrase occurs again a little further on in this same scene—"Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray."

(91) *Largess.* A present, a gift, a gratuity, a bounty.

(92) *Oh, this woodcock!* The woodcock was held to be the type of silliness. See Note 26, Act v., "Much Ado."



So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent<sup>93</sup> our love:

Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,

*Gre.* Oh, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't in Heaven's name:  
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gre.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?



*Katharina.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

*Baptista.* What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

*Act II. Scene I.*

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.<sup>94</sup>  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold:  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.<sup>95</sup>

*Gru.* For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark:

(93) *Vent.* Shakespeare uses this word with various signification; and almost always with a touch of vehemence implied. Here it means 'promulgate angrily,' 'announce with emulative heat of words,' 'give utterance to with warmth of rivalry.'

(94) *Indifferent good for either.* 'Good both for you and for me.' "Indifferent" is here used for indifferently, equally; the adjective employed instead of the adverb.

(95) *Fear boys with bugs.* "Fear" is here used actively; in the



This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.<sup>96</sup>

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

*Gre.* And so we will,—provided that he win her.

*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO bravely apparelled, and BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters:—[*To TRANIO*] is't he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he, Biondello.

*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—<sup>97</sup>

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of,<sup>98</sup> yea or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,—  
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

sense of 'frighten,' 'affright.' "Bugs" was an old form of 'bug-bears,' from the Celtic *bug*, a goblin.

(96) *For his own good and ours.* The Folio misprints 'yours' for 'ours'—Theobald's correction.

(97) *You mean not her to—*. This is printed with a dash, thus, in the Folio, to indicate that Gremio's speech is broken off by Tranio's sharp interruption, while the rhyme of the lines here shows that the word supposed to be going to be uttered is "woo."

(98) *To the maid you talk of.* Here is an instance of Shakespeare's referring to a subject as if it had been named; though, in fact, it has only been implied. There has been no actual mention of Bianca among the speakers, though she is well understood to be meant by them. This is the case in real life; and, therefore, so we find it in Shakespeare.

(99) *Leda's daughter.* Helen, or Helena, the celebrated beauty of Greece, afterwards cause of the Trojan war. See Note 4, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream." Previously to her marriage with Menelaus, her hand was sought by a host of "wooers." The allusion to "Paris," three lines farther on, refers also to Helen's history.

(100) *Give him head.* A term in horsemanship for letting the rein or bridle lie loose, so as to give the horse his own course; figuratively used for giving scope, letting a person have his own way.

(101) *A jade.* This word, now only applied to mares, or to worthless women, was formerly applied to horses, or to worthless men.

(102) *Alcides.* See Note II, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(103) *Whom you hearken for.* Shakespeare uses "hearken" with

Fair Leda's daughter<sup>99</sup> had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all!

*Luc.* Sir, give him head:<sup>100</sup> I know he'll prove a jade.<sup>101</sup>

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;  
And let it be more than Alcides'<sup>102</sup> twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,<sup>103</sup>

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat<sup>104</sup>

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her<sup>105</sup>

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.<sup>106</sup>

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,<sup>107</sup>

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive<sup>108</sup> this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries<sup>109</sup> do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru.* } Oh, excellent motion! Fellows,<sup>110</sup> let's be

*Bion.* } gone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.<sup>111</sup> [*Exeunt.*

a peculiar sense, of more force than it generally bears. See Note 36, Act v., "Much Ado." Here it has the effect of 'hanker,' desire eagerly, pursue pertinaciously.

(104) *Feat.* The Folio prints 'seeke' for "feat."—Rowe's correction.

(105) *Whose hap shall be to have her.* In this elliptical sentence 'he' is understood before "whose."

(106) *Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.* Will not be so graceless as to be ungrateful.

(107) *Gratify this gentleman.* Shakespeare uses the word "gratify" in the sense of 'acknowledge by handsome treatment,' 'remunerate by a present or gratuity.' See Note 39, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice." Here Hortensio has promised that they will "bear" the "charge" of "Petruchio's wooing," and Tranio offers to treat him and the company to a festive repast.

(108) *Contrive.* Used in the sense of spend, pass away, wear out. The word, thus employed, is derived from the preterite (*contrivi*) of the Latin verb *contero*, waste, consume, spend.

(109) *Adversaries.* Here used for the barristers or advocates engaged on opposite sides in the same case.

(110) *Fellows.* Grumio and Biondello, in their excitement at hearing of a prospective feast, and in their eagerness to be included among its enjoyers, address the company thus, though their masters are among it.

(111) *Ben venuto.* Italian; welcome. "I shall be your ben venuto" is equivalent to 'I will guarantee your welcome,' 'I will be your means of introduction.'

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.**Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,<sup>1</sup>  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.<sup>2</sup>

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Kath.* Minion,<sup>3</sup> thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Kath.* Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more:  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while:  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this  
insolence?—

*Bianca,* stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding<sup>4</sup> of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

*Bap.* What! in my sight?—*Bianca,* get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

*Kath.* What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now  
I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.<sup>5</sup>

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.—

[*To BAP.*] I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,—  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir: and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her;  
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well:<sup>6</sup> you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
Baccare!<sup>7</sup> you are marvellous forward.

(1) *Gawds.* In the Folio, this is printed 'goods.' Theobald made the correction.

(2) *My duty to my elders.* In this speech we have a specimen of the style in which those who pass for meek women contrive to convey ground for exasperation to those who see through them. Bianca's over-acted submission, in offering to strip herself to "her petticoat," and her paraded "duty to her elders," are precisely the sort of mild outrages calculated to goad a character like Katharina's into fresh acts of oppression, which will serve to heighten the effect of her sister's meekness—just Bianca's object. See Note 20, Act i.

(3) *Minion.* Originally a word of fondness; French, *mignon*, darling. But it came to be used contemptuously and depreciatingly.

(4) *Hilding.* This word has been derived from 'hinderling,'

degenerate. Shakespeare uses it to express a low, mean, despicable person.

(5) *Lead apes in hell.* The proverbially destined avocation for old maids after death. See Note 3, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(6) *I know him well.* Baptista says this, not having heard of the death of Antonio, which, by what Petruchio has previously said, seems to have been a recent occurrence. The interruption of Signior Gremio at the present juncture was probably partly intended by the dramatist to prevent the need of Petruchio's repeating the circumstances of his father's death to Baptista.

(7) *Baccare.* A word used as an exclamation, meaning 'go back!' or 'stand back!' Some have supposed it to be formed from 'back,' and the Gothic 'are,' to go. It has the air of a facetiously Latinised or Italianised expression; but it was employed by old English



*Pet.* Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio. [*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the elder sister. This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest:

And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument,<sup>8</sup> And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:<sup>9</sup> If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name<sup>10</sup>—of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well:<sup>11</sup> you are very welcome, sir.—  
[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute, [*To* LUC.] and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently.—Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both, These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day<sup>12</sup> I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him, me. Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd: Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands; And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood,<sup>13</sup>—be it that she survive me,— In all my lands and leases whatsoever: Let specialties<sup>14</sup> be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together, They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her, and so she yields to me; For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy<sup>15</sup> words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds, That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What! will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?<sup>16</sup>

*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,<sup>17</sup> And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering; When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, "Frets call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them:"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way;

writers in a kind of proverbial saying—"Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow."

(8) *A simple instrument.* The lute borne by Biondello.

(9) *Greek and Latin books.* In Shakespeare's time, ladies studied the dead languages, and were good classical scholars. Queen Elizabeth wrote Latin well; and Lady Jane Grey read Plato in the original.

(10) *Lucentio is your name.* As Tranio has not announced himself by any name, we must suppose that Lucentio's is marked upon the lute, or inscribed in the volumes presented to Baptista; unless, indeed, some portion of Tranio's speech (mentioning the name he assumes) was omitted by the printer of the Folio.

(11) *By report I know him well.* Baptista is here expressly made to say that he knows Vincentio "by report," and not personally; in order that, subsequently, when the Pedant comes to him as Vincentio, the substitution may not be discerned.

(12) *Every day.* The line in the text is similar to one that forms the burthen of an old song (mentioned in Mr. Chappell's "Popular

Music of the Olden Time"), called "Quoth John to Joan:"—"I cannot come every day to woo." The expression "every day" seems to have been used for 'perpetually,' 'continually,' which supports our interpretation in Note 15, Act iii., "Much Ago about Nothing."

(13) *Her widowhood.* Used here for 'her right as a widow,' 'her widow's jointure.'

(14) *Specialties.* Papers containing special statements, or specified particulars. The word occurs in this sense, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act ii., sc. 1.

(15) *Unhappy.* Shakespeare uses this word with varied meaning; here it signifies abusive, offensive, uncivil.

(16) *Break her to the lute.* "Break" is here used as we use "break in" when applied to a horse; train, educationally guide. Hortensio punningly replies to it, as if taken in the more usual sense of the word.

(17) *Frets.* The name for those portions of a lute which mark whereon the fingers are to be pressed, so as to stop the string and form the note. These "frets" were sometimes called 'stops.' See

And there I stood amazèd for awhile,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute  
While she did call me rascal fiddler  
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* [To *HOR.*] Well, go with me, and be not so  
discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do; I will attend her here,—  
[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,*  
and *HORTENSIO.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—  
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard  
of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain  
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates,<sup>18</sup>—and therefore, Kate  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded  
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd  
you hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,  
You were a movable.

Note 26, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing." There is here a pun on the word "frets;" in the sense above explained, and in the sense of vexations, irritations.

(18) *Cates*. Food, provisions; more especially choice and delicate ones.

(19) *A joint-stool*. There was a proverbial saying—"Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool;" which Shakespeare has introduced in "King Lear," iii. 6.

(20) *No such jade as you*. That "jade" was applied to a male as well as to a female, we have found before in this play. See Note 101, Act i. But there seems to have been some omission made in the printing of this line in the Folio, which various editors have variously attempted to supply.

(21) *Should be! should buz*. Petruchio puns on the word "be" as though it were spelt 'bee.' "Buz" was a word or exclamation of contempt, tantamount to the more modern 'Bosh!'

(22) *Buzzard*. This word is here used in its double signification of a degenerate hawk and a blockhead, dunce, or simpleton.

*Pet.* Why, what's a movable?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.<sup>19</sup>

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade as you,<sup>20</sup> if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to  
catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be! should buz.<sup>21</sup>

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.<sup>22</sup>

*Pet.* Oh, slow-wing'd turtle; shall a buzzard  
take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too  
angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it  
lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear  
his sting?

In his tail.

*Kath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue?

*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails: and so fare-  
well.

*Pet.* Nay, come again,  
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

*Kath.* That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:<sup>23</sup>  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy books!

*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a  
craven.<sup>24</sup>

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look  
so sour.

*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.<sup>25</sup>

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look  
not sour.

*Kath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What! you mean my face?

*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

Katharine first uses it in the latter sense; Petruchio replies, using it in the former sense; and then Katharine uses it in both senses—"as he ('a buzzard,' in the sense of 'blockhead') takes a buzzard" (in the sense of worthless hawk). To take one bird for another was in proverbial use, as typifying an ignoramus. "No more skill than take a falcon for a buzzard" occurs in "The Three Lords of London," 1590; and in "Hamlet" (ii. 2) we have a version of an old proverb—"I know a hawk from a heronshaw" (a heron).

(23) *Lose your arms*. A pun on the word "arms;" in its limb sense, and in its heraldic sense.

(24) *Craven*. A degenerate cowardly cock, a dastardly man. "Craven," as applied to a dishonoured knight, has been derived from one who 'craved,' or asked quarter, when defeated in fight; or from one who cried *creant* (an old French feudal term for a promise to render service) under the same circumstances.

(25) *Crab*. A wild apple, harsh and rough; used also for a morose-tempered person.





*Petruchio.* Why, what's a movable?  
*Katharina.* A joint-stool.  
*Petruchio.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.  
*Act II. Scene I.*





*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers: Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk; But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? Oh, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig, Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. Oh! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

*Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st, command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove, As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.<sup>26</sup>

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; And, will you, nill<sup>27</sup> you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well), Thou must be married to no man but me; For I am he am born to tame you, Kate, And bring you from a wild Kate<sup>28</sup> to a Kate Conformable, as other household Kates. Here comes your father: never make denial; I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic; A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:

If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,<sup>29</sup>

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio; she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: oh, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied<sup>30</sup> so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,<sup>31</sup>

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock<sup>32</sup> wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,<sup>33</sup>

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

*Gre.* } Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.  
*Tra.* }

(26) *Keep you warm.* There seems to have been a proverb—"If you are wise, keep yourself warm;" and Shakespeare alludes to it here, and also in "Much Ado about Nothing" (i. 1)—"If he have wit enough to keep himself warm." There is analogy between this proverb and the one explained in Note 8, Induction.

(27) *Nill.* Derived from *ne will*; Saxon, *nillan*, not to will, to refuse. This was an old English form, and is frequently found in Chaucer; as, also, 'nas,' for *ne was*, or *was not*; 'nam,' for *ne am*, or *am not*, &c.

(28) *A wild Kate.* There is the same quibble on the words "Kate" and 'cat' here as was pointed out in Note 80, Act i.

(29) *Grissel.* Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," he having had the story from Petrarch, who related it from Boccaccio's "Decameron," where it forms the tenth novel of the tenth day. There is a still earlier version of the story among the old French *Fabliaux*.

(30) *Vied.* Proffered in competition. To "vie" and "revie"

were terms used in the game of *Primero*, fashionable when Shakespeare wrote. To "vie" at cards was to stake or wager the goodness of one hand against another; and the word came to be applied to competing in the production of one thing against another. Petruchio means to say, that as often as he kissed her, she kissed him.

(31) *'Tis a world to see.* Meaning 'it is wonderful to see.' See Note 73, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(32) *Meacock.* Timorous, too-yielding; probably from meekcock, and generally applied to a hen-pecked husband.

(33) *I will unto Venice.* Not only was Venice the great mart for rich articles in Shakespeare's time, but it is still famous for its gold chains, and other articles of delicately-worked jewellery, which are displayed in profusion in the shop-windows under the arcades that surround the Piazza di San Marco. There is peculiar appropriateness, therefore, in making Petruchio repair to Venice to provide himself with wedding finery.



*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;  
I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace :—  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;  
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA  
severally.]

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

*Gre.* Youngling,<sup>36</sup> thou canst not love so dear  
as I.

*Tra.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine  
doth fry.

*Skipper*,<sup>37</sup> stand back : 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.



*Bianca.* Where left we last ?

*Lucentio.* Here, madam.

Act III. Scene I.

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's  
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.<sup>34</sup>

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity<sup>35</sup> lay fretting by you :  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :  
Now is the day we long have lookèd for :

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen : I will compound  
this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of  
both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the  
city

Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold ;  
Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

(34) *Mart.* Here used for 'bargain.'

(35) *'Twas a commodity.* Twice in this speech 'T, or it, is used in reference to an implied particular ; by Tranio, in the coarse way, of which the father himself has set an example, when speaking of Katharine, meaning a marriageable or saleable daughter.

(36) *Youngling.* A word used by Shakespeare, compounded of 'youngster' and 'stripling.' German, *jüngling*.

(37) *Skipper.* This word seems to be here used by Shakespeare with allusion to the nimbleness and forwardness of youth, and to the frivolity and lightness which he implies in the word "skipping." See Note 48, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."



In cypress chests<sup>38</sup> my arras, counterpoints,<sup>39</sup>  
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,<sup>40</sup>  
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
 Valance of Venice gold in needlework;  
 Pewter<sup>41</sup> and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What! have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
 My land amounts not to so much<sup>42</sup> in all:  
 That she shall have; besides an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marseilles'<sup>43</sup> road.—  
 What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?<sup>44</sup>

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,<sup>45</sup>  
 And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have:—  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.<sup>46</sup>

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;  
 And, let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me:  
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd:—on Sunday next you know  
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
 If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit BAPTISTA.*]

Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah young gamester,<sup>47</sup> your father were a fool  
 To give thee all, and in his waning age  
 Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.<sup>48</sup>  
 'Tis in my head to do my master good—

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
 Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*]

(38) *In cypress chests.* To this very day, chests made of cypress wood are used in Italian households for storing woollen goods during the summer season, because the scent of the wood is very effectual in keeping away moths. The Italians have still the habit of retaining much of their property in the shape of valuables, such as are enumerated in the text. The old family mansions and palaces of Genoa (as in other Italian localities) abound in hoards and hoarding-places like those mentioned in this passage by Shakespeare; which circumstance has given rise to the belief that he himself at one time must have visited Italy, and have been an actual eye-witness of particulars he has so accurately described. Nevertheless, when we bear in mind his wonderful memory, his wonderful tact in acquiring knowledge from various persons practically acquainted with the subjects he treated, and his wonderful power of making his own and employing such acquired knowledge, we can well imagine that from his Italian friend, Florio, or from his travelled English friends, he may have gained all the details here introduced with so graphic and appropriate a vividness.

(39) *Counterpoints.* Coverings for beds; now (and likewise formerly) called 'counterpanes,' they being formed of patchwork, in 'panes' or points of variously contrasted colours. They were, in ancient times, expensive articles; Stowe, the chronicler, recording that during Wat Tyler's rebellion a coverlet was destroyed worth a thousand marks.

(40) *Tents and canopies.* "Tents" were hangings; possibly so called from the tenters, or hooks, upon which they were stretched and suspended. "Tents" may, however, here mean the large sun-shades (Italian, *tenda*, a tent or curtain) which are used in Italy, spread over terraces, garden windows, and door-ways, to keep off the southern glare and heat. "Canopies," also, may bear one of the

interpretations which Baret gives—"a canopy properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keep away gnattes, sometimes a tent or pavilion, some have used it for a testorne [or tester] to hang over a bed."

(41) *Pewter.* Vessels and utensils of pewter were formerly so valuable, as sometimes to be hired by the year in the households of the nobility.

(42) *My land amounts not to so much.* It has been plausibly proposed to change "not" to 'but' in this passage. Nevertheless, Gremio may mean to say that though his land does not amount to the sum offered by his rival, yet, such as it is, Bianca shall have it all, "besides an argosy," &c.

(43) *Marseilles.* This must here be sounded as a trisyllable. It is printed 'Marcellus' in the Folio.

(44) *Chok'd you with an argosy?* "Argosy" was the name of a large vessel, either for war or merchandise. See Note iv., Act i., "Merchant of Venice."

(45) *Galliasses.* A "galiass" (Italian, *galeazza*) was a heavily-built galley with three masts, and seats for thirty-two rowers; so that it could be propelled by sails or oars, or both.

(46) *Out-vied.* To "out-vie" was a gaming term, as was to "vie." See Note 30 of this Act.

(47) *Gamester.* Gremio uses this term half in allusion to Tranio's having staked offers against him ("out-vied" him), half in the way that Shakespeare occasionally employs the word to express a lively, forward, venturesome fellow. See Note 21, Act i., "As You Like It."

(48) *Fac'd it with a card of ten.* This was a proverbial expression for bullying, or maintaining a point with an impudent face. It was derived from a gaming term, indicating a bold stand made by playing "a card of ten," or one of the highest in the pack.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—PADUA. *A room in BAPTISTA'S house.**Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.**Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.*Luc.* Preposterous<sup>1</sup> ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain?Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of  
thine.*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double  
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no birching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?[*HORTENSIO retires.*]*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instru-  
ment.*Bian.* Where left we last?*Luc.* Here, madam:—*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;**Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.<sup>2</sup>**Bian.* Construe them.*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,<sup>3</sup>—*Simois*, I  
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—  
*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic**steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—  
*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,  
—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old panta-  
loon.<sup>4</sup>*Hor.* [*Coming forward.*] Madam, my instrument's  
in tune.*Bian.* Let's hear.—[*HORTENSIO plays.*]

Oh, fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.[*HORTENSIO again retires.*]*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:<sup>5</sup> *Hac*  
*ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I  
trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he  
hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair  
not.*Hor.* [*Again coming forward.*] Madam, 'tis now  
in tune.*Luc.*

All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave  
that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

*Pedascule*,<sup>6</sup> I'll watch you better yet. [*Aside.*]*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*Was Ajax,<sup>7</sup>—call'd so from his grandfather.*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise  
you,I should be arguing still upon that doubt:<sup>8</sup>

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* [*To LUCENTIO.*] You may go walk, and  
give me leave awhile:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I  
must wait,And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,<sup>9</sup>

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,

(1) *Preposterous*. Shakespeare here and elsewhere uses this word more in consonance with its strictly derived signification than as we now use it. He employs it to express 'not according to correct order,' 'out of right succession,' 'misplaced,' 'in inverted position,' 'contrary to due course;' Latin, *præposterus*. See Note 45, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(2) *Celsa senis*. These two lines are from Ovid's Epistle of "Penelope to Ulysses:—"

"This Simois, that the Sigeian land,  
And there did Priam's lofty palace stand."

*Rhymer's Translation.*

(3) *As I told you before*. Other writers of Shakespeare's time introduced the joke of translating Latin sentences into English with an entirely different meaning from the original.

(4) *Pantaloon*. A name given to a pottering old man. See Note 89, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(5) *Let me see if I can construe it*. Here we see Bianca in her true colours. No sooner is she out of sight of her father, than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of "beauteous modesty," and in private behaves like the imperious coquette, which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will "learn my lessons as I please myself;"

orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead of making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit, and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. Shakespeare has drawn her consistently throughout. See Note 20, Act i.; and Note 2, Act ii.

(6) *Pedascule*. Said to be a word coined by Shakespeare, from "pedant." The Folio here assigns the various speeches to the different speakers in an obviously blundering way.

(7) *Æacides was Ajax*. This is said by Lucentio as if it were part of the lesson he is giving, in order to mislead Hortensio, should he overhear him. Ajax was sometimes named *Æacides*, in accordance with a custom explained in Note 11, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice;" Ajax, like Achilles, being grandson to *Æacus*.

(8) *That doubt*. Bianca says this in order that Hortensio may take it as applying to the question as to whether Ajax were rightly called *Æacides*, and that Lucentio may take it as referring to his profession of love. She is a proficient in quibbling speech, as she also has the coquettish art of saying a word of ingratulatory deprecation to each of her suitors, so that she may keep both of them dangling at once.

(9) *But I be deceiv'd*. "But" is here used in the sense of 'unless.'



I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut<sup>10</sup> in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [Reads.]

*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,  
*A re*, to plead Hortensio's passion,  
*B mi*, Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
*C fa ut*, that loves with all affection:  
*D sol re*, one cliff,<sup>11</sup> two notes have I:  
*E la mi*, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,<sup>12</sup>  
To change true rules for odd inventions.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [Exit *BIANCA* and *Servant*.]

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.]

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,<sup>14</sup>  
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—PADUA. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

*Bap.* [To *TRANIO*.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be fore'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;<sup>15</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make friends invited,<sup>16</sup> and proclaim the banns;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her!"

*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would Katharine had never seen him, though! [Exit weeping, followed by *BIANCA* and others.]

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master! old news,<sup>17</sup> and such news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,<sup>18</sup> one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and

(10) *Gamut*. The scale of musical notes. The gamut is in musical notation what the alphabet is in letters and language.

(11) *Cliff*. The mark placed on the lines of music (or stave) at the commencement of a piece, indicating what pitch, or portion of the gamut is thus appropriated: whether bass (on the F line), tenor (on the C line), or treble (on the G line).

(12) *Nice*. Shakespeare uses this word with divers meanings. He employs it (as Chaucer does) for 'silly,' 'unwise;' for 'trivial;' for 'precise,' 'punctilious,' 'ceremonious;' and for 'particular,' 'fastidious.' Here it seems to bear a mingled meaning—'foolishly particular,' 'silly fastidious.'

(13) *To change true rules for odd inventions*. The first Folio misprints 'charge' for "change" (the word in the second Folio), and 'old' for "odd" (Theobald's correction).

(14) *Stale*. The word is here used in combined reference to its meaning of 'decoy,' 'lure,' or 'bait' (see Note 24, Act iv., "Tempest"); and to its meaning of 'common,' 'worthless.' See Note 50, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(15) *Rudesby, full of spleen*. Shakespeare uses the expressive term, "rudesby," again in "Twelfth Night," Act iv., sc. 1, to convey the idea of an ill-bred, overbearing fellow. "Spleen" here means 'caprice,' 'splenetic whimsicality.'

(16) *Make friends invited*. 'Cause friends to be invited.' The Folio prints 'make friends invite;' which has been variously altered to 'make friends, invite, yes;' 'make friends, invite them,' &c. But the present editors believe that a 'd' was omitted by the printer of the Folio; which, when restored to the text, gives not only sense to the passage, but makes it accord with Petruchio's words to Baptista in Act ii., sc. 1:—"Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests." Moreover, "make friends invited," for "cause friends to be invited," is in Shakespeare's style; as he elsewhere has similar phraseology. It may be well to mention that this reading was given in the edition prepared by Mary Cowden Clarke for New York (published in 1860) during the years 1857-8-9.

(17) *Old news*. The Folio omits "old;" by mistake, as is apparent from Baptista's rejoinder. "Old" is here used in the sense of 'excessive,' 'outrageous.' See Note 56, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor." Presently after, Biondello turns it punningly (in reference to Petruchio's "old jerkin," "old rusty sword," &c.) when Tranio asks what is his "old news."

(18) *Boots that have been candle-cases*. Boots that have been used as recipients for candle-ends, and now are re-taken into use as riding-boots.

chapeless;<sup>19</sup> with two broken points:<sup>20</sup> his horsehipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders,<sup>21</sup> and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before, and with a half-checked bit,<sup>22</sup> and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst,<sup>23</sup> and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>24</sup> which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* Oh, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock<sup>25</sup> on one leg, and a kersey<sup>26</sup> boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list: an old hat and "The humour of forty fancies"<sup>27</sup> pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.<sup>28</sup>

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howso'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

(19) *Chapeless*. 'Wanting its chape;' or 'without its chape.' The "chape" of a sword or dagger was the hook by which the scabbard was attached to the belt.

(20) *With two broken points*. Biondello, partly in his hurry of relation, partly in jocularly, brings in these "two broken points" as if they were part of the description of the weapon; and thereupon Johnson says, "How a sword should have 'two broken points' I cannot tell." But the "points" were the tagged strings or laces by which the upper part of the dress was attached to the lower (see Note 74, Act i.); so that, as they were used for sustaining the latter, any fracture in them would have the most slovenly effect, as well as by possibility the awkward consequences alluded to by Prince Hal in "1 Henry IV." Act ii., sc. 4; and by Maria in "Twelfth Night," Act i., sc. 5.

(21) *Glanders*. A disease to which horses are subject; of which a discharge from the nose is the peculiar symptom. "To mose in the chine," sometimes called 'mourning in the chine,' appears to have been an aggravated form of the same disorder. "The lampass" is a disease in the mouth of horses or cattle, taking the form of an excrescence of flesh above the teeth. "The fashions" is a corruption of 'farains,' or 'farcy,' a kind of leprosy in horses. "Windgalls" are explained in the Farrier's Dictionary to be 'soft, yielding, flatulent humours or bladders, full of corrupt jelly, which grow upon each side of the fetlock joints.' The same authority defines "spavins" to be 'a bony excrescence, or crust as hard as a bone, that grows on the inside of the hough.' "Raied" is 'soiled in streaks,' French, *rayé*, striped or streaked. "The yellows" is a malady incident to horses, when the gall-pipe is stopped up, and that matter which should be turned into gall is carried back into the blood, and tinctures it yellow, so that the eyes, inside of the lips, slaver, and all parts of the horse that are capable of showing the colour appear yellow. "The fives," sometimes called 'vives,' is a distemper affecting the glands under the ears. "The staggers" is a kind of equine apoplexy. "The bots" are small worms in the entrails of horses. "Swayed in the back" (misprinted 'waid' in the Folio), means 'curved in the spine;' and "shoulder-shotten" is 'strained in the shoulder.' "Ne'er legged before" is probably a similar idiom to the one used by jockeys, 'having ne'er a fore-leg to stand on;' in other words, 'founded in his fore-feet.'

(22) *A half-checked bit*. This seems to mean a bit that but half

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,  
I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man  
Is more than one,  
And yet not many.<sup>29</sup>

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come:

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate.<sup>30</sup>

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress;<sup>31</sup>  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

does its duty of checking the horse; since the "head-stall" (or portion of the bridle furniture which covers the head) is used as a restraint "to keep him from stumbling." It is not unusual with Shakespeare to employ participles thus; "as "checked" for "checking."

(23) *Burst*. Used for 'broken.' See Note 5, Induction, sc. 1.

(24) *Crupper of velure*. The "crupper" is that part of a horse's furniture or harness which is between the saddle and the tail. "Velure" is 'velvet.' French, *velours*.

(25) *Stock*. An old form of 'stocking.' See Note 21, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(26) *Kersey*. A coarse woollen stuff. Dutch, *karsaye*. See Note 101, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(27) "The humour of forty fancies." Probably the title of a collection of ballads; fastened into Grumio's hat by way of ornament. "Forty" was often used to indicate an indefinite number; and "fancies" were the names given to certain favourite songs, gay and fanciful. The fact that there is no indication in the printing of the Folio that this is a title, gives no evidence against its presumed interpretation; because in "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act ii., sc. 1), "The Hundred Merry Tales" (which we know to be the title of a jest-book) is equally printed in the Folio in the same type as the context.

(28) *Oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd*. This is one, among others, of those less evident but significant indications (alluded to in Note 1 of this play) that Petruchio is a man of penurious disposition and habits.

(29) *And yet not many*. This is printed on in the Folio, undivided into lines; but it seems like a scrap of a ballad—one of those doggerel jingles sounding like rhyme, and yet not rhyme.

(30) *Doff this habit, shame to your estate*. 'Change this attire, a disgrace to your condition.' "Doff" is 'do off,' 'put off;' and "estate" is used as explained in Note 59, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice," referring here to condition of life, state of means or income.

(31) *Though in some part enforced to digress*. 'Although from some portion of my promise I am compelled to deviate.' Petruchio refers to his having said he will repair to "Venice to buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;" and "We will have rings, and things, and fine array." He means that to disappoint Katharine of





*Petruchio.* Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—  
*Grumio.* Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:  
I'll buckler thee against a million.  
*Act III. Scene II.*





But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent<sup>32</sup>  
robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done  
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and  
BIONDELLO.*]

*Tra.* But, sir, to love concerneth<sup>33</sup> us to add  
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much,<sup>34</sup> we'll fit him to our turn,—  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician,<sup>35</sup> amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio,—came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.<sup>36</sup>

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming  
home?

promised finery is part of his taming-scheme; and that when hereafter he shall explain this, they will all be well "satisfied withal."

(32) *Unreverent.* Used here for 'disrespectful.'

(33) *But, sir, to love concerneth, &c.* The Folio prints 'But, sir, love concerneth,' &c. Tyrwhitt added the "to." The phrase is elliptical; 'it' being understood before "concerneth."

(34) *It skills not much.* 'It signifies little,' 'it matters not much.' This was an idiom used in Shakespeare's time.

(35) *The quaint musician.* "Quaint" here means 'fine,' 'dexterous,' 'accomplished;' and is, of course, used ironically by Tranio.

(36) *As willingly as e'er I came from school.* A proverbial saying, characteristically put into the mouth of Gremio, who, despite his age, seems to be an inveterate duncie.

(37) *By gogs-wouns.* A coarsely grotesque form of a most solemn oath.

(38) *If any list.* 'If any one please.' "List" is 'like,' 'desire,' 'choose,' 'be disposed towards,' 'inclined to.'

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest

Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns,"<sup>37</sup> quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."<sup>38</sup>

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why<sup>39</sup> he stamp'd  
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:<sup>40</sup> "A health!" quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,<sup>41</sup>

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips<sup>42</sup> with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo:

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before:— [*Music.*]

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for  
your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

(39) *For why.* An idiom of Shakespear's time, to express 'for the reason that,' 'because.'

(40) *He calls for wine.* A cup or bowl of "wine," with "sops" in it, was a usual accompaniment to the ceremonial of marriage in ancient times; a custom that prevailed still when Shakespeare wrote.

(41) *Quaff'd off the muscadel.* To "quaff" is to drink heartily, to swallow in large draughts. The word has been variously derived; some asserting that it comes from the Scotch word 'quaich,' or 'quaff' (spelt thus by Smollett in his "Humphry Clinker"), a small wooden drinking-vessel; and others that it comes from the Swedish word *quaf*, the bottom, as of a cup. "Muscadel," or 'muscadine,' is wine made from the *moscatello* grape; so named by Italians, from its musky scent—a fragrance like nutmeg, called by them *noce moscato*.

(42) *Kiss'd her lips.* The nuptial kiss formed also part of the church marriage-rite: and there is allusion to it in writers of Shakespeare's time.



Dine with my father, drink a health to me;  
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;  
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;<sup>45</sup>  
For me, I'll not begone till I please myself:  
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
That take it on you at the first so roundly.<sup>46</sup>

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.



*Grumio.* *Inprimis*, we came down a foul hill.

*Act IV. Scene I.*

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse.<sup>43</sup>

*Gre.* Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.<sup>44</sup>

*Kath.* Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

*Kath.* I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—  
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:  
I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her;  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,<sup>47</sup>  
Carouse full measure to her marriage-bed,

(43) *Horse.* Here, as elsewhere, used plurally for 'horses.' We still have the expression, 'a party of horse,' 'a troop of horse.'

(44) *The oats have eaten the horses.* One of those blunders of inversion that Shakespeare is fond of putting into the mouths of his clown-jesters.

(45) *Be jogging whiles your boots are green.* A familiar phrase, implying 'be moving on your way at once, while your boots are freshly greased.' That it was the custom to grease boots when preparing for a distant journey, we know; and Falstaff says,

"They would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me," "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act iv., sc. 5.

(46) *So roundly.* So roughly; so bluntly; so uncompromisingly. See Note 68, Act i.

(47) *Domineer.* Here used for 'roister,' 'feast noisily,' 'have an orgy;' what now would be called, in slang phrase, 'keep it up.' In "Tarleton's Jest" there is mention of "Tarleton having been domineering very late at night with two of his friends."



Be mad and merry,<sup>48</sup>—or go hang yourselves :  
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;  
 I will be master of what is mine own :  
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,  
 My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;  
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,  
 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;  
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—  
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,  
 Kate :

I'll buckler thee<sup>49</sup> against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants<sup>50</sup>

For to supply the places at the table,  
 You know there wants no junkets<sup>51</sup> at the feast.—  
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;  
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A hall in PETRUCHIO's country house.

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? was ever man so rayed ?<sup>1</sup> was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,<sup>2</sup> my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my body, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me :—but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I<sup>3</sup> will take cold.—Holla, ho ! Curtis !

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly ?

*Gru.* A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

*Gru.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot<sup>4</sup> a shrew as she is reported ?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,<sup>5</sup> fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee<sup>6</sup> to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world ?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore, fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

(48) *Be mad and merry.* Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses "mad" in the sense of 'wild with high spirits,' 'carried away by gay humour.'

(49) *Buckler thee.* 'Protect thee, as with a buckler or shield.' This is one of those nouns used as a verb by Shakespeare in his own potentially poetic way. All good and great poets coin them ; but he, according to his wont, surpasses all other poets in this particular, as in everything else.

(50) *Wants.* Used for 'are wanting,' 'are not here.'

(51) *Junkets.* Delicacies, dainties. "Junket," or 'juncate,' was 'a sweet dish made of cream, rose-water, and sugar ; and of fresh cheese made of milk that is curdled without any runnet, and served in a frail of green rushes.' (French, *jones*.) Eventually the term came to be applied to any kind of table delicacy.

(1) *Rayed.* May here mean 'soiled,' 'befouled,' 'berayed,' in allusion to the tumbling in the mire he has had ; or 'striped,' 'marked with lashes,' in reference to the beating he has had. See Note 21, Act iii.

(2) *A little pot, and soon hot.* A proverbial phrase. This is one among several indications that Grumio is of short stature : and we meet with similar touches in other plays ; showing how Shakespeare had the individual personality of his characters before him when he delineated them.

(3) *A taller man than I.* "Taller" is here used punningly ; in its sense of more lofty height, and in its sense of stouter, braver, more robust or athletic. See Note 60, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(4) *Hot.* Used in the sense of 'peppery,' 'fiery,' 'hot-tempered ;' but Grumio chooses to take it partly in its usual sense of 'warm.'

(5) *Myself.* It has been proposed to alter "myself" to 'thysself' here, because of Curtis's reply, "I am no beast." But Grumio, having made himself out to be a beast, and then called Curtis "fellow Curtis," includes his fellow-servant in the imputation.

(6) *Complain on thee.* For 'complain of thee.' "On" and "of" were often used indiscriminately in Shakespeare's time ; and even in our day the Yorkshire people say, "I'll tell upon thee," instead of 'I'll tell of thee.'

*Gru.* Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!"<sup>7</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of coney-catching!<sup>8</sup>—

*Gru.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed,<sup>9</sup> cobwebs swept; the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without,<sup>10</sup> the carpets laid, and everything in order?

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* [Striking him.] There.

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called a sensible<sup>11</sup> tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*,<sup>12</sup> we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

*Curt.* Both of one horse?<sup>13</sup>

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled;<sup>14</sup> how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed

before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;<sup>15</sup> how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats<sup>16</sup> brushed, and their garters of an indifferent<sup>17</sup> knit: let them court'sy with their left legs;<sup>18</sup> and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.<sup>19</sup>

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.<sup>20</sup>

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio!

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?<sup>21</sup>

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready.<sup>22</sup> How near is our master?

(7) "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" The first words of an old round in three parts, the next word of the line being "news." Grumio, as a clown-jester, is well stocked with scraps of songs, it being part of a professional jester's office to sing snatches of ballads between whiles, intermingling them with his quips and quibbles on words. A short time before, he makes allusion to another ballad, an old popular catch, in which occur the lines—

"Fire, fire;—Fire, fire:  
Cast on some more water."

(8) *Coney-catching*. More frequently used for 'thieving,' 'cheating,' 'tricking' (see Note 17, Act i., "Merry Wives"); but here used to express 'tricks of speech,' 'word-catching.'

(9) *Rushes strewed*. It was the custom formerly to strew the floors of rooms with rushes, before the use of carpets. The "carpets" mentioned a little farther on mean table-covers.

(10) *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without*. This is said punningly, "Jacks" being a name for men-servants and for leathern drinking-vessels, "Jills" being a name for women-servants and for pewter drinking-measures. "Fair within," applied to men-servants, means 'well dressed within doors;' applied to drinking-vessels, means 'well washed inside.' "Fair without," applied to women-servants, means 'neatly dressed out;' applied to drinking-measures, means 'brightened up outside.'

(11) *Sensible*. Punned upon, in the signification of 'feeling,' and in that of 'full of good sense.' See Note 23, Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(12) *Imprimis*. Latin. 'In the first place,' 'firstly.'

(13) *Both of one horse*. "Of" used for 'on.'

(14) *Bemoiled*. Bemired, daubed with mud, bedraggled. French *mouillé*, wet, dabbled.

(15) *Burst*. Broken.

(16) *Blue coats*. This was the ordinary clothing of servants. There are other allusions to it in Shakespeare.

(17) *Indifferent*. Shakespeare elsewhere uses this word to express 'tolerably,' 'passably;' and, therefore, here he may mean it to signify 'tolerably good.' But there is a probability that he intends "garters of an indifferent knit" to signify 'garters knit alike, not differing from each other.' It is worthy of notice that these injunctions of Grumio serve to show that Petruchio's household is in more than the disorderly state of bachelor slovenliness that is to be arranged for the reception of a bride; it has evidently been in the squalid neglect and dirt which mark the habitual condition of a miser's, or, at any rate, of a stingy man's dwelling.

(18) *Court'sy with their left legs*. "Make their bows with their left legs stuck out." "Court'sy" was used for a man's salutation as well as for a woman's (see Note 46, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost"); and the sticking one leg out in an attitude formed so important a feature in this act of reverence, that to make a bow was at one time called 'making a leg.'

(19) *To countenance my mistress*. Curtis here uses the word "countenance" in the sense of 'entertain,' 'receive,' or 'welcome,' though Grumio chooses to take it in its more usual sense. A quotation will show the way in which the word was thus employed:—"The old law was, that when a man was fined, he was to be fined *salvo contentamento*, so as his countenance might be safe, taking countenance in the same sense as your countryman does, when he says, 'If you will come unto my house, I will show you the best countenance I can;' that is, not the best face, but the best entertainment."—*Selden's Table Talk*.

(20) *To credit her*. Curtis uses this expression in the sense of 'to do her credit,' 'to do her honour;' but Grumio replies to it in the sense of 'to advance money upon credit.'

(21) *Old lad*. An instance of Shakespeare's using the word "old" as a term of familiarity, not as indicating age. See Note 62, Act iv., "Measure for Measure," and Note 1, Act v., "As You Like It."

(22) *All things is ready*. Besides that such a false concord was a



*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not, —Cock's passion,<sup>23</sup> silence! —I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir. —

*Pet.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! —  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty? —  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you hobbling malt-horse<sup>24</sup> drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;<sup>25</sup>

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,<sup>26</sup>  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —

*[Exeunt some of the Servants.]*

*[Sings.]* Where is the life that late I led<sup>27</sup> —

Where are those? — Sit down, Kate, and welcome. —  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>28</sup>

permitted grammatical licence in Shakespeare's time, it is here characteristically put into the servant Nathaniel's mouth; and, moreover, forms a kind of humorous jumbling of Grumio's last speech, "Is all ready, and all things neat?"

(23) *Cock's passion.* A commonly used and vulgarised form of a very solemn oath.

(24) *Malt-horse.* Heavy, lumbering, clumsy. See Note 2, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."

(25) *Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel.* "Pumps" are shoes with thin soles and low heels. "Unpink'd" is said to mean unpierced with eyelet-holes; but, inasmuch as shoes are not fastened at the heel, we incline to think that "pinking," thus applied, was more akin to a process now known by that name. "Pink'd silk" means strips of silk cut out or stamped at the edges in small scollops; and possibly "pink'd," as used by Shakespeare, meant this kind of ornamentation. In "Henry VIII." (v. 3) we meet with mention of "a haberdasher's wife, whose pink'd porringer fell off her head;" and this confirms us in our idea.

(26) *No link to colour Peter's hat.* A "link" is a torch made of pitch and straw, or rope-yarn; and we find in the following passage an explanation of the use to which it was sometimes put:—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills instead of new, blacked over with the smoke of an old link." —*Greene's Mihil Mumchance.* It has been remarked, that here "Grumio is evidently playing into his master's hands." He certainly has not been home long enough to know all these details; but they quite well agree with the rest of the points that we learn of this forlorn household; and they have much more the look of excuses fabricated by Grumio, as likely to be the case, than particulars invented to second his master's purpose.

(27) *Where is the life that late I led?* A scrap of an old ballad, quoted also by Pistol in "2 Henry IV." (v. 3). Petruchio hums it as one of his side flings at Katharine; pretending to regret his bachelor liberty.

(28) *Soud, soud, soud, soud!* Shakespeare's coined word, to express fatigue, heat, and impatience. Great comic authors, like Shakespeare and Molière, take the pains to invent and write down words for their characters to speak, in order that they may give full expression to the ideas intended to be conveyed. Monsieur de Forceagnac's "Ah! ah!" the premier Medecin's "Hom! hom!" Orgon's and George Dandin's "Ouais!" Madame de Sotenville's "Pouah!" Nicole's "Hi! hi!" — are all of the same kind of coinage

*Re-enter Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say?<sup>29</sup> — Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. —

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

*[Sings.]* It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way:<sup>30</sup> —

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

*[Strikes him.]* Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. —

Be merry, Kate. — Some water, here; what, ho! —

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:<sup>31</sup> —

*[Exit Servant.]*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —

Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

*Enter a Servant with a bason and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash,<sup>32</sup> and welcome heartily. —

*[Servant lets the ewer fall.]*

You boggling villain! will you let it fall?

*[Strikes him.]*

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.<sup>33</sup>

*Pet.* A boggling, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! —

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.<sup>34</sup>  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? —  
What's this? mutton?

*First Serv.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.*

I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

as Petruchio's "Soud, soud!" — seemingly insignificant monosyllables, but really suggestive of the most exquisitely humorous effects.

(29) *Why, when, I say?* "When" was a word in common use as an exclamation of impatience. See Note 50, Act i., "Tempest."

(30) *It was the friar, &c.* A scrap of another old ballad; but, like the last-quoted, now lost. Dr. Percy collected this and other lyrical fragments from Shakespeare's pages, and put them together, adding somewhat of his own to form a complete whole; which, under the title of "The Friar of Orders Grey," appears in the second book of the first volume of "Percy's Reliques."

(31) *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.* As this character does not make his appearance, we may imagine that Petruchio merely calls for him as he asks after his dog; to seem additionally lordly and masterful in the eyes of Katharine, and in order to show her that she is to like and dislike according to his will, as well as to receive affectionately, in the light of a relation, his kindred, and all whom he may choose her so to receive. The custom of having kinsfolk to reside in the household of the head of the family as dependants — sometimes even as domestics — has been pointed out in Note 50, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(32) *Come, Kate, and wash.* Washing the hands immediately before and after eating was an indispensable accompaniment to meals, in times when, from the rarity of knives and forks, it was the practice to eat with the fingers.

(33) *Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.* This little speech of Katharine's affords an evidence of what, to our minds, Shakespeare subtly conveys in the drawing of her character — that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of another — a servant. Moreover, she finds he does not treat her roughly, but does all avowedly for her sake; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as "good, sweet Kate," and "sweet Kate;" thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and consideration for her amid all his general turbulence (see the first Note in the play). The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katharine how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home.

(34) *I know you have a stomach.* Petruchio uses this phrase punningly, as a sly flier at Katharine, in its sense of "I know you









*Petruchio.* Why, what, o' mischief's name, tailor, call'st  
thou this?

*Act IV. Scene III.*





*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politiciely begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
And, till she stoop,<sup>39</sup> she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall  
not;  
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
Ay, and amid this hurly,<sup>40</sup> I intend<sup>41</sup>  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;<sup>42</sup>  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong  
humour.—  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.<sup>43</sup>  
*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.  
[*They stand aside.*]

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?  
*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.  
*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.  
*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!  
*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! [*They retire.*]  
*Hor.* [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry!  
Now, tell me, I pray,

(39) *Till she stoop.* The word "stoop" is here used in its sense of yield, bend, submit, and in its sense of coming down as a trained falcon upon its prey. The whole passage abounds in terms borrowed from falconry, and used figuratively. "Full-gorged" is fully fed; and "lure" is the stuffed bird made to represent that kind of living one which it is intended that the falcon shall pursue. The use of the "lure" was to tempt the falcon back after it had flown. To "man" a hawk is to tame it; and a "haggard" is a wild unreclaimed hawk. See Note 4, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing." To "watch" a hawk, is to keep it waking. See Note 19, Act v., "Merry Wives of Windsor." To "bate" is to flutter; as the falcon does when it strikes its prey irregularly.

You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

*Tra.* Oh, spiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:<sup>44</sup>  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeign'd oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:  
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite  
forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.<sup>45</sup>  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love:—and so, I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.*]

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessèd case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* Heaven give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

(40) *Hurly.* Tumult, uproar, commotion. French, *hurler*, to howl, yell, or cry aloud.

(41) *Intend.* Used here, as elsewhere, for 'pretend.'

(42) *To kill a wife with kindness.* A familiar expression in Shakespeare's time; and suggested the name of his contemporary Thomas Heywood's impressive play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness."

(43) *She bears me fair in hand.* 'She gives me fair encouragement.' To "bear in hand" was an idiom for encourage, lead on in false hope or expectation, beguile by appearance of good-will. See Note 37, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(44) *Cullion.* A base, mean fellow.

(45) *Haggard.* A degenerate hawk; a hawk incapable of being

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,<sup>46</sup>  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering  
tongue.<sup>47</sup>

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Oh, master, master, I have watch'd so  
long  
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>48</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,<sup>49</sup>  
I know not what; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir!

*Tra.* And you, sir! you are  
welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:  
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, Heaven forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes  
hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so!  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:—  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an  
oyster, and all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,<sup>50</sup>  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—  
Look that you take upon you as you should;  
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city:  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand;—  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance<sup>51</sup> of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:  
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears:

What! did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon entreaty have a present alms;<sup>52</sup>  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed<sup>53</sup> that I should entreat,—  
Am starv'd for meat,<sup>54</sup> giddy for lack of sleep;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love;  
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.—  
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Kath.* 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me  
have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.<sup>55</sup>  
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

reclaimed, or trained. See Note 4, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(46) *Tricks eleven and twenty long.* An allusion to the game of "one-and-thirty," mentioned in Note 65, Act i.

(47) *Charm her chattering tongue.* Shakespeare uses the verb "charm" for 'bind as by a spell,' 'conjure,' 'subdue by magic influence.'

(48) *An ancient angel.* This seems to have been a sort of cant term for a good old soul, a worthy old fellow; one easily to be cajoled. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille*, 'An old angel; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp.'

(49) *A mercatantè, or a pedant.* A mercatantè (spelt in the Folio 'Marcatant') is the Italian word for merchant; and "pedant"

was used in England, as in Italy *pedante* is still used, for school-master, preceptor, tutor, one who has the charge of youth.

(50) *Undertake.* Here used for 'assume.'

(51) *Assurance.* Throughout this play, in every instance except one, the word "assurance" is used in its legal sense of 'agree upon a settlement,' 'consent to confer property,' 'give security for,' 'draw up a deed of gift.'

(52) *A present alms.* 'An immediate alms,' 'an alms given at once.'

(53) *Nor never needed.* Instance of Shakespeare's using the double negative.

(54) *Am starv'd for meat.* Shakespeare's elliptical way of expressing 'am starv'd for want of meat.'

(55) *Too choleric a meat.* The insolence of Grumio's jocosely









*Kath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.<sup>56</sup>

*Kath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

That triumph thus upon my misery!  
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and*  
*HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What! sweeting,  
all amort?<sup>57</sup>



*Tailor.* [*Reads.*] *Inprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

*Grumio.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it.

*Act IV. Scene III.*

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Kath.* Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:  
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Kath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.<sup>58</sup>

Here, take away this dish.

affecting to believe that tasteless neat's foot and insipid tripe are "cholerick," is well imagined to act as an exasperation to Katharine, culminating in his balking her altogether of the expected food.

(56) *The mustard is too hot a little.* Here Master Grumio is borne out by the belief of the time. We find in "The Glasse of Humours" (no date), "A cholerick man should abstain from all salt, scorched

dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours." See Note 35 of this Act.

(57) *Amort.* Dispirited, discouraged, inanimate; as if dead. French, *à mort*, to death.

(58) *Sorted to no proof.* 'Tended to no purpose,' 'proved of no avail,' 'met with no approval.' Shakespeare uses "sort" for befell, happen, concur, tend befittingly towards. See Note 30, Act iv.,



*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.<sup>59</sup>

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—  
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* [*Aside to him.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio,  
if thou lov'st me.—

[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales,<sup>60</sup> and  
things;<sup>61</sup>

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of  
bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy  
leisure,<sup>62</sup>

To deck thy body with his ruffling<sup>63</sup> treasure.

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.—

*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis low and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one  
too,

And not till then.

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

"Much Ado about Nothing." "Proof" is probably here used for 'proof or approof, approbation.

(59) *I thank you, sir.* This, and her previous "I pray you, let it stand," excellently depict the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katharine's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of her having been betrayed into it; the more, from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure, by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual, as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done, bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries.

(60) *Farthingales.* Hoops. See Note 23, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(61) *Things.* One of the big-wig commentators pronounces this to be "a poor word;" and opined that "perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme." [Poor Shakespeare! At a loss for a rhyming word!] But "things" here is precisely the sort of semi-sarcastic term—a term favoured by the female sex when talking rapturously of inexpressibly charming finery—that Petruchio would use; as in the next line he uses "knavery," not only for its rhyming with "bravery," but because it implies trumpery, frippery, trickery of ornament.

(62) *The tailor stays thy leisure.* Women's gowns in Shakespeare's time were usually made by men.

(63) *Ruffling.* 'Flaunting,' 'showy.' To "ruffle" was a verb

*Kath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to  
speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;<sup>64</sup>

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin,<sup>65</sup> a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the  
cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us  
see't.

Oh, mercy! Look, what masquing stuff is here!

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:<sup>66</sup>

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,<sup>67</sup>

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:<sup>68</sup>—

Why, what, o' mischief's name, tailor, call'st thou  
this?

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] I see she's like to have neither  
cap nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remem-  
ber'd,<sup>69</sup>

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel<sup>70</sup> home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it:<sup>71</sup> hence! make your best of it.

*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint,<sup>72</sup> more pleasing, nor more commend-  
able:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of  
thee.

used in Shakespeare's time for 'flaunt,' 'show off,' 'wear gaudy apparel.'

(64) *Have endur'd me say my mind.* 'Have borne my saying my mind.'

(65) *A custard-coffin.* "Coffin" was formerly a culinary term for the raised crust of a pie, pasty, or custard.

(66) *Demi-cannon.* "A 'demi-cannon' ordinary" is technically described to be 'a great gun six inches four-eighths diameter in the bore, twelve feet long; it carries a shot six inches one-sixth diameter, and thirty-two pounds weight.'

(67) *Snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash.* This we imagine to allude to the same kind of slashed ornamentation used for dresses, referred to in Note 54, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(68) *A censer in a barber's shop.* The kind of censer here alluded to was a sort of brazier, or fire-pan on a stand, with a pierced cover; used for burning perfumes in to sweeten the place, for keeping the shaving water warm, and for drying the towels upon.

(69) *If you be remember'd.* 'If you remember.' A form of the verb sometimes used by Shakespeare. See Note 94, Act ii., and Note 127, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(70) *Hop me over every kennel.* The idiomatic form of construction pointed out in Note 60, Act i.

(71) *I'll none of it.* Instance of Shakespeare's using "it" in reference to an object not immediately precedingly-named. "It" here refers not to "custom," but to the gown mentioned three speeches before.

(72) *Quaint.* We have before observed that Shakespeare uses this word with various significations. Here it means gracefully devised, tastefully made and trimmed. The word is similarly employed in "Much Ado about Nothing" (iii. 4), where Margaret, comparing Hero's wedding-dress to the Duchess of Milan's gown, says, "For a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't."



*Tai.* She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* Oh, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?<sup>73</sup>

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,<sup>74</sup>

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!<sup>75</sup>

I tell thee, I,<sup>76</sup> that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave orders how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.<sup>77</sup>

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men;<sup>78</sup> brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.<sup>79</sup>

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:—

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread:<sup>80</sup> I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] With a small compassed<sup>81</sup> cape:—

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] With a trunk sleeve:<sup>82</sup>—

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] The sleeves curiously cut.

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,<sup>83</sup> give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* Od's-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up.—

[*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

[*To Tailor.*] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* [*Aside to Tailor.*] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long Lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it!—Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

(73) *With a skein of thread?* Instance of Shakespeare's using "with" where now 'by' would be used.

(74) *Be-mete thee with thy yard.* 'Be-measure thee with thy yard-wand.'

(75) *As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!* Tantamount to our more modern phraseology—"that I'll make you remember chattering as long as you live."

(76) *I tell thee, I.* This emphatic repetition of the personal pronoun was used in English formerly, as the French still say—*Je vous dis, moi.*

(77) *Thou hast faced many things.* Grumio says this punningly; in the sense of 'thou hast trimmed many things with facings' (see Note 42, Act iii., "Measure for Measure"), and in the sense of 'thou hast asserted many false things with a bold face.'

(78) *Thou hast braved many men.* Also said punningly; in the sense of 'thou hast made many men brave by fine clothes and dressing them out,' and in the sense of 'thou hast defied or dared the anger of many men.'

(79) *The note lies in's throat, if he say, &c.* The use of "his" for

'its,' and "he" for 'it,' which was the custom in Shakespeare's time, has a peculiarly droll effect here in Grumio's mouth, as *personifying* "the note" into an adversary.

(80) *A bottom of brown thread.* "Bottom" is a term used for that on which thread or silk is wound. See Note 29, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(81) *Compassed.* Round, circular; as drawn with a compass.

(82) *Trunk sleeve.* Trunk hose and trunk sleeves were fashions that consisted of huge stuffed or padded portions of the dress; and so called from their capacious form and size. Mr. Planché, in his "History of British Costume," quotes an entry of Henry the Eighth's time for "a pair of *truncke sleeves* of redde cloth of gold, with cut workes, having twelve pair of agletes of gold."

(83) *Take thou the bill.* Grumio uses the word "bill" punningly; in its sense of paper of instructions (what the tailor has called "the note of the fashion"), and in its sense of such a weapon as is described in Note 39, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing." "Mete-yard" is measuring-yard; what is now called a 'yard-measure,' or 'yard-wand.'

SCENE IV.—PADUA. *Before BAPTISTA's house.*

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like*  
VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,<sup>84</sup> Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.<sup>85</sup>

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own,<sup>86</sup> in any case, With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Ped.* I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy; 'Twere good he were school'd.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you: Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice; And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow:<sup>87</sup> [*Gives money.*] hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.— [*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me<sup>88</sup> now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And,—for the good report I hear of you; And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him,—to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like

No worse than I,—upon some agreement, Me shall you find ready and willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd; For curious<sup>89</sup> I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say: Your plainness and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass<sup>90</sup> my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best We be affied,<sup>91</sup> and such assurance ta'en As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears,<sup>92</sup> and I have many servants: Besides, old Gremio is hearkening<sup>93</sup> still; And, happily,<sup>94</sup> we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you: There doth my father lie;<sup>95</sup> and there, this night, We'll pass<sup>96</sup> the business privately and well. Send for your daughter by your servant here; My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently. The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning, You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well.<sup>97</sup>—Cambio, hie you home, And bid Bianca make her ready straight; And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd,— Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.<sup>98</sup>

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you.

[*Exeunt TRANIO, PEDANT, and BAPTISTA.*]

*Bion.* Cambio!—

*Luc.* What sayest thou, Biondello?

(84) *But I be deceiv'd.* "But" is here used in the sense of 'unless.'

(85) *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.* This line in the Folio is assigned to Tranio, but Theobald made it the conclusion of the Pedant's speech. It is in fact a portion of that which Tranio has been prompting him to say, and which he is recapitulating ready for repeating in the assumed character of Vincentio. Shakespeare again perpetuates the ancient custom of giving distinctive names to particular houses (see Note 15, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors"); and though some of the commentators twit him with having "taken a sign out of London and hung it up in Padua," yet the classical winged horse of poesy was likely to be as popular a sign in the classic land of Italy (where, to this day, classical allusions and classical tokens abound) as we learn that it was in the metropolis of England.

(86) *Hold your own.* An idiomatic expression, signifying 'keep up your consequence,' 'maintain your position,' 'preserve the character you assume.'

(87) *A tall fellow.* 'A brave boy,' 'a capital lad,' 'a chap to be relied on.' "Tall" was often used in the sense of 'brave,' 'stout,' 'bold.' See Note 60, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(88) *Stand good father to me.* An idiom of the time for 'be a kind father to me,' 'be favourable to me or to my suit.'

(89) *Curious.* Here used for 'scrupulous.'

(90) *Pass.* Here used as a law term; to 'assure' or 'convey.' It has the effect of 'pledge a promise,' as we now say 'pass your word.'

(91) *Affied.* Affianced, betrothed.

(92) *Pitchers have ears.* A proverbial phrase; still in common use.

(93) *Hearkening.* Here used, not only in the sense of listening or eaves-dropping, but also in the sense of 'hankering after,' 'anxiously seeking to obtain.' See Note 103, Act i.

(94) *Happily.* Sometimes used for 'haply,' 'perchance,' 'peradventure.'

(95) *Lie.* Lodge, dwell. See Note 16, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(96) *Pass.* Here used in the sense of 'transact,' 'accomplish.'

(97) *It likes me well.* An idiom in use in Shakespeare's time; tantamount to 'It pleases me well,' or 'I am well content it should be so.' A somewhat similar form of expression occurs in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." See Note 16, Act iv., of that play.

(98) *Like to be Lucentio's wife.* "Like" is here, and in the last line of the previous speech, used for 'likely.' Also, in the line a little farther on—"one mess is like to be your cheer;" which means, 'one course only is likely to be your fare.'





*Petruchio.* [To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress:  
where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

*Act IV. Scene V.*





Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect<sup>99</sup> they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:<sup>100</sup> to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient<sup>101</sup> honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*]

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.<sup>102</sup> [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:<sup>103</sup> It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE V.—A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, in Heaven's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,<sup>104</sup>

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go on,<sup>105</sup> and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

An if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.<sup>106</sup>

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily,<sup>107</sup> against the bias.—

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become<sup>108</sup> that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

(99) *Expect*. This word has been changed to 'except.' But the whole speech represents hurried talking; and "expect" here stands for 'believe that,' 'take for granted that;' just as "to the church" stands for 'away to the church,' 'be off to the church,' or 'go to the church.'

(100) *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. A Latin phrase formerly put on books, conferring exclusive right to print them; meaning 'with privilege to print solely.' Of course Biondello uses the words in reference to the exclusive right of possession which the marriage ceremony confers.

(101) *Sufficient*. Used for 'capable,' 'efficient.'

(102) *Appendix*. A supplementary edition. Master Biondello is still using terms borrowed from "book-printing;" and applies the term "appendix" figuratively to the wife whom Lucentio intends to add to his possessions.

(103) *I'll roundly go about her*. 'I'll go straightforwardly or promptly to work with her.' "Roundly" was used for 'directly,' 'bluntly,' 'bluffly;' and even for 'roughly.' See Note 46, Act iii.

(104) *List*. Like, desire, choose.

(105) *Go on*. This has been changed to 'Go one;' but it means

'go on to Long Lane end,' where the horses had been appointed to await their coming, while they walked thither on foot. See conclusion of sc. 3 of the present Act. Petruchio gives a vaguely-directing hectoring order in this passage, as he gave one in the passage alluded to:—"Go, call my men," just to keep up his dictatorial, commanding style.

(106) *It shall be so for me*. Katharine, now fully perceiving the absurdity of mere wilfulness and opposition, gives way thoroughly, as the more sensible course; but at this turning-point, in such a character as hers, there is great peril of contempt coming to mingle with her yielding. The exigencies of the play demanded no farther development of the moral story; else we should have seen how Shakespeare would have contrived to manifest the way in which Petruchio maintains his wife's respect while curbing her spirit. As it is, the dramatist has only sufficiently indicated this in its results, since the space left did not permit him to detail the effecting process.

(107) *Unluckily*. Here used for perversely.

(108) *Become*. Adorn, grace, set off, give loveliness to. See Note 50, Act iii., "As You Like It."

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
That everything I look on seemeth green:<sup>109</sup>  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known

Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter<sup>110</sup> much amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;  
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.<sup>111</sup>

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and  
VINCENTIO.]

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
Have to my widow!<sup>112</sup> and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. Before LUCENTIO's house.

*Enter on one side* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;  
*Gremio walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master<sup>1</sup> as soon as I can. [*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the market-place;  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go:

I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

*Enter* Pedant above, at a window.

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do your hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* [*To* VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a

(109) *Seemeth green.* Not only does Shakespeare here show his accurate knowledge of natural phenomena, but he has a witty play on the word "green;" which signifies not only that peculiar colour all other objects assume to the eye that has been gazing on the sun, but also means 'young.'

(110) *Encounter.* Here used for 'address,' 'mode of accosting.'

(111) *A son of mine, which long, &c.* Instance of "which" used for 'who.'

(112) *Have to my widow!* This is an idiomatic phrase of elliptical construction, implying 'let us have a going to,' or 'let us go.'

It is tantamount to the Italian '*Andiamo!*' and the French '*Allons!*' 'Have after,' 'have with you,' 'have at him,' are all kindred expressions, and are all used by Shakespeare. They each signify readiness to go or do, in fulfilment of some proposal.

(1) *And then come back to my master.* The Folio misprints 'mistris' here for "master." Biondello speaks of Tranio (in the assumed character of Lucentio) thus, as he has before (Act iv., sc. 4) said to the real Lucentio, "You saw my master wink and laugh upon you;"





Katharina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?  
Act V. Scene II.





means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: Heaven send 'em good shipping!<sup>3</sup>—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* [*Seeing BION.*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What! have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What! you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What! my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

*Ped.* Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*]

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—Oh, immortal gods! Oh, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!<sup>4</sup>—Oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband<sup>5</sup> at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What! is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns<sup>6</sup> it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! Oh, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is

Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! Oh, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—Oh, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched<sup>7</sup> in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be halèd and abus'd:—Oh, monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Bion.* Oh, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?  
[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*]

*Bian.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,  
While counterfeit supposes<sup>8</sup> blear'd thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing,<sup>9</sup> with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that cursèd villain Tranio,  
That fac'd and brav'd me<sup>10</sup> in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.<sup>11</sup>

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love<sup>12</sup>

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance<sup>13</sup> in the town;

(2) *Under my countenance.* 'Under the appearance of being me;' 'under the protection which his assumption of my character will give him.'

(3) *Send 'em good shipping!* A figurative expression, equivalent to 'send them safely into port!' or, 'send them prosperously to the haven they wish to reach!'

(4) *A copatain hat.* A high-crowned, steeple-crowned, or sugar-loaf-shaped hat. From Saxon, *cop*, the head or the top of anything.

(5) *Husband.* Used here for 'economist,' 'careful or frugal manager.' We still have the term 'to husband my means.'

(6) *'Cerns.* An elisional form of 'concerns.'

(7) *Coney-catched.* Duped, deluded, cheated. See Note 17, Act i., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(8) *Supposes.* This word is used as a noun by Shakespeare, and by other writers of his time. George Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's "*I Suppositi*" bears the title of "The Supposes," and is

believed to have furnished Shakespeare with some of the present portions of the plot of "The Taming of the Shrew" (see Note 1 of this play). The introduction of the word in the passage now under consideration confirms this belief. "Supposes" here means 'appearances,' 'assumed characters,' 'incidents calculated to inspire supposition.' "Blear'd" was often figuratively used for 'deluded,' 'deceived,' 'cheated.'

(9) *Packing.* Conspiring, combining in a plot or scheme. See Note 47, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(10) *Fac'd and brav'd me.* See Notes 77 and 78, Act iv.

(11) *Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.* There is a pun here; *Cambio* being the Italian word for a change or exchange.

(12) *Bianca's love.* Used in Shakespeare's elliptical style, for 'my love for Bianca,' or 'love of Bianca.'

(13) *Bear my countenance.* 'Assume my character,' 'wear my appearance,' 'pass for me.' See Note 2 of this Act.

And happily I have arrivèd at the last  
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.  
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

*Bap.* [To LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy.

[*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough:<sup>14</sup> but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What! in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What! art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, sir, Heaven forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.<sup>15</sup>

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—A room in LUCENTIO'S house.

A banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—  
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:  
My banquet<sup>16</sup> is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.<sup>17</sup>

*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

*Pet.* Roundly replied.<sup>18</sup>

*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,<sup>19</sup>

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.*

Right, I mean you.

*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

*Pet.* A hundred marks,<sup>20</sup> my Kate does put her down. Ha' to thee, lad.<sup>21</sup> [*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

*Bian.* Head, and butt! a hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

*Bian.* Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!<sup>22</sup>

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*

(14) *My cake is dough.* A proverbial expression in the times when cakes were baked at the embers instead of in an oven. See Note 29, Act i.

(15) *Come, sirrah, let's away.* It has been suggested that this is addressed to Katharine; inasmuch as the term was sometimes applied to women as well as to men. There is ground for the suggestion; but we rather think that Petruchio says it as if to one of his servants, as he has before said, "Go, call my men," and "Go on." See Note 105, Act iv. He has this way of giving orders, addressed to no one in particular, merely for the sake of assuming a hectoring air as a part of his taming system. Moreover, it is possibly addressed to Grumio; for, in the Folio, his entrance is stated in this scene among the other attendants, and we find that he accompanies his master to Padua, because in the last scene Petruchio says to him—"Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say," &c.

(16) *Banquet.* Sometimes used to express what we now call a dessert. It consisted of a course of fruit, cake, sweetmeats,

wine, &c.; was often served after supper as well as after dinner, and in a different room from the one in which the principal meal had been eaten.

(17) *Hortensio fears his widow.* The word "fears" was often used both actively and passively, in the sense of to 'frighten,' and to 'be afraid of.' Petruchio says it in the latter sense; the widow takes it in the former sense.

(18) *Roundly replied.* "Roundly" is punningly said, in reference to "the world turns round;" and in the sense of 'bluntly,' 'bluffly.'

(19) *Shrew.* Sometimes pronounced (as here, for the sake of rhyme) 'shrow.'

(20) *Marks.* The coin called a 'mark' was, in value, thirteen shillings and fourpence.

(21) *Ha' to thee, lad.* Equivalent to the more modern 'Here's to thee;' and a similar idiom to those explained in Note 112, Act iv.

(22) *Have at you for a bitter jest or two.* See Note 112, Act iv.



*Pet.* She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* Oh, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift<sup>23</sup> simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

*Bap.* Oh, ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird,<sup>24</sup> good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness,<sup>25</sup> son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife;  
And he whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk<sup>26</sup> or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match! 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I.—

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [Exit.]

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now! what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one, too:  
Pray Heaven, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, better.

*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]

*Pet.* Oh, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! oh, vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [Exit GRUMIO.]

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame,<sup>27</sup> here comes  
Katharina!

*Re-enter KATHARINA.*

*Kath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither: if they deny<sup>28</sup> to come,  
Swinge<sup>29</sup> me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.]

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful<sup>30</sup> rule, and right supremacy;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.  
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:  
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.]

*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.<sup>31</sup>

*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women  
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

"Bitter" is printed 'better' in the Folio. Capell made the correction.

(23) *Swift*. Here used for prompt, quick-witted. See Note 32, Act v., "As You Like It."

(24) *Gird*. Scoff, taunt, flect.

(25) *In good sadness*. "In all seriousness," 'seriously speaking.' "Sad" was often used for serious, grave, sedate, sober. See Note 26, Act i., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(26) *I'll venture so much of my hawk*. Instance of "of" used for 'on.'

(27) *Holidame*. Perhaps a corruption of "halidom." See Note

20, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona." But possibly a form of 'Holy Dame,' or 'Blessed Lady.'

(28) *Deny*. Used for 'refuse.' See Note 34, Act iv., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(29) *Swinge*. Shakespeare sometimes uses this word as we now use the word 'lash'; that is, really meaning to strike as with a whip, but figuratively meaning to strike or punish with words.

(30) *Awful*. Here, as elsewhere, used for 'lawful,' 'legitimately authorised.' See Note 5, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(31) *The more fool you, for laying on my duty*. This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours old, puts the climax to the delineation

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sov'reign; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And, when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions<sup>32</sup> and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big<sup>33</sup> as one of yours,  
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown:  
But now I see our lances are but straws;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
Then vail your stomachs,<sup>34</sup> for it is no boot,<sup>35</sup>  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad;<sup>36</sup> for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.<sup>37</sup>

[To LUCENTIO.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;<sup>38</sup>

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

*Hor.* Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.<sup>39</sup>

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.<sup>40</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

(as we feel it throughout: see Note 20, Act i.; Note 2, Act ii.; Notes 5 and 8, Act iii.) of Bianca's character. Shakespeare has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable'; but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless.

(32) *Soft conditions.* 'Gentle qualities,' 'docile dispositions.'

(33) *Big.* Used here for swelling, haughty, unbending, unsubmitive; and "great" is employed in a similar sense in the next line.

(34) *Vail your stomachs.* 'Abate your pride,' 'lower your haughtiness.' See Note 34, Act iv.

(35) *It is no boot.* 'It is of no profit or advantage,' 'it is useless to resist.'

(36) *Old lad.* Instance of Shakespeare's using the adjective "old" without reference to age. See Note 21, Act iv.

(37) *Sped.* Idiomatically used for despatched, destroyed, ruined. To speed well or ill, is still an idiom in use; and well may Petruchio say that his two fellow-bridgrooms have sped ill, or "are sped" (injured for life) in the wives they have chosen; apparently meek and loving, but really self-willed and disobedient.

(38) *Hit the white.* A term borrowed from archery; meaning to win by hitting the centre of the target, generally painted

white. It is figuratively used for winning Bianca, the Italian for "white."

(39) *Shrew.* Here pronounced shrow, for the sake of the rhyme. See Note 19 of this Act. It is so pronounced also at the close of Act iv., sc. 1.

(40) *'Tis a wonder, &c.* This is the line alluded to in Note 1 of the play. It contains, so to say, the essence of its moral: to superficial observers (and Lucentio is notably superficial in judgment; witness his choice of Bianca) it is "a wonder" that a woman like Katharine should be brought from her first violence and wilfulness into the good sense and sweet wisdom of her ultimate wifely submission and knowledge of feminine duty. But to those who read Shakespeare's teaching attentively, the underlying means of influence and monition are discernible beneath the ostensible means of mere out-blustering and out-domineering. Petruchio's hectoring and ordering have that humorous exaggeration which serves to show his wife how ludicrous is such habitual and unreasonable waywardness; he shows her the folly and absurdity as well as the hatefulness of violent temper; and, withal, he keeps throughout the personal fondness for her which wins a woman's heart while it convinces her understanding. It is thus that Katharine is reformed; it is "so" that the Shrew is "tamed."







CS

BURRISSE

ALL'S WELL THAT  
ENDS WELL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFFU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.

Several Young French Lords, that serve with  
Bertram in the Florentine War.

RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.

LAVATCH, Clown in her Household.

A Page, also in her Household.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

A Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.  
MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE—*partly in FRANCE, and partly in TUSCANY.*





# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROUSILLON. *A hall in the mansion of the Countess.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,<sup>2</sup> evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.<sup>3</sup>

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father,—oh, that "had!" how sad a passage 'tis!<sup>4</sup>—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal,<sup>5</sup> and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession,

(1) The earliest printed copy of "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" known to be in existence, is that of the 1623 Folio. It is supposed to be the same play as one mentioned by Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598; there called "Love Labors Wonne." Probably it may have been a youthful composition of the poet, originally named by him "Love's Labour's Won, or All's Well that Ends Well;" and that when, at a subsequent period, he re-touched it for production on the stage, its second title only was retained. There are several reasons that sway us to this belief: first, there are variations of style visible in the course of the play, that bear trace of Shakespeare's younger manner, and of his more mature manner; the story seems to be that which, of all Shakespeare's known dramas, best consists with the title of "Love's Labour's Won," and that title forms a sort of counterpart to "Love's Labour's Lost," which bears internal evidence of being written at an early period of Shakespeare's authorship; while in after years, when bringing forward "All's Well that Ends Well" for public performance, it may have been thought not only that that title was most taking and most pertinent, but that there no longer existed any advantage in allusion to the counter-partly-named play. The pertinence of the title of "All's Well that Ends Well" is manifest from three passages occurring in it, which will be duly notified in their proper places. We find the source of the plot in Boccaccio's "Giletta of Narbona," which forms the ninth novel of the third day in his "Decamerone." There is a translation of this tale in the first volume of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 4to, 1566; and it is probable that hence Shakespeare became acquainted with what furnished him with the groundwork for this interesting drama. The conduct of the whole, the moulding of the incidents with effect, the moral force evolved from the plot and characters, the fine development of the

main of these characters themselves, with the introduction and originating such life-like personages as Countess Rousillon, Lord Lafeu, Parolles, and Lavatch the clown-jester, belong entirely to Shakespeare; so that, while borrowing a spirited plot from a great Italian author, our great English dramatist constructed a work which Boccaccio himself would have been the first to appreciate in its entirety of excellence.

(2) *In ward.* The heirs of great fortunes, under the feudal law, were wards to the king. This custom prevailed in England, and in some parts of France; and although it has been objected that Shakespeare is here guilty of mistake in ascribing it to a French province where it did not exist, yet he is not to blame in this matter, since this point is found in the original Italian novel of Boccaccio, whence the plot of the play is taken.

(3) *Rather than lack it, &c.* Warburton proposed to alter "lack" to "slack," which, to our minds, would render the passage inexplicable. As it stands, it seems to us to be elliptically expressed, but thoroughly intelligible. It may be thus interpreted—"Your worthiness would stir it (that is, the king's "virtue," favour, or kindness) up where it did not exist, rather than be without it where it exists in such abundance."

(4) *How sad a passage 'tis!* Shakespeare uses this word "passage" with peculiar signification, to represent that which passes, that which takes place or occurs. The Countess's parenthetical exclamation concisely pictures all the calamitous circumstances involved in that one word "had"—the lost parent, the young girl's orphanhood, her own dead husband, her son's past dwelling with her at home, and his imminent departure.

(5) *Had it stretched so far, would have, &c.* An instance of one of those passages where Shakespeare has an understood nominative in a sentence. See Note 45, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream;"



and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula,<sup>6</sup> my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.<sup>7</sup>

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.<sup>8</sup> The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.<sup>9</sup>

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.<sup>10</sup>

and Note 17, Act i., "Merchant of Venice." Here "it" is understood as repeated before "would;" and some editors print the latter word thus—"t'would."

(6) *A fistula.* In Painter's version of Boccaccio's novel, the King's malady is described as "a swelling upon his breast, which, by reason of ill cure, was grown to be a fistula."

(7) *Achieves her goodness.* This description of Helena's character has the effect of being obscure, from the poet's having used expressions in a somewhat peculiar sense. "Dispositions" he here employs for native tendencies; while "fair gifts" and "virtuous qualities" he employs for acquired excellencies—the result of educational culture and breeding. "Commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too," is equivalent to 'We commend such excellencies with regret that they should be good in themselves, yet treacherous in their combination and effects;' and then the Countess goes on to say that Helena's merits are the better for their pure source, since she derives her integrity of nature from her father, and achieves her excellence herself.

(8) *'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.* This is a metaphor which Shakespeare is fond of; for he knew far better than his commentators (one of whom attests his own vulgarity by asserting it to be "coarse and vulgar") that it is a wholesomely genuine one. Brine seasons by rendering that which it preserves sweet, fresh, and lasting; and all this beautifully applies to the subjects our poet thus metaphorises.

(9) *Affect a sorrow than to have.* This speech is elliptically expressed, but it is perfectly intelligible, and may be thus paraphrased—'Lest you be believed rather to affect a sorrow than to have it.' In the Folio, the speech is printed with a concluding dash; but it is not a broken or unfinished speech. We believe that here the Countess leaves Helena, and goes over to her son Bertram. Thus, the following speeches—crossing—mark the speakers' relative positions; the mother and son engaged with each other, while Lafau remains near Helena, addressing her.

(10) *I do affect a sorrow, &c.* In these, the first words she utters, Helena uses the veiled language which marks her diction throughout this opening scene. She is brooding over her secret thoughts, letting them but so indistinctly be seen as to be undivined by those around her, and only so far perceived by the reader as to enable him to gather what the dramatist intends to indicate. The "sorrow" Helena "affects" is that for her father's death; the sorrow she says "I have" is for the inauspiciousness of her love, and for Bertram's approaching departure.

(11) *Makes it soon mortal.* Ludwig Tieck was the first to point out that this speech belongs to Helena, and not to the

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Hel.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>11</sup>

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.<sup>12</sup>

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will, That thee may furnish,<sup>13</sup> and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit.]

*Ber.* [To HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you!<sup>14</sup> Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress,<sup>15</sup> and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.<sup>16</sup>

[Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

*Hel.* Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;

Countess; to the latter of whom it is assigned in the Folio, where prefixes are often manifestly misappropriated. It is precisely in the veiled and enigmatical style that characterises all Helena's speeches throughout this scene in the presence of others; a style so wonderfully true to the condition of a young girl engaged in ceaseless struggle with an absorbing and hopeless passion. Her every word is self-betrayal, to those who are aware of her secret; but wholly incomprehensible to those who are unconscious of its existence. Lafau's comment, "How understand we that?" shows this effect, as produced upon unconscious hearers. The old lord is interested in Helena and her obviously "excessive grief," but is at a loss to interpret her words. To our minds, they mean—'If the living (and to her Bertram represents the whole living world) dislike me and my grief, its excess will soon kill me.'

(12) *Madam, I desire your holy wishes.* It was this speech, addressed to the Countess, which probably led the printers of the Folio into the mistake of assigning the previous speech to her. Some commentators have proposed that this speech of Bertram's, and Lafau's next, should be transposed; but Shakespeare often has these interwoven dialogues with crossing speeches not immediately responding to the last-uttered ones, where several persons are engaged in speaking; and most natural is the effect thus produced. See Note 13, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(13) *That thee may furnish.* 'That may furnish thee with befitting advantages.' This valedictory speech of a noble mother—noble, in heart and soul as well as by birth—is hardly to be matched for comprehensive moral precept in condensed expression. Polonius's farewell monition to his son Laertes vies with it in excellence; but each speech is singularly characteristic of its speaker: the Countess's, vitally pertinent to spiritual good; the courtier's, full of worldly-wise, as well as good-principled axioms.

(14) *Be servants to you.* 'May the best wishes your thoughts can frame be granted to you as ministers of happiness.'

(15) *My mother, your mistress.* The strength, yet apparent slightness, of the touch conveyed in the introduction of those two words, "your mistress," here, cannot be too much admired. It so thoroughly serves to convey the impression Bertram has of Helena, that she is a dependant in his family; to convey the effect of his indifference to her himself, and his unconsciousness of her preference for him; and to convey the smarting additional pang that must needs be struck into the heart of her whom he addresses in these few parting words.

(16) *You must hold the credit of your father.* Lafau means that Helena must live to do credit to her father's memory; and not indulge in grief, the "excess" of which "makes it soon mortal."



And these great tears<sup>17</sup> grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no favour<sup>18</sup> in 't but Bertram's.  
I am undone: there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table,<sup>19</sup>—heart too capable<sup>20</sup>  
Of every line and trick<sup>21</sup> of his sweet favour:  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?  
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place,<sup>22</sup> when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!<sup>23</sup>

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating?

Hel. Ay.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,<sup>24</sup>  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition,<sup>25</sup> proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,<sup>26</sup>  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—  
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think;<sup>27</sup> which never  
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember  
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a  
charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that  
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes  
the safety: but the composition, that your valour  
and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,<sup>28</sup>  
and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer  
thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the  
which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee,

(17) *These great tears.* Helena means the tears that bathe her face in parting from Bertram; and which, from being *supposed* to be wept for her father, grace his memory more than those she really sheds for him—which she knows to be none. From Shakespeare's condensed style of expression, his meaning is apt to escape superficial readers, and his diction to be pronounced obscure.

(18) *Favour.* Here used for aspect, look, countenance, personal appearance.

(19) *In our heart's table.* "Table" was the technical term for the panel, canvas, or other substance upon which a picture is painted.

(20) *Capable.* Used for susceptible, able to receive. See Note 109, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(21) *Trick.* Shakespeare uses this word to express lineal peculiarity, touch, or trace of feature; those individualities of form and expression which characterise a countenance.

(22) *Take place.* Used for 'take precedence,' or 'have position accorded to them.' "Cold wisdom" embodies the idea of wise persons shivering in privation; while "superfluous folly" embodies the idea of fools endowed with every superfluity.

(23) *And you, monarch.* This is a retort akin to the one pointed out in Note 115, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice." Moreover, it is rendered additionally marked by involving an allusion to the vapouring "Monarcho," described in Note 14, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(24) *There shall your master have, &c.* This speech—in its abrupt introduction, in its apparent disconnectedness, in its enigmatically worded significance, in its crowded and antithetical images, and in its purposely confused and obscure expression—is precisely the one to bewilder the person to whom it is addressed, and to puzzle the majority of those who read it. Accordingly, most of the commentators observe that there is

something "wanting," "omitted," or "dropped out." Helena supplies the clue to the solution which she wishes to be given to her enigma, in the words, "*The court's a learning place*;" intending that the word "*There*" with which she begins her speech shall be understood to mean "the court." But we believe Helena's "*there*" to signify her own maiden self dedicated in the fulness of affection to him she loves, and consecrated evermore to him, even though he should never accept the gift. She says, "*There shall your master have*," &c., because she means that in her self-devotion to him she makes herself his, whether he claim her or not, by resolving never to have any other man if she have not him. The speech is an impassioned rhapsody spoken rather to herself than to the bystander; but veiled from his knowledge by riddle-like language, and given a plausible turn to, by furnishing what may serve as the key to its ostensible subject.

(25) *A traitress, and a dear; his humble ambition, &c.* These are specimens of the "pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms" which it was then the mode to lavish upon the object of affection, in poetic and romantic language, full of whimsical antithesis and opposite attributes, expressive of the mingled torment and joy contained in love.

(26) *Christendoms.* Used here for titles given in christening; what we now call 'Christian names.' "Gossips" is employed as a verb, representing 'stands sponsor or god-father for.'

(27) *Show what we alone must think.* 'Make manifest that which we must only think.'

(28) *A virtue of a good wing.* "A bird of a good wing" was a phrase signifying a bird strong in flight; which shows the point of Helena's sarcasm. Moreover, "wing" was a portion of dress (an extra sleeve or sleeve ornament) in vogue during Elizabeth's reign; and this occasions Helena to add a flourish at Parolles' flighty and extravagant attire (to which there are several allusions during the play), in the words—"and I like the wear well."



so thou wilt be capable<sup>29</sup> of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away:<sup>30</sup> farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky<sup>31</sup>  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?<sup>32</sup>  
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.<sup>33</sup>  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense;<sup>34</sup> and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be:<sup>35</sup> who ever strove  
To show her merit, that did miss her love?  
The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.<sup>36</sup>  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—PARIS. *A room in the KING's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE with letters; Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys<sup>37</sup> are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.<sup>38</sup>

(29) *So thou wilt be capable of, &c.* "So" is here used in the sense of 'if,' 'if so be that.' "Capable" is employed in the sense of 'susceptible,' 'able to receive,' 'of capacity to comprehend.' See Note 20 of this Act.

(30) *Makes thee away.* "Destroys thee." "To make away with" is still an idiom in use for 'to murder, to kill.' Touchstone, in his magniloquent threatenings of Audrey's cast-off sweetheart William, says—"I kill thee, make thee away" ("As You Like It," Act v., sc. 1).

(31) *The fated sky.* The word "fated" here gives a notable instance of Shakespeare's arbitrary and comprehensive mode of using certain participles—arbitrary, because he makes active participles do the duty of passive ones, or passive ones do the duty of active ones; comprehensive, because he makes them elliptically and condensedly include that which would take several words to express otherwise. "The fated sky" here means 'the sky which dispenses or decrees fate,' 'the fate-ordaining sky;' 'that sky which, while ruling and swaying our destiny, yet leaves us free to promote our own ends by exerting our own intelligence and activity.'

(32) *What power is it, &c.* "What influence is it that makes me love one so superior to myself; causing me to discern excellence, yet leaving me unable to obtain that which I discern?"

(33) *The mightiest space in fortune, &c.* "The widest discrepancies in persons of unequal wealth and condition are often brought by Nature to unite as if they were alike, and to blend as though they were innately similar."

(34) *Those that weigh their pains in sense.* This phrase is so elliptically expressed, yet so comprehensive in signification, from the peculiar words used, that it affords an emphatic example of Shakespeare's most pregnant style. It seems to us to mean 'those persons who estimate the pains they take by the amount of trouble and suffering involved,' and also to mean 'those persons who calculate the difficulties of their strange attempts (unusual undertakings) by reason and common-sense probability of success.' If we be told that it is singular to ascribe more than one meaning to one phrase, we reply that Shakespeare was a singular writer, and that he did give more than one meaning to one phrase, by employing words that combine more condensation of significance in themselves and in the sentences they form, than do the words of any man who ever wrote.

(35) *What hath been cannot be.* So elliptical is this sentence that its meaning seems to have escaped those who assert that it is the very opposite of what the speaker intended to express; and either propose to alter, or do alter it to 'what hath not been can't be.'

*First Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.<sup>39</sup>

*First Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so<sup>40</sup> to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence<sup>41</sup> is denied before he comes;<sup>42</sup>  
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*Sec. Lord.* It well may serve  
A nursery<sup>43</sup> to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing<sup>44</sup> and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*First Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good  
lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
Frank<sup>45</sup> Nature, rather curious<sup>46</sup> than in haste,  
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts  
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness  
now,  
As when thy father and myself in friendship

To us it appears to mean 'what hath been before cannot be again.' The whole argument of this speech of Helena's tends to maintain that "strange (or unusual) attempts" may seem impossible to those who see only trouble and difficulty, and who fancy that what has before happened (rarely, it is true) cannot happen again, but are not impossible to those possessed of moral courage and resolved will; that the "fated sky" itself leaves it to ourselves to win our own aims, and that Nature herself reconciles apparent incongruities. These are rare occurrences; but occurrences that have existed, and may exist again—for one who devoutly believes in their existence, and humbly trusts to make them truth in her own case.

(36) *And will not leave me.* The noble mixture of spirited firmness and womanly modesty, fine sense and true humility, clear sagacity and absence of conceit, passionate warmth and sensitive delicacy, generous love and self-diffidence, with which Shakespeare has endowed Helena, renders her in our eyes one of the most admirable of his female characters. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jamieson have each eloquently contributed to do homage to the beauty of Helena's character—a beauty the more conspicuous from the difficulties of the story; which demanded the combination of the utmost ardour in passion with the utmost purity and delicacy, the utmost moral courage and intelligence of mind with the utmost modesty of nature, to complete the conformation of its heroine.

(37) *Senoys.* Siennese; the people of a small republic, of which Sienna was the capital.

(38) *A braving war.* 'A mutually defiant war,' 'a war marked by mutual threats and affronts.'

(39) *Denial.* Refusal.

(40) *Approv'd so.* So well proved.

(41) *Florence.* The Duke of Florence. The title used thus is frequent in Shakespeare. See Note 86, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(42) *Before he comes.* Before his appeal comes; or before he applies to us.

(43) *Serve a nursery.* Elliptically expressed; 'as' being understood between "serve" and "a."

(44) *Sick for breathing.* "Sick for" is used for 'sickly longing for,' or 'sick for want of.' "Breathing" means 'exercise,' 'exertion,' 'action.'

(45) *Frank.* Here used for freely bounteous, open-handed, generous in gifts.

(46) *Curious.* Here used for eminently careful, scrupulously pains-taking. The word is used in one of its senses, as derived from the Latin *cura*, care, concern.





*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.  
*Parolles.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will  
think of thee at court.  
*Helena.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Act I. Scene I.*





First tried our soldiership! He did look far  
 Into the service of the time, and was  
 Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;  
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs<sup>47</sup> me  
 To talk of your good father. In his youth  
 He had the wit, which I can well observe  
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour  
 So like a courtier:<sup>48</sup> contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in his pride or sharpness:<sup>49</sup> if they were,  
 His equal<sup>50</sup> had awak'd them; and his honour,  
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
 Exception<sup>51</sup> bid him speak, and at this time  
 His tongue obey'd his hand:<sup>52</sup> who<sup>53</sup> were below  
 him

He us'd as creatures of another place;<sup>54</sup>  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled.<sup>55</sup> Such a man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times;  
 Which, followed well, would démonstrate them now  
 But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
 So in approof lives not<sup>56</sup> his epitaph  
 As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him! He would  
 always say

(Methinks I hear him now; his plausible<sup>57</sup> words  
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
 To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—  
 Thus his good melancholy<sup>58</sup> oft began,

(47) *Repairs.* Revives, renovates.

(48) *Ere they can hide, &c.* This passage has been variously punctuated and interpreted. We take its meaning to be—"Ere they can invest the levity of a joke with the dignity that belongs to a man of high and courtly breeding."

(49) *Contempt nor bitterness were in his pride or sharpness.* "Neither contempt nor bitterness were in his self-assertion or his sarcasm." "Nor" is sometimes used thus singly by Shakespeare.

(50) *His equal.* Meaning 'his equal in rank.'

(51) *Exception.* This word is employed with comprehensive force here; including both its meanings of 'offence' and of 'a case specially excluded from a general rule.' It represents that which provoked Bertram's father to speak sharply, and the exceptional case which urged him to do so. Now, when we use "exception" in the sense of 'offence,' 'cavil,' or 'objection,' we combine it with the words 'take' and 'against' ('to take exception against a thing or person'); but in Shakespeare's way of introducing an expressive word in an elliptically constructed sentence, he often uses it so as to give its effect without accompanying it by its usual concomitants.

(52) *His tongue obey'd his hand.* This sentence carries on the metaphor of honour as a clock. His tongue, striking out its well-timed sharp speech, obeyed the honour-clock's hour-hand. "His" is often used by Shakespeare and writers of his time for 'its.'

(53) *Who.* Here used elliptically for 'those who,' or 'persons who.'

(54) *Us'd as creatures of another place.* 'Treated as beings of a different social grade.'

(55) *In their poor praise he humbled.* 'In praising whom he humbled himself.' The passage is so elliptically expressed, that it has been disputed as probably incorrect; but it evidently implies that in stooping to praise these lowly persons with his accustomed suavity, he seemed to place himself on their level.

(56) *So in approof lives not, &c.* "The attestation of his worth exists not so strongly in his epitaph as in your royal speech." "Approof" is used by Shakespeare both for 'proof' and for 'approval' or 'approbation'; and here the word seems to include the sense of both testimony and encomium.

(57) *Plausible.* Here used for 'worthy of applause.'

(58) *Thus his good melancholy, &c.* The Folio prints 'This' for 'Thus;' and is followed by several of the best editors. But 'this' seems to us to be a probable typographical error for "Thus;"

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
 When it was out,<sup>59</sup>—"Let me not live," quoth he,  
 "After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff"<sup>60</sup>  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive<sup>61</sup> senses  
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
 Mere fathers of their garments;<sup>62</sup> whose constancies  
 Expire before their fashions:"—this he wish'd;  
 I, after him, do after him wish too,<sup>63</sup>  
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
 I quickly were dissolv'd<sup>64</sup> from my hive,  
 To give some labourers room.

*Sec. Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;  
 They that least lend it you<sup>65</sup> shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't,  
 count,

Since the physician at your father's died?  
 He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet;—  
 Lend me an arm;—the rest<sup>66</sup> have worn me out  
 With several applications:<sup>67</sup>—nature and sickness  
 Debate it<sup>68</sup> at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
 My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.—ROUSILLON. *A room in the COUNTESS's mansion.*

*Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clowr.*

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of this  
 gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even<sup>69</sup>

which we think more consistent with the context, and more in the manner of Shakespeare.

(59) *When it was out.* 'When it was over,' when it was at an end or concluded; 'it' referring to "pastime."

(60) *Snuff.* Here the word means not only the burnt refuse of a wick, but is used in reference to the idiom 'taken in snuff;' which signifies 'taken in anger' or 'as an offence.' See Note 33, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(61) *Apprehensive.* Used here for 'fastidiously perceiving,' 'squeamishly observant.'

(62) *Whose judgments are mere fathers of their garments.* 'Whose understandings are of no other use than to frame new modes in dress.'

(63) *I, after him, do after him wish too.* 'I, living after him, do wish after his way of thinking also.'

(64) *Dissolv'd.* This word is most Shakespearianly used here; as conveying the idea of melted away from his waxen cell of life, and subjected to dissolution or death.

(65) *Lend it you.* Shakespeare often uses "lend" in the sense of 'bestow,' 'confer,' 'afford;' here it seems to mean 'manifest,' 'display,' 'visibly give.' "It" is here employed, according to Shakespeare's frequent custom, to express an implied particular, that particular being 'love,' implied in the preceding word "loved." "Lack," here, has the force of 'feel the loss of.'

(66) *The rest.* The word "physician" occurring in his previous speech, the King uses "the rest" to signify the other physicians; those who have attended him.

(67) *Several applications.* Various remedies, numerous experiments.

(68) *Debate it.* Contend for the mastery; try which shall prevail; debate the question of life or death.

(69) *Even.* This word has rarely been used (three times in all) by Shakespeare as a verb; but we think it should not therefore be regarded as a misprint in the present passage. On the contrary, from the rarity and peculiarity of Shakespeare's thus using it we should rather endeavour to discover the signification he intends it to convey, than to change it for another word—some conjectural emendation. Here, "to even your content" may mean, 'to keep pace with your wishes,' 'to act conformably with your wishes;' it may mean, 'to smooth the way to your contentment,' 'to make the accomplishment of your desires easy;' and it may mean, 'to compass or achieve that which will afford you content.' In the one



your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty,<sup>70</sup> and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not;

*Clo.* I do beg your goodwill in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say bearns are blessings.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?



*Clown.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Countess.* Well, sir.

*Act I. Scene III.*

for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries<sup>71</sup> yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are doomed: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,<sup>72</sup> Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage,—sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

other passage where Shakespeare uses "even" as a verb unaccompanied by an adjunct (for in the third instance where he uses it as a verb it is accompanied by the word "o'er"), the sense will bear the same various interpretations which it will in the passage now under consideration; and it is remarkable that in both passages, the very peculiar signification which we imagine "even" (as a verb) may have borne—'compass' or 'achieve'—accords with the sense required in each. We shall return to this discussion, when we reach the other passage in question, and which occurs in "Cymbeline," Act iii., sc. 4.

(70) *We wound our modesty.* Shakespeare's delicate monitions

on the subject of self-praise are always fine and finely expressed. See Note 73, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(71) *Such knaveries.* "Such knaveries" as occasion the "complaints" which the Countess has "heard" made against Lavatch, the clown-jester. She uses "them" in Shakespeare's elliptical way of making a relatively used pronoun refer to an implied particular; and her sentence means, 'I know you are quite fool enough to be willing to commit these knaveries you are accused of, and not so much of a fool as to be unable to commit them.'

(72) *To go to the world.* A phrase in use in Shakespeare's time, meaning, 'to be married.' See Note 22, Act v., "As You Like It."



*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great friends;<sup>73</sup> for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam<sup>74</sup> the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:<sup>75</sup>

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.<sup>76</sup>

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,<sup>77</sup>  
Why the Grecians sack'd Troy?  
Fond done, done fond,<sup>78</sup>  
Was this King Priam's joy?<sup>79</sup>  
With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
With that she sigh'd as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.<sup>80</sup>

*Count.* What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

(73) *You're shallow, madam, in great friends.* In several editions "in" here is changed to 'e'en; and there are so many instances where the word "in" is misprinted for 'e'en, that the substitution is plausible. Nevertheless, we take "in" here to mean 'in the knowledge of; there being a kind of playful metaphor involved in this use of the word—"shallow in" instead of 'deep in'—as we find it in more than one passage of Shakespeare.

(74) *Poysam.* Possibly a corruption of the French word *poisson*, fish; in allusion to the "Papist" practice of abstaining from meat on fast days: while "Charbon" (the French word for coal and charcoal) may involve reference to the wholesale way in which "Puritan" preachers menaced evil-doers with what the Clown afterwards calls "the great fire."

(75) *The next way.* 'The nearest way;' meaning the most direct way, the way with least of circumlocution or deviation.

(76) *Sings by kind.* 'Sings by nature.' See Note 25, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(77) *Quoth she.* Meaning Helen, wife to Menelaus. See Note 4, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream." The Clown, hearing "Helen" named, is reminded of some old ballad upon the subject of her world-renowned namesake.

(78) *Fond done, done fond.* Meaning, 'done foolishly, and fondly;' "fond" formerly bearing the meaning of 'foolish,' as well as its more modern one of affectionate. It has been suggested that probably the words 'for Paris he' formed the conclusion of this line; making the needful rhyme, and introducing the next clause of the sentence, since Paris was his father Priam's joy.

(79) *King Priam's joy?* If the theory adverted to in the previous note be correct, "Was this King Priam's joy" becomes an assertion; but if these two lines of the ballad originally stood as they stand here, the sentence means, 'Could this partner of my fond and foolish doings be King Priam's joy?'

(80) *There's yet one good in ten.* The word "ten" here refers to the ten sons of Priam who were surviving at the period in question; Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris, and Polites. Of these, none committed the flagrant act that Paris committed in carrying off Helen; and she may have been made to say in the old ballad, 'There's yet one worse in ten;' since the Countess challenges the line as the Clown gives it, telling him that he "corrupts the song."

(81) *A purifying o' the song.* The Clown, by this expression, plays on the Countess's word "corrupt;" she meaning it in the sense

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song:<sup>81</sup> would Heaven would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star,<sup>82</sup> or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.<sup>83</sup>—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates;<sup>84</sup> Love no god, that would not extend his might, only<sup>85</sup> where qualities were level; Diana no<sup>86</sup> queen of virgins, that would suffer her

of misquote, 'garble,' give a wrong version of; while he chooses to take it in the sense of 'deteriorate,' 'spoil,' 'render bad.' This makes for our idea that the word which the Clown alters in the line is 'worse,' changed by him to 'good;' which he would maintain to be a bettering of the expression, while he professes his interpretation of "one good woman in ten" to be an improvement upon the "one worse," implying 'one ultra bad man.'

(82) *For every blazing star.* "For" here is misprinted 'ore' in the Folio; which has been variously altered by different editors to 'for,' 'fore,' 'ere,' 'on,' 'one,' and even omitted altogether in one of the Variorum Editions. We adopt "for" as being most probably the original word.

(83) *It will wear the surplice of humility, &c.* This passage refers to the refusal of the Puritans to wear a "surplice;" who adhered solely to the "black gown," or Geneva cassock, while the robes worn in the Established Church represented a compromise. That finely poetical writer, and exemplary bishop, Jeremy Taylor, long after Shakespeare's time, bitingly satirises the same virulence of opinion as to points in ecclesiastical costume, where he says, "A surplice drives them away as a bird affrighted with a man of clouts, but their consciences can suffer them to despise government, and speak evil of dignities, and curse all that are not of their opinion." "Big," in the present passage, is used in the sense of 'proud,' 'arrogant' (see Note 33, Act v., "Taming of the Shrew"); forming the antithesis to "humility." The Clown flippantly jokes upon the rarity of a man's being at a woman's command without harm done; and then goes on to figuratively assert his own honesty, which, though he confess it to be not puritanically strict, will do no harm, and will moreover consent to yield a point that the Puritans will not concede,—"wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart;" or, in other words, "wear a cloak of humble obedience to hide his proud sense of man's superiority to woman."

(84) *Estates.* Used for 'conditions.'

(85) *Only.* Employed here in the sense of 'unless,' 'except,' or 'save;' the meaning of the whole sentence being—"Love no god, who would not exert his power, excepting where stations and qualifications were equal."

(86) *Diana no.* These words, omitted in the Folio, were supplied by Theobald. They have been universally accepted as the probable ones; and the expression "thy virgin knight" in combination with "goddess of the night" in another passage by Shakespeare confirms their propriety. See Note 64, Act v., "Much Ado."



poor knight surprised,<sup>87</sup> without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,<sup>88</sup> in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you farther anon. *[Exit Steward.]*

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours;<sup>89</sup> this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;<sup>90</sup>

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.<sup>91</sup>

*Enter HELENA.*

Her eye is sick on't:<sup>92</sup> I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen,  
I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwomb'd mine: 'tis often seen  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

(87) *Would suffer her poor knight surprised.* Shakespeare (in common with other writers of his time) uses the verb to "suffer" with remarkably elliptical construction of phrase. In the present passage, modern construction would require 'to be' inserted between "knight" and "surprised;" but Shakespeare leaves the words to be understood. He has a similarly constructed passage ("Tempest," iii. 1) where Ferdinand says, "Than to suffer the flesh-fly blow my mouth;" 'to' being understood between "flesh-fly" and "blow."

(88) *Sithence.* Since.

(89) *If ever we are nature's, these are ours.* 'If ever we have been thoroughly natural, or true to nature, these are our impulses.' "These" is used in this sentence, as we have before pointed out that Shakespeare uses the word, to generalise an observation. See Note 43, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream." It here refers to the characteristic impulses of youth which he goes on to instance; "this thorn," &c. "This" is used in much the same way as the preceding "these."

(90) *Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.* 'As our blood is born (or native) to us, so is this impulse born (native) to our blood;' "blood" being here used for 'inherent quality or disposition.'

(91) *By our remembrances, &c.* We interpret these two concluding lines thus:—"By what we can remember of by-gone days, we know such to have been our own faults;—or then we thought them not faults, but natural feelings." The condensation of ideas with elliptical construction in this speech throughout have caused it to be misunderstood and suspected of erroneous printing, while various alterations have been proposed. But the whole soliloquy is quite in Shakespeare's way of indicating musing self-communion; where the style is to a certain degree incoherent, imperfectly or incompletely expressed. It wonderfully gives the effect of broken or interrupted thought, checked by other crossing or interposing thoughts; and of the passing of these through the mind, presented to the speaker's imagination rather than expressed aloud.

(92) *Her eye is sick on't.* "On" was often used formerly for 'of.' How graphically do these few words picture Helena's look! her eyes full of her yearning passion, her drooping lids unable to conceal the irrepressible love, her lashes heavy with sadness and

A native slip to us from foreign seeds:<sup>93</sup>

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care:—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye?<sup>94</sup>

Why,—that you are my daughter?

*Hel.*

That I am not.<sup>95</sup>

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.*

Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble:

My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother.

*Count.*

Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam;<sup>96</sup> would you were

(So that my lord your son were not my brother)

Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,<sup>97</sup>

I care no more for than I do for Heaven,<sup>98</sup>

So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?<sup>99</sup>

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

Heav'n shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,

So strive upon your pulse.<sup>100</sup> What! pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness:<sup>101</sup> now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head:<sup>102</sup> now to all sense 'tis gross<sup>103</sup>

You love my son; invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

late-shed tears. Into the mouths of certain of his personages Shakespeare puts apparently slight speeches, but speeches full of significance for the conduct and appearance of his other personages who are the subjects of these speeches. An actor or actress, who would fully impersonate any of Shakespeare's characters, had need study all that is said of them and to them, as well as by them, in his pages.

(93) *And choice breeds, &c.* 'And our act of choosing generates for us an offspring from alien origin.'

(94) *This distemper'd messenger, &c.* It would be difficult to match the poetic beauty of the image here, presenting that rainbow-hued moisture which swells into the eye, making it look rounder and larger through its medium.

(95) *That I am not.* This little monosyllabic speech, pathetic in its exquisitely simple and condensed expression, is quite in Helena's veiledly enigmatic style.

(96) *You are my mother, madam.* Meaning, 'You are a mother to me in affectionate care and kindness.'

(97) *Were you both our mothers.* 'Were you mother to both of us.'

(98) *I care no more for than I do for Heaven.* Helena's purposely ambiguous way of saying, 'I care for that and for Heaven both equally.'

(99) *Can't no other, but, I, &c.* 'Can it be no otherwise than were I your daughter, he must be my brother?'

(100) *So strive upon your pulse.* 'So emulatively affect your pulse;' 'so, each in turn, make your heart beat, and your breathing quicken.' While interpreting these marvellously concise expressions of our great master of condensed style, we are more and more impressed with the choice, apt, and comprehensive words he uses; which require such amplification when his diction is rendered into ordinary language.

(101) *My fear hath catch'd your fondness.* 'My dread of what might be true has made me discover the truth of your fond secret.'

(102) *Your salt tears' head.* 'The spring or source of your tears;' 'the origin of your grief.'

(103) *Gross.* Often used by Shakespeare for 'palpable,' 'obvious,' 'evident.'



To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes  
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,  
That in their kind<sup>104</sup> they speak it: only sin  
And evil obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?  
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;  
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er,<sup>105</sup> I charge thee,  
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me!

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in 't a  
bond,<sup>106</sup>

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,  
I love your son:—  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,  
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

(104) *In their kind.* 'In their way;' 'according to their nature.'

(105) *Howe'er.* Shakespeare often uses this word elliptically. Here it means, 'However this may be;' 'however the case may stand.'

(106) *Bond.* Used here in the sense of 'warrant;' that which authorises or justifies.

(107) *This captious and intenable sieve.* "This" is here used in Shakespeare's way of employing the word to generalise an observation, and in his way of making a relatively used pronoun refer to an implied particular; which implied particular in the present passage is the object upon which Helena profitlessly lavishes the hopeless love she has been describing, figured by a "sieve." Bearing in mind the peculiar way in which Shakespeare uses the word "capable" (see Note 109, Act iii., "As You Like It"), we have always felt that "captious" here may be explained to signify 'capable of receiving;' and that "captious and intenable sieve" means 'sieve capable of receiving, but not of holding or retaining.' Nevertheless, Mr. Singer's belief that "captious" here is used in the sense it bears as derived from the Latin *captiosus*, deceitful or fallacious, leads us to entertain a strong impression that his conjecture is correct. Moreover, there is another theory that "captious" here is but a contraction of 'capacious.' Inasmuch as the object of Helena's love (Bertram) might be said to be 'capable of receiving' love from the fact of his being in her eyes worthy of love; inasmuch as the object of her love was 'fallacious' and mocked expectation; and inasmuch as it was 'capacious' in the extent of its merit (according to her idea), it is just possible that, in Shakespeare's mode of employing a word that possesses varied significations, and conveys yet another additional effect, although not distinctly expressed, he may have intended to include something of all these meanings in the single word "captious" as here employed.

(108) *And lack not to lose still.* This is an elliptical phrase, if it be taken to mean 'and am not without more love in reserve to go on losing;' or a direct one, if the verb "lack not" be supposed to bear the unusual sense of 'fail not,' 'cease not.' The figure of language in this clause of Helena's speech has allusion to the classical story of the Danaïdes (so called from being the daughters of Danaus) or Belides (so called from being the granddaughters of Belus), who were condemned, after death, to the fruitless task of drawing water into leaky vessels. See Note 18, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(109) *Cites.* Here used in the sense of 'denotes,' 'bespeaks,' 'betokens,' 'infers,' 'gives testimony of,' 'gives proof of.'

(110) *That your Dian was both herself and love.* The phrase is involvedly constructed—"so true a flame" joining with "that your

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,<sup>107</sup>  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still:<sup>108</sup> thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites<sup>109</sup> a virtuous youth,  
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love;<sup>110</sup> oh, then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her<sup>111</sup> search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent,—speak  
truly,—

To go to Paris?<sup>112</sup>

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.  
You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest<sup>113</sup> experience had collected  
For general sovereignty;<sup>114</sup> and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow<sup>115</sup> them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
More than they were in note:<sup>116</sup> amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd,<sup>117</sup> set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd lost.<sup>118</sup>

Dian," &c., and not "wish" with "that," as (superficially viewed) seems to be the case. The paraphrase, 'If ever you wished chastely and loved dearly in so pure and true a flame as that your Diana was both herself and love itself,' more directly shows the consecution of the sense in this passage.

(111) *To find that her.* 'To find that which her;' 'which' being (elliptically) understood.

(112) *To go to Paris?* This inquiry of the Countess's affords an instance of Shakespeare's admirable dramatic art. There has been no mention of Helena's "intent to go to Paris" having become known to the Countess; but it was necessary that this "intent" should be discussed between them in the present scene for the fartherance of the dramatic action; and, therefore, as it would be unnatural and uncharacteristic in Helena herself to introduce the subject, the author makes the Countess advert to it as to something she has already come to the knowledge of. Her previous words to the steward, "many likelihoods informed me of this before," may well include the point in question; and Shakespeare often thus ingeniously gives a few passing words of vaguely-sounding import, but of really significant and comprehensive indication.

(113) *Manifest.* The word has been suspected to be a misprint, and has been actually changed by some emendators to 'manifold.' But, to our mind, the original word is precisely in Shakespeare's way of using an epithet; and that "manifest experience" here is employed to express 'manifesting experience,' 'experience that manifested, made manifest or clear to his mind,' and also 'experience that he was manifestly known to possess.' Moreover, it has almost the effect of 'practical experience' here; especially as confirmed by a passage farther on, where Helena speaks again of this subject:—

"The dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling."

Act II., sc. 1.

(114) *For general sovereignty.* 'For sovereign remedies in various cases.'

(115) *Bestow.* Shakespeare sometimes uses this verb in the sense of 'lay by,' 'put away,' 'place in security;' as we now say 'stow away.' Here it is employed for 'treasure up,' 'carefully keep.'

(116) *As notes, whose faculties, &c.* 'As notes which included more valuable properties and power to effect good than appeared therein noted down.'

(117) *Approv'd.* Here the word is used in both senses; it means 'of proved excellence,' and 'worthy of all approbation.'

(118) *Whereof the king is render'd lost.* 'Of which the king is suffering, and on account of which he is given up as lost.'



*Count.* This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of  
this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had from the conversation<sup>119</sup> of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

A poor unlearnèd virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine,<sup>120</sup> have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hel.* There's something in't,<sup>121</sup>  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified



*Helena.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,  
I love your son.

*Act I. Scene III.*

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? he and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit

By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your  
honour  
But give me leave to try success,<sup>122</sup> I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure  
By such a day and hour.

(119) *Conversation*. The pertinent and poetical use which Shakespeare makes of this word here might, one would think, be sufficient refutation to those who undervalue his knowledge of classical language. "Conversation" is here employed in its sense as derived from the Latin *conversatio*; which strictly means 'turning or whirling about,' as well as interchanged discourse. The word in this passage has a finely-expressive effect, as conveying the whirl, the tossing to and fro in ceaseless secret discussion of Helena's toiling "thoughts."

(120) *Embowell'd of their doctrine*. 'Their most vital learning and knowledge being drawn forth to judge the case.'

(121) *There's something in't*. "In't" has been changed by most editors to 'hints,' as suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Hammer. The substitution is plausible; but Shakespeare always uses "hint" as a noun, never as a verb. In the next place, 'something hints' does not cohere so well with "my father's skill," while "something in't" precisely suits. Farther, "something in't" is an expression that we meet with again in this play (Act iv., sc. 3)

and in "Twelfth Night," Act iv., sc. 3; and it has the true smack of Shakespeare's style, which, to our ear, 'something hints' has not. Moreover, it is thoroughly in character with Helena's diction, which is markedly succinct, compressed, self-restrained; emphatic, but so concentrated as to be barely expressed; just that mode of speech that belongs to one eager and warm by nature, but diffident and undemonstrative by habit; one wholly engrossed with an absorbing passion, yet accustomed to stifle its outward betrayals; one strong in feeling, but abstinent in words. Here, her force of belief in her secret conviction, struggling with her unwillingness to speak too sanguinely, cramps her utterance, and what she has to say comes forth in a breathless, earnest way, indicated by the manner of the writing. 'Persuades me,' 'warrants me in thinking,' or some such clause of the sentence, needed perhaps in strict construction, seems to us to be understood and elliptically conveyed between "in't" and "that" here.

(122) *To try success*. "Success" is here used for that which





*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?  
*Helena.* Ay, my good lord.

*Act II. Scene I.*

GB

PEARSON





Count.

Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.<sup>123</sup>Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,  
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court :<sup>124</sup> I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :<sup>125</sup>  
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A room in the KING's palace.**Flourish.* Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave  
for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and  
Attendants.King. Farewell, young lord ;<sup>1</sup> these warlike  
principles  
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lord, fare-  
well :—Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.First Lord. It is our hope, sir,  
After well-enter'd soldiers,<sup>2</sup> to return  
And find your grace in health.King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes<sup>3</sup> the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy<sup>4</sup>  
(Those 'bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy)<sup>5</sup> see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when  
The bravest questant<sup>6</sup> shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your  
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them :

They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand : beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.<sup>7</sup>

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. [*Retires to a couch, beckoning  
Attendants.*] Come hither to me.First Lord. Oh, my sweet lord, that you will  
stay behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil  
with,<sup>8</sup>—“Too young,” and “the next year,” and “'tis too  
early.”Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away  
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn  
But one to dance with !<sup>9</sup> By Heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory ; and so, fare-  
well.Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tor-  
tured body.<sup>10</sup>

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

succeeds, follows, or happens—the issue or consequence ; as the  
Italians use their word *successo*. But “try success” also implies  
‘try for success.’(123) *Ay, madam, knowingly.* Here is one of Helena's characteris-  
tically condensed speeches ; it implies the knowledge she has of  
her full belief, the knowledge she has that her father's “skill” and  
his “good receipt” are super-excellent, the knowledge that she  
is capable of carrying out her plan, the knowledge that she places  
her reliance devoutly and duly whence alone she expects the  
crowning of her trust.(124) *Those of mine in court.* “Those who belong to me, living at  
court ;” the Countess's “kinsmen” whom she afterwards thus  
more specially mentions (Act ii., sc. 2).(125) *Pray God's blessing into thy attempt.* “Into” was sometimes  
used by writers of Shakespeare's time where now we should use  
‘unto ;’ and in the present passage “into” has more fervour of  
effect than ‘unto’ would have. The Countess's warmth of consent  
to Helena's “attempt,” and cordial sympathy with her hopes, is  
just that sort of response which testifies to the high confidence and  
lofty courage glowing in the young girl's appeal.(1) *Young lord.* “Lord,” in this line and the next, is printed in  
the Folio ‘lords ;’ but the word “both” in this speech seems to  
show that it is addressed to two persons only, and not to two sets of  
persons.(2) *After well-enter'd soldiers.* Elliptically expressed—as ‘being’  
is understood between “after” and “well-enter'd.”(3) *He owes.* “He” used for ‘it ;’ “owes” for ‘owns.’ The  
sentence means, ‘My heart will not succumb to the malady that isundermining my life.’ The phrase, ‘keep a good heart,’ for ‘keep  
up your spirits or courage,’ is still in use.(4) *Higher Italy.* This has been explained to mean ‘Upper  
Italy ;’ that portion of Italy where the “braving war” between  
the “Florentines and Sennos” then raged. But we incline to  
think “let higher Italy” means ‘let the noblest of Italy ;’ ‘let the  
worthiest among Italians.’ The king excepts those who have lost  
their claim to be ranked among the noble and worthy of Italy by  
inheriting the degeneracy of the fallen and degraded Romans.(5) *Those 'bated that inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.*  
“'Bated” is here used in the sense of ‘excepted,’ ‘omitted.’ See  
Note 31, Act i., “Midsummer Night's Dream.” “The fall of the  
last monarchy” clearly alludes to the fall of the Roman Empire,  
and means the degradation of the Romans, who had forfeited their  
ancient dignity and pre-eminence as chief and noblest among  
Italians.(6) *Questant.* Seeker, searcher, endeavourer.(7) *Captives, before you serve.* There is an elegant pun here ;  
“serve” being used for ‘serve as soldiers,’ and in its sense as  
derived from the Latin *servitus*, ‘slavery,’ ‘bondage,’ ‘thralldom.’(8) *Kept a coil with.* “Coil” is ‘turmoil,’ ‘noisy disturbance.’  
See Note 23, Act i., “Two Gentlemen of Verona.” The construction  
here is just the irregular one that a person speaking in petulance  
and vexation would use ; “I am kept a coil with,” instead of ‘a  
coil kept up with me.’(9) *No sword worn but one to dance with.* It was the custom in  
Shakespeare's time for gentlemen to wear their swords when  
dancing ; and a lighter kind of weapon than the one used in fighting  
was worn on the occasion.(10) *Our parting is a tortured body.* Since Bertram has said he

*Sec. Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:<sup>11</sup>—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio,<sup>12</sup> with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

*Sec. Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices!  
[*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king<sup>13</sup>—

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list<sup>14</sup> of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time,<sup>15</sup> there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove<sup>16</sup> most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see thee to stand up.<sup>17</sup>

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.<sup>18</sup>

"grows to" his friend, so their separation is a tortured body undergoing dismemberment and being rent asunder.

(11) *Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.* This reduplicated form of address, this heaping up of flattering titles, this accumulation of vapouring epithets, is just in character with the wordy Parolles; whose name, as appropriated to him by Shakespeare, is significant, and is derived from the French *paroles*, words.

(12) *Captain Spurio.* By the very name here given, Shakespeare has indicated this personage to be a mere sham or invention of Parolles. In Florio's Dictionary *spurio* is explained, "one base born; used also for a counterfeit." Our word "spurious," in the sense of 'false,' 'ungenuine,' shows the meaning.

(13) *Stay; the king.* In the Folio this is printed as one sentence, 'Stay the king.' Most modern editors print it as in the text, adding the stage direction (*seeing him rise*). But we take it to represent Bertram's state of mind, who thinks he will by-and-by "steal away;" but meantime stays, because the king has expressed favour towards him ("Welcome, count, my son's no dearer," Act i., sc. 2), and because he "must attend his Majesty's command, to whom" he is "now in ward, evermore in subjection," Act i., sc. 1. Bertram answers Parolles' question by the word "stay;" and is about to add an explanation of his motive, when Parolles interrupts by bidding him first take a more ample and becoming leave of the departing lords.

(14) *List.* Used for 'limit,' 'boundary.'

(15) *They wear themselves in the cap of the time.* In Parolles' fantastical style of expressing himself, this may mean, 'they dress in the height of the fashion,' or, 'they take station in the highest ranks of modish society;' so, "muster true gait" ("they" being understood as repeated before "muster") means 'assemble with the conventionally right deportment or style of walking;' "the most received star" means, the 'person best accepted as a setter of fashions;' and "lead the measure" means, 'lead off the dance that these people keep up,' "such" standing for 'such people' or 'such persons.'

(16) *Like to prove.* 'Likely to prove.'

(17) *I'll see thee to stand up.* The Folio word "see" has been altered here to 'fee,' 'sue,' &c., by those who find a difficulty in the passage as originally printed. To our mind "I'll see thee to stand up" is no more than a simple command on the part of the king, as if he had said, 'I'll see thee stand up ere I'll grant thy pardon or hear thy tidings.' Lafeu's word "bidding," immediately afterwards, seems to us to demonstrate this. Moreover, there are other instances of "to" used thus before a verb, where, ordinarily, it is omitted: for example, in this very play, we find, "And what would you have me to do?" Act v., sc. 2.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;  
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke<sup>19</sup> thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across:<sup>20</sup> but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* Oh, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes,<sup>21</sup> an if

My royal fox could reach them: I have seen

A medicine<sup>22</sup> that's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary<sup>23</sup>

With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to arise<sup>24</sup> King Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,

And write to her a love-line.<sup>25</sup>

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>26</sup>

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness:<sup>27</sup> will you see her

(For that is her demand), and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

(18) *Brought his pardon.* "Brought" here has been altered to 'bought' by Theobald and others; but "brought his pardon" we think means, 'brought his pardon with him,' or, 'brought that which will secure his pardon;' alluding to Helena, who has accompanied him, and is waiting to be introduced to the royal presence.

(19) *So I had broke.* "So that I had broken." "So" is sometimes used by Shakespeare in this sense.

(20) *Across.* The king's word "broke" suggests to Lafeu the expression of the tilt-yard, 'broken across,' which meant a disgracefully unskilful stroke with the lance, and was figuratively applied to an unsuccessful hit in word-tilting. See Note 22, Act v., "Much Ado."

(21) *My noble grapes.* If the emphasis be laid on "my" in these words, it shows the meaning of the passage, which is somewhat obscured by the repetitions of "my" occurring therein. Lafeu means 'those grapes that I have to offer.' In other of Shakespeare's passages, by laying emphasis on a particular word, we gain the clue to his precise meaning. See Note 29, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice;" and Note 41, Act i., "As You Like It."

(22) *A medicine.* The sweet-tempered old lord, wishing to enliven his royal master, and inspire him with something of the vivacity and hope that he himself feels in the prospect of possible help and cure, heaps up allusion and metaphor in gay abundance. Here he figuratively calls Helena "a medicine," because she brings remedial aid, and comes as a healer of the sick.

(23) *Canary.* The name of a lively dance. See Note 5, Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(24) *Arise.* This form of 'raise' being unusual, gives well the effect that the poet here intends to convey, 'raise from the dead,' 'raise to life again.'

(25) *And write to her a love-line.* The construction is here so elliptical that some have proposed to transpose the "to" and the "and" which commence the two last lines of the speech, while others have believed that something has been omitted from the passage in printing the original. But if 'make him' or 'enable him to' be understood between "and" and "write," the sentence is not more condensedly expressed than many in this play. See Note 121, Act i., and Notes 2 and 27, Act ii. The old courtier's allusion to King Pepin and his renowned son Charlemagne, is most characteristic here; addressing a king of France, he refers to two of his celebrated predecessors. Moreover, the poet's touch respecting the "pen" is thoroughly illustrative of historical fact, since Charlemagne, though an admirer and patron of learning, tried in vain to acquire the art of writing.

(26) *Profession.* That which she professes to be able to do.

(27) *Hath amaz'd me more, &c.* One of the abstrusely expressed



*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration;<sup>28</sup> that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wondering how thou took'st it.  
*Laf.* Nay, Ill fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]  
*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever pro-  
logues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.  
*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.  
*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors<sup>29</sup>  
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,<sup>30</sup>  
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]  
*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow  
us?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.  
Gerard de Narbon was my father;  
In what he did profess, well found.<sup>31</sup>

*King.* I knew him.  
*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards  
him;  
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,<sup>32</sup>  
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learn'd doctors leave us, and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That labouring art can never ransom Nature  
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our<sup>33</sup> past-cure malady  
To empirics; or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty, then, shall pay me for my  
pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one,<sup>34</sup> to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd  
grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I  
give

As one near death to those that wish him live:  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest<sup>35</sup> 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes;<sup>36</sup> great floods have  
flown

From simple sources;<sup>37</sup> and great seas have dried,  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.<sup>38</sup>

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.<sup>39</sup>

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well,  
kind maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:  
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspir'd merit so by breath is barr'd:  
It is not so with Him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;<sup>40</sup>  
But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;  
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim;<sup>41</sup>  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,<sup>42</sup>  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,<sup>43</sup>  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

passages in this play. We interpret it to mean, 'hath filled me with more well-grounded astonishment than with weak credulity deserving blame.'

(28) *Bring in the admiration.* It is pleasant to see how the playful style of the faithful Lafeu has infected his master with a kindred "light deliverance" in speech; for here he impersonates this young lady who has caused such admiring description in the epithet "admiration."

(29) *A traitor you do look like; but such traitors, &c.* The word "traitor," as used in this line, shows it to have been a title of sportive compliment and fondness given to women; as 'rogue,' 'villain,' 'wretch,' &c., are still interchanged between lovers. See Note 25, Act i.

(30) *Cressid's uncle.* Pandarus, who introduced Troilus, and favoured his suit, to his niece.

(31) *Well found.* Thoroughly skilled, well grounded in the knowledge of. The idiomatic expression "well found," we take to be akin to "well seen" (see Note 86, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew"), and not to mean well appreciated, well renowned, or of known and acknowledged excellence, as some have explained it.

(32) *Triple eye.* Used here for 'third eye.' "Store up," in this line, serves to illustrate the use of the word "bestow," as explained in Note 115, Act i.

(33) *To prostitute our.* 'As' is understood before "to" here, and also before "to esteem" in the next line but one.

(34) *A modest one.* 'A moderately favourable thought.'

(35) *Set up your rest.* 'Make up your mind,' and determined or convinced.' See Note 30, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(36) *When judges have been babes.* An allusion to Matthew xi. 25 and 1 Cor. i. 27.

(37) *Great floods have flown from simple sources.* In reference to Moses' smiting the rock in Horeb.

(38) *Great seas have dried, when miracles, &c.* Alluding to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

(39) *Fits.* The Folio prints 'shifts,' which was altered by Pope to "sits," and by Theobald to "fits." The rhyme and sense require either of the latter words; and we think "fits" more likely to have been the original MS. word, since the "f" in "fits" occurs in the Folio "shifts;" moreover, Shakespeare elsewhere (Sonnet cxx.) uses "fits" (in the sense of 'befits' or 'suits') as a rhyme to "hits."

(40) *Square our guess by shows.* 'Form our conjectures according to appearances.'

(41) *Proclaim myself against the level of mine aim.* We take this to mean, 'proclaim myself as being of equal importance with the object I hope to achieve.'

(42) *But know I think, and think I know most sure.* 'But I know that I think, and think that I know most surely.' The phrase is akin in style to the one explained in Note 25, Act v., "As You Like It."

(43) *The greatest grace lending grace.* 'Divine grace vouchsafing its gracious influence.'

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk<sup>44</sup> and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus<sup>45</sup> hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass<sup>46</sup>  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,—  
A wanton's boldness, a divulgèd shame,—  
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse of worst, extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.<sup>47</sup>

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessèd spirit doth  
speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak:<sup>48</sup>  
And what impossibility would slay<sup>49</sup>  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,<sup>50</sup>—  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and prime<sup>51</sup> can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.<sup>52</sup>  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke,<sup>53</sup> unpitied let me die;  
And well deserv'd:<sup>54</sup> not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?<sup>55</sup>

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of  
heaven.<sup>56</sup>

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly  
hand

What husband in thy power I will command:

(44) *Murk.* Dark. This finely poetical word has a grand effect in this finely poetical passage. It is worthy of note, how the diction of Helena warms into glowing beauty and expansion, as she permits herself to launch into persuasive eloquence.

(45) *Hesperus.* The evening star. We can hardly too much praise the epithets "moist" and "sleepy" here.

(46) *The pilot's glass.* The hour-glass. See Note 43, Act i., "Tempest."

(47) *Nay, worse of worst, &c.* In the Folio this is printed 'ne worse of worst,' &c., which word, 'ne,' has been variously altered to 'nay,' 'no,' 'nor,' 'the,' &c. "Nay" appears to us to be best fitted to the sense of the passage, and to be most in conformity with Shakespeare's style, as in this very scene he has, "nay, to give great Charlemain," &c.

(48) *His powerful sound within, &c.* The "doth speak" of the previous line gives the effect of 'speaking' being understood between "sound" and "within."

(49) *What impossibility would slay, &c.* 'That which in ordinary reason would seem destroyed as impossible, is yet by other reasoning saved as probable.'

(50) *In thee hath estimate.* 'In thee may be reckoned;' 'in thee are included.' By the employment of the word "estimate" here, the effect moreover is given, of 'in thee hath estimable existence.'

(51) *Prime.* The spring of life, the blossoming season of existence.

(52) *Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.* The construction here is, as in very many passages of this play, peculiarly elliptical; 'thy possession of' being understood before "skill," and 'thy being' before "monstrous." We the rather point it out in this passage, because other editors have made no remark upon it here; whereas, they have objected to other passages as being corrupt, which (to our minds) are only constructed in the same style of ellipsis that characterises the present one.

(53) *Flinch in property of what I spoke.* "Property" here has been said to mean 'due performance;' but to us it seems to be used rather in its stricter sense of 'that which is proper to or belonging

Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image<sup>57</sup> of thy state;  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises observ'd  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,—  
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on: but rest  
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

[*To Attendants.*] Give me some help here, ho!—

[*To HELENA.*] If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. A room in the mansion of the COUNTESS.

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to  
the height of your breeding.

*Clow.* I will show myself highly fed,<sup>58</sup> and lowly  
taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make  
you special, when you put off that with such con-  
tempt? But to the court!

*Clow.* Truly, madam, if Heaven have lent a man  
any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he  
that cannot make a leg,<sup>59</sup> put off's cap, kiss his  
hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip,  
nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say pre-  
cisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have  
an answer will serve all men.

to,' as derived from the Latin *proprius*. The interpretation of the whole passage appears to us to be—'If I exceed my appointed time, or fail in any particular appertaining to what I have promised.'

(54) *And well deserv'd.* In strict and conventional construction, these words follow ungrammatically "unpitied let me die;" and yet who does not admire the boldly concise mode in which Shakespeare has made Helena characteristically express herself here as well as elsewhere? In these passages, where the sense is at once understood, and yet where there is still visible the peculiar condensation and ellipsis that mark Shakespeare's style, we find a key to other passages where the sense is still more veiled by constructional peculiarity.

(55) *Will you make it even?* 'Will you make it equalled by that which you grant?' 'Will you give it corresponding fulfilment?' Shakespeare has before used "even" peculiarly in this play. See Note 69, Act i.

(56) *My hopes of heaven.* The Folio prints the last word of this line 'helpe.' But Dr. Thirlby was the first to point out that it should be "heaven," and he has been followed by all subsequent editors. The rhyme (which has been continuous here) requires the word "heaven;" and by Shakespeare's introduction of so peculiar a word as "even" in the previous line, it is as though he prepared for the special couplet thus made.

(57) *Image.* Used here for representative, relative; one who bears resemblance or affinity.

(58) *Highly fed.* We think (from the way in which Shakespeare has used the word "fed" elsewhere) that "well fed" or "highly fed" sometimes bore a sense of 'well trained,' 'well brought up,' 'well educated,' supplied with mental as well as physical food; in the same way that 'nurtured' bears the double signification. If this be the case, the Clown here employs the expression punningly, for 'pampered' and for 'superiorly bred.' He says "lowly taught" for the sake of antithesis; meaning 'taught to be humble or respectful.'

(59) *Make a leg.* An expression formerly in use for 'make a bow.' See Note 18, Act iv., "Taming of the Shrew."



*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all latter ends.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger,<sup>60</sup> as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris<sup>61</sup> for May-day, as the nail to his hole, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could:<sup>62</sup>—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!<sup>63</sup>—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain it so merrily with a fool.<sup>64</sup>

*Clo.* O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: you understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—PARIS. *A room in the KING's palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern<sup>65</sup> and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.<sup>66</sup> Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,<sup>67</sup> when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic<sup>68</sup> fellows,—

*Par.* Right; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—What do ye call there?<sup>69</sup>—

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it I would have said; the very same.

(60) *Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.* "Tib" was used as a generic name for the commoner sort of women, and "Tom" for the commoner sort of men. Rings made of "rush" were formerly exchanged as pledges of affection between rustic lovers.

(61) *A morris.* A morris-dance; which was especially appropriated to the celebration of the May games.

(62) *To be young again, if we could.* The Countess follows up the Clown's remark as if it were an incomplete sentence; making it form a smiling vindication of her beguiling time by listening to his fooleries, and thus bringing back something of the light-heartedness of youth.

(63) *O Lord, sir!* A phrase then used with meaningless frequency by fashionable fribbles, and satirised not only by Shakespeare, but by other writers of his time.

(64) *I play the noble housewife, &c.* One of Shakespeare's ironical sentences. See Note 87, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew."

(65) *To make modern.* "To treat as common, usual, or ordinary." Shakespeare elsewhere uses "modern" in this sense. See Note 88, Act ii., and Note i., Act iv., "As You Like It."

(66) *Causeless.* Coleridge has a pertinent remark upon this passage:—"Shakespeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is,

things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."—*Literary Remains*, vol. ii., p. 121.

(67) *Ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge.* "Ensconcing" is used for 'taking refuge,' 'assuming a position of vantage,' 'fortifying.' See Note 34, Act ii., "Merry Wives." "Into" is here used for 'in,' as "in" is sometimes used for 'into.' Shakespeare is seldom contemptuous; he was too great-minded to be so: but he who could so well—and who so well as he?—appreciate the extent of human knowledge, and who felt that its finiteness should inspire humility instead of its powers inspire pride, here cannot avoid a fling at those "philosophical persons" who forsooth set themselves up as judges and depreciators of mysteries which they cannot comprehend, and which they should be contented to revere.

(68) *Authentic.* Here used for 'allowed,' 'approved,' 'authorised,' and it was the epithet applied to a physician regularly educated and licensed to practise. The Latin phrase in the diploma of a licentiate is still '*authenticce licentiatu*.'

(69) *What do ye call there?* 'What do you call him there?' or 'What do you call it there?' The restless vulgarity with which Parolles here obtrudes himself upon Lafeu's notice, crossing his speeches with his own flippant nothings, and then the steady perseverance with which the old nobleman cuts him and his interruptions, while continuing his own train of thought,



*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier:<sup>70</sup> 'fore me, I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous<sup>71</sup> spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of Heaven—

*Par.* I would have said it; you say well.—Here comes the king.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Laf.* Lustick,<sup>73</sup> as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head; why, he's able to lead her a coranto.<sup>74</sup>



*Lafeu.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Parolles.* That's it I would have said; the very same.

*Act II. Scene III.*

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.<sup>72</sup>

*Par.* *Mort du vinaigre!*<sup>75</sup> is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore Heaven, I think so.<sup>76</sup>

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

unnoticing the other's ill-breeding, is all in the perfection of comedy-writing.

(70) *Your dolphin is not lustier.* "Your" is here used in the idiomatic manner pointed out in Note 96, Act iii., "As You Like It." "Dolphin" here has a punning effect: in allusion to the fish so called, with its vigorously sportive rollings on the ocean's surface; and to the 'dauphin' or prince-royal of France, whose title was often corruptly pronounced "dolphin." The latter allusion to the French royal heir is peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of a French courtier, when speaking of the renewed health and strength of the French monarch.

(71) *Facinorous.* This is usually explained to mean 'wicked;' but it rather means 'rebellious,' 'contumacious.' The Italians use *facinoroso* in this sense at the present day; and the word frequently

appears in the Italian journals, applied to the populace or the mob, meaning 'turbulent,' 'refractory,' 'factious.'

(72) *Generally thankful.* The link which joins these words on to those previously uttered by Lafeu, we take to be that which he is supposed to say while Parolles is chattering on and drowning Lafeu's voice in his own coarse bawl.

(73) *Lustick.* From the Dutch *lustigh*, active, alert, sprightly, vigorous; full of health and strength.

(74) *Coranto.* A lively dance. French, *courant*, running.

(75) *Mort du vinaigre!* Literally, "Death of vinegar!" A petty French oath; like many others, a corruption, or used instead of a more solemn one.

(76) *I think so.* These words of Lafeu's are a following up of his own remark that the king is "able to lead her a coranto," and not





*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Bertram.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*Act II. Scene III.*





The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful  
parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use:<sup>77</sup> thy frank election make;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-  
sake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous  
mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!<sup>78</sup>

*Laf.* I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,<sup>79</sup>  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',<sup>80</sup>  
And writ as little beard.<sup>81</sup>

*King.* Peruse<sup>82</sup> them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to  
health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank Heaven for  
you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid.—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be  
refus'd,"<sup>83</sup>

Let the white death<sup>84</sup> sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We'll ne'er come there again."

*King.* Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

*First Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.<sup>85</sup>

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw  
ames-ace<sup>86</sup> for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair  
eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

*Sec. Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her?<sup>87</sup> And they were  
sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would  
send them to the Turk, to make mutes of.

*Hel.* [To Third Lord.] Be not afraid that I your  
hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none  
have her.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too  
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*Fourth Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy  
father drank wine:—but if thou be'st not an  
ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee  
already.<sup>88</sup>

*Hel.* [To BERTRAM.] I dare not say I take you;  
but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her;  
she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your  
highness,

In such a business, give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Knows't thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my  
sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:

She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

said in reply to Parolles' inquiry, "Is not this Helen?" although they come after it. We have before pointed out how Shakespeare occasionally gives crossing speeches in dialogue, where several persons are present. See Note 12, Act i.

(77) *I have to use.* The king says he has both the right of a sovereign and the authority of a father in the disposal of these young lords in marriage, since they were wards of the crown as well as subjects of the realm. See Note 2, Act i.

(78) *But one!* "But to one." "But" is here used in the sense of 'except.' Helena wishes to each of the young lords, except Bertram, a "fair and virtuous mistress;" a title which she, with characteristic modesty, refrains from applying to herself.

(79) *Bay curtal and his furniture.* "Curtal," or 'curtail,' was a term often applied to a horse with a docked mane and tail; as it sometimes was to a dog whose tail had been cut short. See Note 12, Act ii., "Merry Wives." "Furniture" here means 'harness,' 'trappings,' ' housings.'

(80) *My mouth no more were broken than these boys'.* "That my mouth were no more broken than these boys' mouths are." A "broken mouth" means a mouth that has lost a portion of its teeth; and a horse's age is decided by the state of the teeth.

(81) *Writ as little beard.* 'Subscribed to, or confessed to, owning as little beard.' This was an idiom implying 'to give tokens of possessing.'

(82) *Peruse.* Shakespeare often uses this word for 'scan,' 'examine carefully,' 'examine closely.' See Note 16, Act i., "Comedy of Errors."

(83) *But, be refus'd.* 'But if thou be refused.'

(84) *The white death.* 'The pale and bloodless death.' The way in which the timidity of Helena is shown by her first address to the young lords—among whom the man stands who is already the choice of her heart, and who is now to be chosen publicly by her—by her abruptly breaking off at the very outset of her task of selection, by her protraction of its final decision, by the terms in which she expresses herself throughout, is a triumph of composition.

(85) *All the rest is mute.* 'For anything beyond "thanks," I am silent.'

(86) *Ames-ace.* The lowest cast of the dice. Lafau contrasts the good fortune of having a stake in the present chance of being chosen by Helena with one of the most desperate pieces of ill-fortune that could befall him.

(87) *Do all they deny her?* We must suppose Lafau to be in sight, but not within hearing, of what is here taking place. He imagines that the young lords, each in turn, refuse Helena; and does not know that it is she who successively declines to take them.

(88) *There's one grape yet, I am sure, &c.* This speech has been variously interpreted. To our thinking it means that Lafau, seeing Bertram the only young lord left unaddressed, says, 'There's still one who ought to have some spirit in him,—I know thy father had such spirit:—but if thou be'st not too senseless to appreciate beauty and merit like Helena's, I am a boy again; I have observed thee, and know thee to be insensible of her worth.' There is warran/

*King.* 'Tis only title<sup>89</sup> thou disdain'st in her, the which  
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat,<sup>90</sup> pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction,<sup>91</sup> yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st  
Of virtue<sup>92</sup> for the name: but do not so:  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
'The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,<sup>93</sup>  
It is a dropsied honour: good alone  
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:<sup>94</sup>  
The property<sup>95</sup> by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to nature she's immediate heir;  
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges itself<sup>96</sup> as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,  
Debosh'd<sup>97</sup> on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and cold oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest: virtue and she  
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst  
strive to choose.<sup>98</sup>

enough from other passages in the play for believing that Lafeu entertains no very high opinion of Bertram's judgment; he sees through his undue estimate of Parolles, and he has had time enough to perceive that he is incapable of properly valuing Helena.

(89) *Only title.* This is generally said to stand for 'only want of title;' but we take "title" to refer to the one Bertram has just given to Helena—"a poor physician's daughter"—which the king says he can "build up" into a higher one.

(90) *Of colour, weight, and heat.* "Of" here stands for 'in the matter of,' 'in the particular points of.'

(91) *Confound distinction.* 'Render any attempt to distinguish between them impossible.'

(92) *Thou dislik'st of virtue.* "Dislik'st" is here joined with "of," as 'disapprove' is often thus joined. When the verb "like" or "dislike" was followed by "of" before the object in question, it signified 'to be pleased or displeased with.' Shakespeare rarely uses (about four times in all) "like" combined with "of," but the passages wherein he does so serve to show how he uses "dislik'st of" in the present one. The form of expression was employed by writers of Shakespeare's time; but it was beginning to grow into disuse, and it has an antiquated effect in style. We may add the observation, that the plays wherein the expression "like of" occurs are among those which we believe to have been early productions of Shakespeare; and this makes for our theory that "All's Well that Ends Well" was first written while its author was still young, and afterwards retouched when he was older. See Note 1, Act i.

(93) *Where great additions swell, and virtue none.* "Additions" is here used for 'titles.' "Swell" is printed in the Folio 'swell's,' as if a contraction of 'swell us;' but we take the meaning of the passage to be, 'where grand titles abound, and where of virtue none exists.' Shakespeare occasionally uses the word "none" with extreme force of ellipsis.

(94) *Vileness is so.* 'Vileness is also vile in itself, without a distinctive name.'

(95) *Property.* Used here for 'intrinsic quality,' that which is 'inherent in,' 'properly belonging to.'

(96) *Challenges itself.* "Challenges" is here used for 'proclaims;' but the selection of the word is peculiarly apt here, as conveying the effect of challenges or provokes confutation while proclaiming itself.

(97) *Debosh'd.* An old form of 'debauched,' 'corrupted,' 'vitiating,' 'degraded.'

(98) *If thou shouldst strive to choose.* 'If thou wert to try to do

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:  
Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,<sup>99</sup>

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
That dost in vile misprision<sup>100</sup> shackle up  
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,<sup>101</sup>  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the staggers,<sup>102</sup> and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity.<sup>103</sup> Speak; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes:<sup>104</sup> when I consider  
What great creation and what dole<sup>105</sup> of honour  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which<sup>106</sup>  
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king: who, so ennobled,<sup>107</sup>  
Is, as 'twere, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

more than love her.' Shakespeare often uses "choose" in this elliptically idiomatic way. In the "Tempest," Act i., sc. 2, when Prospero puts his daughter into a magic slumber, he says—

"Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,  
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose:"

meaning, 'I know thou canst do no other than give way to sleep.'

(99) *Which to defeat.* In Shakespeare's mode of elliptical construction, and in his way of making a relatively-used pronoun refer to an implied particular, "which" does not here refer to either "honour" or to "stake," but to the 'chance' which the king's honour runs of being compromised. "Which to defeat," therefore, means 'which chance to destroy.'

(100) *Misprision.* Used here for 'scorn,' 'disdain,' 'contempt,' 'despising.' Shakespeare sometimes uses the word for 'mistake' (see Note 40, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream"); just as the French use their word *méprise*, for either 'contempt' or for 'mistake.'

(101) *Poising us in her defective scale.* This sentence affords a special instance of Shakespeare's condensedly-elliptical style; "us" representing the "honour and wealth" which the king has promised to confer upon Helena; "defective" representing the "virtue and she" which form her sole "dower."

(102) *Staggers.* Here used for 'unsteady courses,' 'misguided deviations from the right path,' 'unaided career.' "The careless lapse of youth and ignorance," we take to mean 'the heedless falling into faults and follies of youth and ignorance.' Shakespeare uses "lapse" for 'falling into a fault,' 'committing a slip,' 'gliding into error.'

(103) *Without all terms of pity.* 'Beyond all bounds of compunction.' Shakespeare here uses the word "without" in the sense it bears in the passage which we explained in Note 29, Act iv., "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and he here uses "terms" with the meaning that it bears as derived from the Latin *terminus*, limit, boundary.

(104) *I submit my fancy to your eyes.* 'I yield to your eyes the power to choose for me the object I am to love.' In Shakespeare's time "fancy" was often used for 'love,' 'preference,' 'affection.'

(105) *Dole.* Allotment; that which is dealt out.

(106) *She, which.* "Which" used for 'who.'

(107) *Who, so ennobled.* Here "who" refers to "she" (Helena), and not to "king," though the latter was the last-named antecedent. These passages of palpable significance in peculiar construction, serve to illustrate others where the meaning and style are less obvious. See Note 99 of this Act.





*Parolles.* Bless you, my fortunate lady !  
*Helena.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own  
good fortunes.

*Act II. Scene IV.*

PEARSON & CO.





A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,  
A balance more replete.<sup>108</sup>

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king  
Smile upon this contrâct; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,<sup>109</sup>  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends.<sup>110</sup> As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.<sup>111</sup>

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords,  
and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his  
recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood  
without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count,—to all counts,—to what is  
man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is  
of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you  
are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;<sup>112</sup> to  
which title age cannot bring thee.<sup>113</sup>

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>114</sup>  
to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable  
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and  
the bannerets about thee<sup>115</sup> did manifoldly dissuade  
me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.

(108) *More replete*. 'More than fully equivalent.' This speech helps to show the condensed meaning in the passage explained in Note 101 of this Act.

(109) *Expedient on the now-born brief*. Shakespeare generally uses the word "brief" (when as a noun) for a note containing a short account (see Note 10, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream"); and in the last scene of the present play he uses "brief" for a short speech. "Brief" is explained by Cowel to be "any precept of the king in writing, issuing out of any court, whereby he commands anything to be done." We, therefore, believe that "brief" here is used to express the spoken warrant, precept, or command issued by the king himself at the moment; and we take the whole passage to mean, 'the ceremony of which contract shall seem expedient to follow immediately on this our now given command, and shall be performed to-night.' Shakespeare usually includes the sense of 'expedition,' 'haste,' 'quickness,' in his use of the word "expedient."

(110) *The solemn feast, &c.* 'The feast in solemnisation of the nuptials shall be deferred till a later period, when we may expect the presence of friends now absent.'

(111) *As thou lov'st her, thy love's to me religious; else, does err*. 'According as thou lov'st her, thy love (or loyalty) to me will be faithfully and duly paid; otherwise, it strays from me.' "Religious" is here used in its sense of 'faithful,' 'strict,' 'exact,' 'with integrity,' 'with accurate fulfilment of promise;' as one of the senses of the Latin word *religiosus*. And Shakespeare often employs "err" in its sense of 'wander,' 'ramble,' 'deviate,' or 'stray.'

(112) *I write man*. This is an idiom similar to the one pointed out in Note 81 of this Act. "I write man" signifies 'I give evidence of the right to be called a man,' 'I show that I am worthy to be styled a man,' 'I may proclaim myself to be a man.'

(113) *To which title age cannot bring thee*. The epigrammatic neatness of this sarcasm recalls that equally pithy one by Jeremy Taylor, who says—"Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never." These quintessentialised witticisms of great writers partake of the nature of Irish bulls; they state an impossibility, but they imply a keen truth.

(114) *For two ordinaries*. An "ordinary" is a meal furnished at an inn or tavern in a public room, much like what the French call a *table d'hôte*; therefore Lafew means, 'I thought thee, when

I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not:<sup>116</sup> yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;<sup>117</sup> and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;<sup>118</sup> which if—<sup>119</sup> Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!<sup>120</sup> So, my good window of lattice,<sup>121</sup> fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack<sup>122</sup> o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default,<sup>123</sup> he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were rack-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee,<sup>124</sup> in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!<sup>125</sup>—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet

I twice dined with thee at a public table, a moderately wise fellow.'

(115) *The scarfs and the bannerets about thee*. One of the allusions to Parolles' flaunting style of dress, mentioned in Note 28, Act i., as occurring several times during the play.

(116) *I have now found thee; when I lose thee, &c.* "Found" is here used as we now use 'found out;' and "lose thee" forms a pun, in the sense of 'lose the clue to thy character,' and 'no longer have thee near me.'

(117) *Taking up*. Used punningly in the quadruple sense of 'picking from off the ground,' 'arresting, or taking into custody,' 'borrowing money upon as a commodity,' and 'snubbing, reprimanding, or calling to account.'

(118) *Trial*. Used here for a duel, or trial by combat, and for 'an examination into grounds of merit.'

(119) *Which if*. A broken-off phrase, implying 'which if it come.'

(120) *A hen*. 'A hen-hearted fellow;' "chicken-hearted" is still in common use.

(121) *Window of lattice*. Lafew here infers a sneer at Parolles' low-lived ways, as though he frequented such haunts as public-houses and taverns; "lattice" being used as a distinctive mark for the windows of ale-houses. See Note 35, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(122) *Smack*. Tincture, twang, flavouring quality; touch, characterising quality.

(123) *In the default*. This has been said by Johnson, and by others after him, to mean 'at a need.' But we think that, in Shakespeare's way of using legal expressions, he may have used "in the default" to signify either 'in case of thy not appearing to answer for thyself,' or 'in case of sufficient testimony of thy real character not appearing;' because Cowel explains "default" (in law) to mean—"Non-appearance in court at a day assigned."

(124) *I am past; as I will by thee*. This passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's mode of construction; "past" having occurred in the first clause of the sentence, "as I will by thee" gives "pass" to be understood between "will" and "by." The old lord, hastily brushing past the object of his disgust while he speaks, gives practical illustration of his punning words.

(125) *Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord*. By the mere repetition of this epithet, "scurvy," here, and by the spluttered broken sentence



him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs; he is my good lord:<sup>126</sup> whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.<sup>127</sup>

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate;<sup>128</sup> you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.<sup>129</sup> You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

*Re-enter BERTRAM.*

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweetheart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,<sup>130</sup> I will not bed her.

*Par.* What! what! sweetheart?

*Ber.* Oh, my Parolles, they have married me!—I'll go to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

—“I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—” how well Shakespeare has given the effect of the impotent rage, the fuming aggravation, and teeth-grinding threats of Parolles, when left alone; and then the exquisite comedy touch of “I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again,” followed up by the immediate re-entrance of Lafeu.

(126) *He is my good lord.* ‘He is my patron,’ ‘my benefactor.’ ‘To be a good lord to one’ was an idiomatic phrase for affording patronage or protection, for being favourable towards a person. In “A Hundred Merry Tales” there is a passage that illustrates this:—“They all desired the bishop to be good lord unto him for his merry conceits; at which earnest entreaty, the bishop was content to take him into his favour again.”

(127) *To breathe themselves upon thee.* “Breathe” is here used in the sense of ‘exercise.’ See Note 49, Act i., “As You Like It.”

(128) *Beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate.* Being soundly thrashed for so trivial an offence, not only serves to indicate Lafeu's hint that Parolles would tamely suffer a cudgelling, but includes a by-allusion to his spydom and his tale-bearing; since in the classical story of Proserpine, Ascalaphus was turned into an owl for blabbing that she had eaten a few pomegranate seeds in the shades below, and thereby forfeited the chance of returning to heaven with her mother Ceres.

(129) *Than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.* In the Folio “heraldry” and “commission” are transposedly printed. Hammer made the change in the succession of the two words, and he has been followed by several of the best editors. The meaning of the passage, as it now stands, is—“Than the coat of arms belonging to such birth and virtue as yours gives you warrant for.”

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky<sup>131</sup> here at home,  
Spending his manly fervour on her charms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!  
France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike:<sup>132</sup> war is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.<sup>133</sup>

*Par.* Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:<sup>134</sup>  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:  
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—PARIS. Another room in the palace.

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

(130) *Before the solemn priest I have sworn.* By the introduction of the word “solemn” here, instead of its equivalents, ‘grave,’ ‘serious,’ ‘sacerdotally impressive,’ Shakespeare gives the effect of “solemnly sworn” to the verb “sworn.” It is most characteristic in the diction of one so agitated as Bertram is, that the expression should be thus involved; and in other passages Shakespeare has this peculiarity in style, of giving additional effect by the introduction of a particular word. See Note 48, Act iv., “As You Like It.”

(131) *Kicky-wicky.* In a note upon this word, Mr. Singer mentions that “Alex. Brome, in one of his plays, uses it for an unruly jade;” and the words “steed” and “jades” in the present speech make for the supposition that it was generally thus applied. The coarse Parolles employs it as a synonyme for ‘wife.’

(132) *His present gift shall furnish me, &c.* Not only does Bertram meanly leave in writing that which he dares not say to his royal benefactor, but he uses his “gift” as a means of forsaking him, and of pursuing the contrary course to that which the king desires he should adopt. With thorough consistency in every point of their character and conduct, does Shakespeare draw his personages.

(133) *War is no strife to the dark, &c.* Here “to” has the force of ‘compared with.’ For a similar ellipsis of comparison, see Note 26, Act ii., “Two Gentlemen of Verona.” “Dark house” is used to express ‘the house made cheerless and gloomy by dislike and discontent.’ In the Folio, ‘detected’ is printed instead of “detested;” Rowe's correction.

(134) *A young man married is a man that's marr'd.* A pun of similitude in sound between “married” and “marr'd” is more than once met with in Shakespeare. See Note 8, Act i., “Merry Wives.”



*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither Heaven send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence Heaven send her quickly!

nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.



*Bertram.* This to my mother:  
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Act II. Scene V.*

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—Oh, my knave,—how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.<sup>135</sup>

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable;<sup>136</sup> and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.<sup>137</sup>—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge; But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;<sup>138</sup>

(135) *Found thee.* "Found" is here used as in the passage explained in Note 116 of this Act; but the Clown answers it as if it were used in the more usual way.

(136) *The search, sir, was, &c.* In the Folio these words begin a fresh speech; but inasmuch as the same prefix of *Clo.* is given to each of the two speeches into which the present one is there

divided, and as the sense is complete as it here stands, there is every probability that the division is a mere misprint.

(137) *Well fed.* We take this to mean 'well trained,' 'well taught' his tricks of word-catching as a professional jester. See Note 58 of this Act.

(138) *Puts it off to a compell'd restraint.* This may either mean—



Whose want, and whose delay,<sup>139</sup> is strew'd with sweets,<sup>140</sup>

Which they distil now in the curbed time,<sup>141</sup>  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.<sup>142</sup>

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd,<sup>143</sup> you presently  
Attend his farther pleasure.

*Hel.* In everything I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—Another room in the palace.

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.<sup>144</sup>

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.<sup>145</sup>

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly<sup>146</sup> valiant.

*Laf.* I have, then, sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

'Defers it in submission to a compulsory restriction;' or, 'defers it to an enforced limitation of period.' It is even possible that "puts off" has here the force of 'shifts,' 'changes.'

(139) *Whose want, and whose delay.* 'The want of which, and delay of which;' in reference to the "prerogative and rite of love."

(140) *Sweets.* The sweets of anticipation.

(141) *Which they distil now in the curbed time.* "They" refers to "want" and "delay;" "curbed time" means the time during which the 'restriction' is to endure, or the time until the 'limitation' of period shall arrive.

(142) *Make it probable need.* 'Make it wear the appearance of arising from necessity.'

(143) *Having this obtain'd.* "This" (in Shakespeare's way of making a relatively-used pronoun refer to an implied particular) refers to the king's permission to depart, with the understanding that it is her own wish to go.

(144) *Of very valiant approof.* This phrase elliptically includes both the senses in which the word "aproof" is used by Shakespeare; that of 'approbation' and 'proof.' "Of very valiant approof" means 'much approved for his valour,' and 'proved to be very valiant.'

(145) *I took this lark for a bunting.* "A bunting" is a bird having some resemblance to a sky-lark, but without the fine song that gives the latter his excellence. "A bunting," moreover, is said to have little caution, readily entering the snare set for it. The taking one bird for another was typical of ignorance (see Note 22, Act ii., "Taming of the Shrew"); and Lafeu affects to acknowledge having made an error in judgment.

(146) *Accordingly.* Here used for 'accordantly,' 'proportionably.'

(147) *Who's his tailor?* Lafeu has tried to overcome his nausea at Parolles, promising "to pursue the amity;" but the mere sight of the reptile revives his repugnance, and he takes up the words, "These things shall be done," as if they were those of a lackey come to tell his master that the errand upon which he had been

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* [To BER.] These things shall be done, sir.

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?<sup>147</sup>

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* Oh, I know him well, I,<sup>148</sup> sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin.<sup>149</sup>

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—Save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;<sup>150</sup> and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame,<sup>151</sup> and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve<sup>152</sup> at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*]

*Par.* An idle lord,<sup>153</sup> I swear.

sent to the tailor with an order for new articles of clothing was now done.

(148) *I know him well, I.* The repetition of "I" in a sentence was formerly in use: generally, emphatically; sometimes, as here, gaily. See Note 76, Act iv., "Taming of the Shrew."

(149) *End ere I do begin.* In the Folio this is printed 'And ere I doe begin.' Mr. Payne Collier found that the MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy had changed the 'A' to an 'E,' thus giving a clear sense to the passage. Shakespeare has a similar expression elsewhere: "you always end ere you begin" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii., sc. 4); and "there to end where he was to begin" ("Coriolanus," Act v., sc. 5).

(150) *Him that leaped into the custard.* The Lord Mayor's fool. It was the custom to have at city feasts an enormous custard served; and occasionally the city fool performed the feat here alluded to, which has been mentioned by other writers besides Shakespeare.

(151) *I have kept of them tame.* "Of them" here affords an instance of Shakespeare's way of employing a relatively-used pronoun in reference to an implied particular. "Of them" here is tantamount to 'specimens of such animals or creatures as "this man."'

(152) *Than you have or will deserve.* The Folio inserts 'to' between "will" and "deserve;" but, by omitting 'to,' we have a sentence constructed as Shakespeare sometimes does construct a sentence of this kind; in which case it would mean, 'than you have deserved or will deserve.' Malone and others have suggested that some word (such as 'qualities' or 'power') may have dropped out after 'have;' but we cannot think so, as that would make "will" a noun; and Parolles was not without will to deserve being spoken well of by Lafeu and everybody else.

(153) *An idle lord.* Shakespeare uses the word "idle" with various shades of meaning, and often each of these includes a reference to insanity. In the second scene of the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," we find "idle humour" and "idle words"





THE TWO MEN OF MODE

By J. H. B. and J. H. B.

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*Ber.* I think so.<sup>154</sup>

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and requir'd office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business: therefore am I found So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse<sup>155</sup> than ask why I entreat you; For my respects<sup>156</sup> are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself, at the first view, To you that know them not. [*Giving a letter.*] This to my mother:

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so, I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go: My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;<sup>157</sup> Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet it is; But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have?

*Hel.* Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*Ber.* [*To PAROLLES.*] Where are my other men, monsieur?—[*To HELENA.*] Farewell.<sup>158</sup>

[*Exit HELENA.*]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.— Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE. *A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Flourish.* *Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; two French Lords and Soldiers.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard The fundamental reasons of this war; Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thirsts after.

used to signify the senseless fancies and senseless talk of a man who is said to be suffering from "a strange lunacy." "Idle" was thus used by writers of even a later date than Shakespeare, as we find by a passage from L'Estrange:—"Upon this loss she fell idle-headed; and to this very day stands near the place still." "Idle" in the present sentence we take to mean 'crack-brained,' 'futile,' 'given to meaningless babble.'

(154) *I think so.* Some editors suggest, and others print 'not' between "think" and "so;" affirming that the context shows 'not' to be required. The alteration is plausible; but we think the passage, as it stands, may be thus interpreted:—Bertram, light-judging, unprincipled, without respect for goodness and moral worth, carelessly assents to Parolles' remark; while the latter, surprised to hear his vituperation confirmed, asks—"Why, do you not know him?" Then Bertram replies—"Oh, yes, I know him thoroughly, and he passes with the generality of persons for a most worthy man."

(155) *Muse.* Here used for 'wonder,' 'be at a loss for the reason.'

(156) *Respects.* Used here for 'motives,' 'originating causes of action.' The word was thus employed by Hooker and other writers of his time, besides Shakespeare.

(157) *Owe.* Here used for 'own,' 'possess.'

*First Lord.*<sup>1</sup> Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousin France Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

*First Lord.* Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield,

(158) *Where are my other, &c.* This line (given to Helena in the Folio, and first rightfully assigned by Theobald) evidently belongs to Bertram's speech. He addresses Parolles as "Monsieur;" she never does. Besides, would she do other than *silently* obey her new husband's rough bidding—"Stay not, but in haste to horse?" Especially, though she lingers, would she do so to ask about her attendants, and to bid Parolles farewell? Whereas, Bertram turns away to speak a word of affected inquiry about his "other men;" and seeing that Helena still waits, flings her a parting word.

(1) *First Lord.* The prefixes which appear in our text as *First Lord* and *Sec. Lord* are given with some slight variation in the Folio; but from the words there of the stage direction at the commencement of this scene ("the two Frenchmen") and from other points of evidence in the play, we believe the same young French lords to be meant throughout, and that the arrangement of their several speeches is here given as nearly correctly as may be.

(2) *On the opposer.* "Opposer" has been altered to 'opposer's,' but the form of phrase is here elliptical; "on the opposer" standing for 'on that of the opposer.' There is a similar form of construction in "Coriolanus," Act i., sc. 6, where we have—"The sound of Marcius' tongue from every meaner man," for 'The sound of Marcius' tongue from that of every meaner man's.'

But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion:<sup>3</sup> therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*Sec. Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,<sup>4</sup>

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;

And all the honours that can fly from us  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall,<sup>5</sup> for your avails they fell:  
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. A room in the mansion of the COUNTESS.

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,<sup>6</sup> and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy<sup>7</sup> sold a goodly manor<sup>8</sup> for a song.

*Count.* [*Opening a letter.*] Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling<sup>9</sup> and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there.<sup>10</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Count.* [*Reads.*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall

(3) *I cannot yield, but like a common, &c.* "Yield" is here used for 'render' or 'give'; "but" is used in the sense of 'save' or 'except'; "outward" here signifies 'unfamiliar with, or unadmitted to political secrets' (as, on the contrary, Shakespeare uses "inward" to express 'familiar,' 'intimate'; see Note 51, Act iii., "Measure for Measure"); and as "with" is sometimes used for 'by,' so "by" is probably used here for 'with' (see Note 21 of this Act). Therefore we take the meaning of the whole passage to be:—'The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or 'with power incapable of acting of its own accord and independently.'

(4) *The younger of our nature.* "The young gentlemen like ourselves." It is a young lord who speaks; and he means 'our young nobility'; 'noblemen of our own age.'

(5) *When better fall.* This passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's peculiar style. "Better," here, seems to refer to "places;" but it means 'better men,' 'officers superior to yourselves in rank,' whose "fall" will be "for your avails," bringing promotion.

(6) *The ruff.* Called, also, 'the ruffe.' It was the top portion of the boot, was made of softer leather than the rest, and was worn turned over, hanging loosely round the leg. It was sometimes fringed, or trimmed with lace. "Mend the ruff" means 'amend the sit, position, or adjustment of the ruff.'

(7) *This trick of melancholy.* See Note 42, Act i., "Merchant of Venice."

hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world,<sup>11</sup> I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,  
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Oh, madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady!

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be killed?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

*Sec. Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't:<sup>12</sup>—where is my son, I pray you?

*Sec. Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.<sup>13</sup>

[*Reads.*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger<sup>14</sup> which never shall come off, and show me a child of thine that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

(8) *Sold a goodly manor.* The first Folio misprints 'hold' for "sold," which is the correction of the third Folio, and which has been adopted as the right word by most subsequent editors. "Who" (or "that" repeated) is understood before "sold." "He sold it for a mere song," is still a familiar phrase, signifying to sell so cheap as to sell for a nominal price.

(9) *Ling.* The name of a fish much eaten formerly in England, during Lent, and on fast-days. The Clown probably uses "ling" for meagre food generally, as he uses "Isbels" for waiting-women generally.

(10) *E'en that you have there.* The Folio misprints 'in' for "e'en."

(11) *If there be breadth enough, &c.* An expression somewhat similar to the one explained in Note 34, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice;" and although there it has peculiar appropriateness, as being in a Venetian's mouth, yet it seems to have been almost proverbial.

(12) *Can woman me unto't.* "Can overpower me with a woman's weakness at suddenly beholding it."

(13) *Passport.* Helena uses this word as an equivalent for 'permission to pass from life,' 'sentence of death.' A passage from Sidney will illustrate this: "Giving his reason *passport* for to pass whither it would, so it would let him die."

(14) *Get the ring upon my finger.* "That is" is understood between "ring" and "upon."





*Drawn by C. ROBINSON.*

*Engraved by T. ROBINSON.*

HELENA AND THE COUNTESS.

*Helena.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," *Act III., Scene II.*





*First Gent.* Ay, madam;  
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.  
*Count.* I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,<sup>15</sup>  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is  
he?<sup>16</sup>

*Hel.* Ay, madam.  
*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,  
haply, which his heart was not consenting to.  
*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here that is too good for him,  
But only she; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?



*Countess.* What have we here?  
*Clown.* E'en that you have there.

*Act III. Scene II.*

*Sec. Gent.* Ay, madam.  
*Count.* And to be a soldier?  
*Sec. Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and,  
believe't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.  
*Count.* Return you thither?  
*First Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing  
of speed.  
*Hel.* [*Reads.*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France.  
'Tis bitter.  
*Count.* Find you that there?

*First Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.<sup>17</sup>  
*Count.* Parolles, was it not?  
*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.  
*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-  
ness.  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.  
*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have.<sup>18</sup>  
*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,

(15) *All the griefs are thine.* 'That' is understood between "griefs" and "are." The Countess says that if Helen engross all the griefs that are more immediately her own, she will deprive her loving mother of that share which she desires to bear with and for her. "Moiety," though strictly meaning 'half,' is sometimes used by Shakespeare for 'a portion.'

(16) *Towards Florence is he?* 'Gone' is understood after "he."

(17) *A gentleman which I, &c.* "Which" used for 'who.'

(18) *A deal of that too much, which holds, &c.* This is a confessedly difficult passage, and the word "holds" has been altered by Hammer and others. But, assuming it to be the word that Shakespeare wrote, we take it to be an abbreviation of "upholds,"



To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses :<sup>19</sup> more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

*Sec. Gent.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.<sup>20</sup>  
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]

*Hel.* "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in  
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;  
Then shalt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the non-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where  
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes,<sup>21</sup> to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? Oh, you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim: move the still-piecing air,<sup>22</sup>  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere  
I met the ravin<sup>23</sup> lion when he roar'd  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all:<sup>24</sup> I will be gone;  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
The air of Paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

which he uses in a sense that precisely suits the present passage. Supposing this to be the case, we understand the whole sentence thus: 'The fellow has a deal of that too much ("too much" signifying 'excess of boastful talk,' 'pretentiousness'), which, he having, upholds him much in general opinion,' 'maintains him in good estimation,' or 'avails him well to possess.'

(19) *His sword can never win the honour that he loses.* The pun-gent reproof and stinging truth of this message from a justly offended mother to her son, couched in language the most refined, quiet, and concentrated, is worthy of special observation.

(20) *Change our courtesies.* "Change" is here used for 'exchange' or 'interchange.' The Countess, in replying to the gentlemen's offer of service, tells them that she accepts it only as that which she can return by showing them hospitality, adding, in illustration, "Will you draw near?" and then accompanying them to another room—probably a refectory.

(21) *Shot at with fair eyes.* "With" used for 'by.'

(22) *Move the still-piecing air.* The Folio misprints 'still-peering' for "still-piecing," a correction originally suggested to Steevens by he forgot whom; adopted by Malone, and by most editors since. Inasmuch as Shakespeare uses 'pieced' for that which is rent asunder being closed together again, and inasmuch as he has the epithet "still-closing" to express the same idea in reference to waters as here "still-piecing" conveys in reference to "air," we think it probable that "still-piecing" is the right word in the present passage. Shakespeare uses the word "move" with great force of meaning elsewhere as well as in the passage under consideration; here it has the effect of 'penetrate,' 'pierce,' 'wound.' A line from a sonnet by William Lithgow, 1615, shows the word to have been used in exactly the same sense: "High preasse thy flames, the chrystall aire to move."

(23) *Ravin.* Used for 'ravenous,' or 'ravening.' To "ravin" is

SCENE III.—FLORENCE. *Before the Duke's palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM,  
PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art: and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,  
To th' extreme edge of hazard.<sup>25</sup>

*Duke.* Then go thou forth;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,<sup>26</sup>  
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—ROUSILLON. *A room in the mansion  
of the COUNTESS.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of  
her?  
Might you not know she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.* [*Reads.*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,<sup>27</sup> thither gone:  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
I, his despicable Juno,<sup>28</sup> sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:  
He is too good and fair for Death and me;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

to devour eagerly or voraciously. See Note 26, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(24) *Whence honour but of danger, &c.* "Whence" is here used for 'from that place where;' the meaning of the whole passage being—Return home from that place where at best honour wins only a scar from danger in testimony of valour, as it often loses all, even to life itself.

(25) *Edge of hazard.* The word "edge" poetically suggests a precipice, and so apt and forcible is the expression, that Milton has adopted the precise phrase ("Paradise Regained," Book i.), while Shakespeare himself has more than once repeated the word with similar force of application.

(26) *Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm.* By using the word "play" here Shakespeare ingeniously conveys the image of favouring sunshine. Sunbeams playing upon an object is so familiar a form of speech, that the mere introduction of the verb suggests the idea. Thus, by his masterly choice of words, does the poet often present, through the medium of a single syllable, a perfect metaphor, as well as a vivid picture to the imagination.

(27) *Saint Jaques' pilgrim.* 'Pilgrim to the shrine of St. Jaques.' Johnson suggested that the shrine here named signified St. James of Compostella in Spain; and Reed, that it possibly meant a church at Orleans, dedicated to Saint Jaques. But probably it was used to convey the idea of some shrine in Southern Italy; because in Scene v., which is laid near Florence, Helena says she is bound "to St. Jaques le Grand," and the Widow says, "You came, I think, from France?" which shows that Florence lay between the place whence Helena came and the place to which she was going.

(28) *His despicable Juno.* The word "labours," in the previous line, shows that Helena calls herself "Juno," in allusion to the severity with which the wife of Jupiter treated his son by Alcmena, indirectly being the cause of Hercules' twelve labours.



*Count.* Ah! what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>29</sup> so much,  
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom<sup>30</sup> Heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light:<sup>31</sup> my greatest grief,  
Though little he doth feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may, that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love: which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction:—provide this messenger—  
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Without the walls of FLORENCE.

*Enter a Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA,  
MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*A tucket<sup>32</sup> afar off.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions<sup>33</sup> for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of 'lurement, are not the things they go under:<sup>34</sup> many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terribly shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,<sup>35</sup> but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you farther; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers<sup>36</sup> lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.<sup>37</sup>

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.— [*A march afar off.*]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.<sup>38</sup>

(29) *Advice.* Used here for 'reflection,' 'consideration.' See Note 7, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(30) *Whom.* Here used for 'which,' inasmuch as it refers to "prayers;" but the "her" in the line gives it the effect of referring to "her." See Note 24, Act iii., "Tempest."

(31) *Weigh too light.* 'Estimate too lightly,' 'value at too low a rate.'

(32) *A tucket.* A flourish on the trumpet. See Note 25, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(33) *Suggestions.* Temptations, incitements. See Note 4, Act iv., "Tempest."

(34) *Are not the things they go under.* 'Are not the things they pass for;' 'are not the things under the names of which they go.'

(35) *Dissuade succession.* 'Warn against following in the same path,' or 'pursuing the same course.'

(36) *Palmers.* Often used synonymously with 'pilgrims;' although, strictly speaking, "palmers" were those who had performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and brought back branches of the Syrian palm, which they bore in their hands as tokens of their having performed their vowed journey. St. Jaques le Grand, or St. James the Great, was so styled to distinguish him from St. James the Less, both being apostles.

(37) *At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.* "The Saint Francis" is given (in consonance with an old custom explained Note 15, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors") as a distinctive name to the house which the Widow keeps for the entertainment of pilgrims. It is very appropriately given, inasmuch as St. Francis himself made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was also the founder of an order of mendicant friars, who went barefooted and wore a grey garment, girdled with a cord, as pilgrims do. "Port" here means 'city-gate;' from the Latin, *porta*, a gate.

(38) *His face I know not.* This speech, containing a direct lie, is not the only instance of Shakespeare's making some of his loveliest characters utter falsehood. The only way in which we can account for this apparent violation of morality in one of the most moral writers that ever lived, is by believing that he did it in conformity with the requisites of dramatic art. It was a part of an assumed disguise; if his story required his characters to disguise themselves, to appear other than they really were, to put off their own identity and feign to be somebody else, then to utter that which would best support the enacted falsehood was but an added untruth, warranted by the necessity. Once allow that the falsehood of disguise is permissible, then the falsehood of speech in confirmation of that disguise becomes but a portion of the original untruth. That

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here.<sup>39</sup> He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for<sup>40</sup> the king had married him  
Against his liking: think you it is so?  
*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth:<sup>41</sup> I know his  
lady.  
*Dia.* There is a gentleman, that serves the count,  
Reports but coarsely of her.  
*Hel.* What's his name?  
*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.  
*Hel.* Oh, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated: all her deserving  
Is a reservèd honesty,<sup>42</sup> and that  
I have not heard examin'd.<sup>43</sup>  
*Dia.* Alas! poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.  
*Wid.* Ay, right; good creature,<sup>44</sup> wheresoe'er  
she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do  
her  
A shrewd<sup>45</sup> turn, if she pleas'd.  
*Hel.* How do you mean?  
May be the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.  
*Wid.* He does, indeed;  
And brokes<sup>46</sup> with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd<sup>47</sup> for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.  
*Mar.* The gods forbid else!  
*Wid.* So, now they come:—

Shakespeare himself was fully aware of the wrong involved in this question, he has demonstrated by his own two quintessential lines:—

"Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much."  
*Twelfth Night, Act II., sc. 2.*

But inasmuch as he was a dramatist, and the stories of his plays not only allowed but demanded that his characters should assume disguise for dramatic purpose, so he seems to have held it allowable as a part of dramatic necessity that his disguised characters should utter words which consist with their disguise.

(39) *He's bravely taken here.* 'He is received as a brave man here;' 'he is admitted here to be a brave man.' The character of Diana, although sketched in brief words, is drawn with a masterly hand. She is introduced just in Shakespeare's subtle way of denoting womanly character, and youthful feminine disposition. She begins by a remark relative to Bertram; she is just so much interested in him as a young girl naturally is by a man who betokens interest in her. But she answers with quiet determination and simple conciseness, that shows her to be in earnest, when she says—"You shall not need to fear me." She at once answers the inquiry as to his name, by stating it; and she goes on to speak of him with precisely that amount of general commendation which serves to bring out the truth respecting him, and with which a young girl will allow herself to speak of a man in whom she is interested, but whom she does not specially like. Then, when he enters, she suffers the impression which his handsome person makes upon her to appear: though at the same time she clearly shows that this impression is thoroughly counterbalanced by a conviction of his worthlessness.

(40) *For the king had, &c.* "For" here used for 'because.'

(41) *Mere the truth.* 'Exactly the truth;' 'just the truth;' 'precisely or absolutely the truth.' Shakespeare uses "the mere contrary" ("Love's Labour's Lost," i. 2) for 'exactly the contrary.'

(42) *Honesty.* This word is often used by Shakespeare to include the meaning of 'purity,' 'chastity,' as well as of 'integrity,' 'probity.'

(43) *Examin'd.* Used here for 'questioned,' 'doubted,' 'challenged;' 'inquired into with a view to dispute its existence.'

(44) *Ay, right; good creature.* This, in the Folio, is printed, 'I write good creature,' and is retained by some editors, under the

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier:<sup>48</sup> is't not a handsome gentleman?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places:<sup>49</sup> were I his lady,  
I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something: look,  
he has spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy,<sup>50</sup> for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will  
bring you

Where you shall host:<sup>51</sup> of enjoin'd penitents<sup>52</sup>

There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaquès bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron and this gentle maid

impression that it is a similar idiom to the one explained Note 112, Act ii. But the instances where that idiom is used by Shakespeare, and other writers of his time, show that it was only used by persons speaking of themselves; therefore, were it put into the mouth of the Widow who figures in the present scene, she would proclaim herself to be a "good creature;" whereas the context shows her to be speaking of Bertram's wife. The passage has been variously altered; but we adopt the reading of the second Folio, which we believe to be probably the correct one, as the speaker seems to be making a rejoinder in assent to her daughter's observation, rather than asserting her own opinion of Helena's merits. "Good creature" appears to us to be said more in the pitying sense of 'poor creature,' 'poor thing,' than in the commendatory sense of 'excellent creature,' 'worthy creature;' because the words seem to have more connection with what immediately precedes them and immediately follows them, than with the previous discussion as to whether Helena is deserving of Parolles' 'coarse report,' and of her own disparaging assertion that "she is too mean," &c.

(45) *Shrewd.* Used here for 'mischievous,' 'spiteful,' 'malignant,' 'injurious.'

(46) *Brokes.* 'Treats through a broker,' 'deals by means of a broker.' For the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word 'broker,' see Note 17, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" and we find afterwards that Parolles is employed by Bertram as his go-between and "ring-carrier" in his affair with Diana.

(47) *Arm'd.* Morally armed. See Note 24, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice."

(48) *Goodlier.* 'More comely,' 'better looking.'

(49) *These places.* An example of Shakespeare's use of "these" to instance a generality. See Note 69, Act ii., "Measure for Measure." "Places" here, combined with "these," affords a specimen of the way in which he introduces a reference to an implied particular. There has been no mention of Bertram's frequenting haunts of dissipation; but what is said of his corrupt morals makes "these places" understood as referring to such haunts.

(50) *Courtesy.* Used here ironically; in the sense of 'degrading obsequiousness,' 'disgraceful complaisance.'

(51) *Where you shall host.* 'Where you shall lodge.' See Note 15, Act i., "Comedy of Errors."

(52) *Enjoin'd penitents.* 'Penitents under a sacred injunction,' 'vowed penitents.'





*Helena.* Which is the Frenchman?  
*Diana.* He;  
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.

*Act III. Scene V.*





To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther,  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin<sup>53</sup>  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Camp before FLORENCE.

*Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.*

*First Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

*Sec. Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,<sup>54</sup> hold me no more in your respect.

*First Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*First Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice; but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

*Sec. Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, supposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*Sec. Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

*First Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer<sup>55</sup> of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

*Sec. Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, let him fetch off his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success

in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore<sup>56</sup> will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,<sup>57</sup> your inclining cannot be removed.—Here he comes.

*First Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design;<sup>58</sup> let him fetch off his drum in any hand.<sup>59</sup>

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

*Sec. Lord.* A plague on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum! is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command,<sup>60</sup>—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

*Sec. Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.<sup>61</sup>

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach<sup>62</sup> to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery<sup>63</sup> in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,<sup>64</sup> encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

(53) *Of this virgin.* "Of" used for 'on.' See Note 26, Act v., "Taming of the Shrew."

(54) *A hilding.* 'A low, despicable fellow,' 'a base wretch.' See Note 4, Act ii., "Taming of the Shrew." In explaining the word there, its derivation is stated to have been traced to 'hinderling,' but it has also been said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to crouch.

(55) *Leaguer.* Camp. A passage from Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1590, illustrates this:—"They will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our ancient terms belonging to matters of war, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name *Legar*; nor will not afford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*."

(56) *Lump of ore.* The Folio misprints 'ours' for "ore;" Theobald's correction.

(57) *John Drum's entertainment.* This phrase (with the occasional variation of 'Jack' or 'Tom,' as the pre-name to "Drum," instead of "John") was in colloquial use, to signify much the same sort of treatment as is now called 'drumming out,' meaning an ignominious expulsion. In Holinshed we find:—"Tom Drum his entertainment; which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

(58) *The humour of his design.* The Folio gives 'honour,' instead of 'humour;' Theobald's correction. The one word was an easy misprint for the other; and we think that "the honour of his

design," as the "honour he is to reap from his design," a forced interpretation, and less likely to be the meaning of the speaker than "the humour of his design," which is what he desires Bertram will not hinder, and which consists thoroughly with "for the love of laughter."

(59) *In any hand.* 'In any case,' 'at any rate,' 'at all events.' It is a similar idiom to "at any hand." See Note 90, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew."

(60) *There was excellent command.* One of Shakespeare's ironical sentences. See Note 64, Act ii.

(61) *Hic jacet.* A Latin phrase, signifying 'Here lies;' often used as the commencement to an epitaph. Parolles, in his vapouring way, says he would either recover that drum, get another from the enemy in its stead, or die in the attempt.

(62) *Stomach.* Here used in the combined sense of 'appetite' and of 'courage.' See Note 32, Act i., "Tempest."

(63) *Mystery.* Here used in its double sense of 'secret knowledge,' and of 'trade' or 'professional avocation.' See Note 18, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(64) *Dilemmas.* By this word the braggart designs to convey an idea of the different obstacles he will probably meet with in carrying out his attempt, the various schemes he has for overcoming them, the divers risks he will have to run, and the choice he will in all likelihood have to make between what Fuller calls "a dilemma of deaths."

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.<sup>65</sup> Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. *[Exit.]*

*First Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; condemns himself to do, and dares better be condemned than to do't?

*Sec. Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week<sup>66</sup> escape a great deal of discoveries;<sup>67</sup> but when you find him out,<sup>68</sup> you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*First Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies:<sup>69</sup> but we have almost embossed him<sup>70</sup>—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

*Sec. Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.<sup>71</sup> He was first smoked<sup>72</sup> by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him: which you shall see this very night.

*First Lord.* I must go look my twigs:<sup>73</sup> he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

*First Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

*Sec. Lord.* But you say she's honest.<sup>74</sup>

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,<sup>75</sup>  
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;  
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:  
Will you go see her?

*Sec. Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—FLORENCE. *A room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,<sup>76</sup>  
I know not how I shall assure you farther,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.<sup>77</sup>

*Wid.* Though my estate<sup>78</sup> be fallen, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,  
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,<sup>79</sup>  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that which well approves<sup>80</sup>  
You're great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay and pay again,  
When I have found it.<sup>81</sup> The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolv'd<sup>82</sup> to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.<sup>83</sup>  
Now his important blood<sup>84</sup> will naught deny<sup>85</sup>  
That she'll demand: a ring the county<sup>86</sup> wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house

(65) *To the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.* 'I will answer for thee, that thou wilt do all that thy soldiership can possibly perform.'

(66) *A week.* Here used for an indefinite space of time. See Note 35, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(67) *A great deal of discoveries.* This has been challenged as grammatically incorrect; but the use of "deal" in combination with a plural noun is still a provincialism.

(68) *When you find him out.* This passage serves to illustrate the one explained in Note 116, Act ii.

(69) *Probable lies.* Lies wearing an appearance of probability.

(70) *Embossed him.* 'Run him down,' 'hunted him down.' 'Embossed' is a term of the chase; 'panting,' 'exhausted,' 'foaming at the mouth.' See Note 12, sc. i., Induction, "Taming of the Shrew."

(71) *Case him.* "Case" is used by Shakespeare for 'skin,' or 'covering.' "Case him" means, strictly, 'skin him'; figuratively, 'strip him of his deceitful coverings,' 'unmask him.'

(72) *Smoked.* The use of this word in this passage affords an instance of Shakespeare's way of crowding analogies and allusions into one humorous sentence by the introduction of a single epithet. "Smoked" has affinity with the "case" or 'skin' just mentioned; it suggests the 'smoke-dried' fish that turns out to be "a sprat"; and it implies the tracking out by scent which agrees with "fox," and furnishes the jocose verb for 'finding out a pretender,' which is still in familiar use.

(73) *Look my twigs.* 'Look out my twigs.' See Note 11, Act iv., "Merry Wives."

(74) *Honest.* 'Pure,' 'chaste,' 'chary of her honour.' See Note 42 of this Act.

(75) *That we have i' the wind.* Cotgrave thus explains this pro-

verbial phrase:—"Estre sur vent, To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee:" an explanation which also serves to illustrate the expression commented upon in Note 43, Act ii., "Much Ado." But we believe the present passage, "that we have i' the wind," includes reference to 'having scent of,' 'hunting by track of smell left in the air.'

(76) *She.* An instance of Shakespeare's employing a relatively-used pronoun in reference to an understood nominative. It of course refers to Helen herself, to her own identity, as Bertram's wife; which she has been revealing to the Widow. Shakespeare often opens a scene with these conversations already begun, giving a most natural effect by this, one of his resources in dramatic art.

(77) *Lose the grounds I work upon.* Helena says she knows not how she shall give the Widow farther proofs of her identity, without risking the betrayal of her disguise to Bertram, and so losing the grounds on which she builds her plan.

(78) *Estate.* Condition; position in life.

(79) *What to your sworn counsel I have spoken.* "That which I have confided to you under a vow of secrecy." Shakespeare uses the word "counsel" in this peculiar way. See Note 59, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(80) *Approves.* Proves, testifies.

(81) *Found it.* Used for 'experienced it,' 'found it to exist.'

(82) *Resolv'd.* First Folio prints 'Resolve'; second Folio, 'Resolves'; corrected to "Resolv'd" in Lord Ellesmere's copy.

(83) *Bear it.* 'Carry the matter,' 'conduct the affair.'

(84) *Important blood.* "Importunate affection." See Notes 5 and 22, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(85) *Deny.* Refuse.

(86) *County.* Count. See Note 41, Act i., "Merchant of Venice."





*Parolles.* Oh, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes.

*Act IV. Scene I.*





From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it; this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle<sup>87</sup> fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,<sup>88</sup>  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful, then: it is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent: after this,<sup>89</sup>  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,<sup>90</sup>  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,  
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why, then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:<sup>91</sup>  
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

*First Lord.* He can come no other way but by  
this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak  
what terrible language you will,—though you under-  
stand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not  
seem to understand him, unless some one among us,  
whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*First Sold.* Good captain, let me be the inter-  
preter.

*First Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows  
he not thy voice?

*First Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

*First Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey<sup>1</sup> hast thou  
to speak to us again?

*First Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

*First Lord.* He must think us some band of  
strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.<sup>2</sup> Now,  
he hath a smack<sup>3</sup> of all neighbouring languages;  
therefore we must every one be a man of his own  
fancy, not to know<sup>4</sup> what we speak one to another;  
so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:

chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough.  
As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—  
But couch, ho! here he comes,—to beguile two hours  
in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he  
forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill  
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have  
done? It must be a very plausible<sup>5</sup> invention that  
carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces  
have of late knocked too often at my door. I find  
my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the  
fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not  
daring the reports of my tongue.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that  
e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to under-  
take the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant  
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such  
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say  
I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry  
it; they will say, "Came you off with so little?"  
and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's  
the instance?<sup>6</sup> Tongue, I must put you into a

(87) *Idle.* Here includes the sense of 'wild,' 'rash,' 'impetuous,'  
'desperate,' 'madly eager,' as well as 'light-minded,' 'toying,'  
'inconsiderate,' 'futile.' See Note 153, Act ii.

(88) *Too dear.* In Shakespeare's elliptical style this stands here  
for 'too dear a price to pay,' or 'too dear a possession to part with.'

(89) *After this.* "This," omitted in the first Folio, is supplied  
in the second.

(90) *Perséver.* 'Persevere,' formerly, was often thus spelt and  
accented.

(91) *Fact.* Deed; act; Latin, *factum*, a thing done. Helena  
characteristically utters an enigma; she means by it, that her  
husband intending wickedly will act lawfully; she will intend  
lawfully and act lawfully, and they both will commit no sin, while  
seeming to do so.

(1) *Linsey-woolsey.* Literally, a stuff made of mixed linen and  
wool; figuratively used for a trashy compound of words, what we  
should now call 'fustian' language.

(2) *Some band of strangers, &c.* 'Some foreign troops in the  
enemy's pay.'

(3) *A smack.* Here used for what we should now call 'a smatter-  
ing.'

(4) *Not to know.* Here used for 'not needing to know.' "Must"  
occurring in the first clause of the sentence, "not" in the second,  
contradicts the necessity or obligation. The meaning of the whole  
sentence we take to be—'We must each be a speaker from our own  
individual invention, and need not know what we say to each  
other; so that we appear to know, is to know enough for our  
purpose.' ["Straight," here signifying 'at once,' 'directly,' 'im-  
mediately."] "Chough" is a kind of crow. See Note 32, Act iii.,  
"Midsummer Night's Dream."

(5) *Plausible.* Here used for 'plausible.' It has been said to be  
used in the same sense in Act i., sc. 2; but there we think "his  
plausible words" signify 'his words worthy of applause.'

(6) *What's the instance?* Here "instance" has been explained  
by Johnson to mean 'proof,' and by others to mean 'motive;' but  
we rather take it to signify that which is to be instanced, or brought  
forward in evidence. "Wherefore, what's the instance?" we in-  
terpret thus:—'For which reason, what fabricated circumstance  
can I adduce?'

butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,<sup>7</sup> if you prattle me into these perils.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard;<sup>8</sup> and to say it was in stratagem.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarcely make that be believed.

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

*First Lord.* [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's.

[*Alarum within.*]

*First Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo cargo.* [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

*Par.* Oh, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes.

*First Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

*First Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

*Kerelybonto:—sir,*

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh!

*First Sold.* Oh, pray, pray, pray!—

*Manka revania dulce.*

*First Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

*First Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

*Par.* Oh, let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

*First Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, shoot me.

*First Sold.* *Acordo linta:—*

Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

*First Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

*Sec. Sold.* Captain, I will.

*First Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves:—

Inform on that.<sup>9</sup>

*Sec. Sold.* So I will, sir.<sup>10</sup>

*First Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—FLORENCE. A room in the Widow's house.

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess!

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was fram'd.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that.

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:<sup>11</sup>

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

And mock us with our bareness.<sup>12</sup>

(7) *Bajazet's mule.* These words probably conveyed some allusion, well understood in Shakespeare's time, beyond those pointed out by Steevens and Reed: the one to a description in the old Turkish histories of Bajazet riding on a mule to the divan; the other to an apologue of a philosopher who undertook to make a mule speak. In itself the word "mule" is sufficiently expressive of obstinate dumbness, yet some commentators have altered it to "mute."

(8) *Baring of my beard.* "Baring" was formerly used as an equivalent to "shaving." In "Measure for Measure," Act iv., sc. 2, we find—"Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death."

(9) *Inform on that.* This has been changed to "Inform 'em that," as if it were an additional order to the second soldier. Whereas we take it to be a following up of the first portion of the speech—"He will betray us all unto ourselves ['he will,' under-

stood as repeated]: inform on that." The First Lord is musing upon Parolles' answer to the words, "Haply thou mayst inform something to save thy life;" and says he 'will "inform" on that point;—something concerning "ourselves."'

(10) *So I will, sir.* This speech, which seems as though it were in reply to what the First Lord has last said, is, in fact, a reiteration of "Captain, I will," in reply to what the First Lord has before said—"Go, tell the Count Rousillon," &c. The intervolving of the dialogue here, in accordance with Shakespeare's way of giving speeches that cross each other, is probably what has misled those commentators who change "on" to 'em' in the previous speech. See Note 76, Act ii.

(11) *My vows.* Not only the vows in reference to Helena, alluded to in the sentence he wrote to his mother—"sworn to make the not eternal"—but the vows he is now proffering to Diana.

(12) *You barely leave our, &c.* Those who have proposed to alter



*Ber.*

How have I sworn!<sup>13</sup>

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy,<sup>14</sup> that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,

That I will work against him: therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd,<sup>16</sup>—  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.*

Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts



*Bertram.* Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

Act IV. Scene II.

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,<sup>15</sup>

That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

the word "barely" here to 'basely,' or 'merely,' would strip the passage of its Shakespearian emphasis in repetition, which they fail to appreciate. To our thinking it emphatically expresses—'You leave us deprived of all save our stings of conscience, and then reproach us with our deprivation.'

(13) *How have I sworn!* We must either believe that something has been omitted after these words, or understand them to include various forms of swearing; as, 'by my love for thee,' 'by thine own sweet self,' &c.; since these adjurations seem to be referred to in Diana's next speech.

(14) *What is not holy.* This sentence shows that among the "many oaths" he has vowed, Bertram has sworn by his love, which Diana maintains is "not holy," and which he afterwards protests "is holy:" it also shows that we are to take the word "ill" afterwards in the sense of 'unholy;' and that "Jove's attributes" may be taken to represent 'Heaven's attributes—holiness and goodness.' Diana's argument goes to prove that Bertram's suit is unholy in itself, and that it is injurious to her towards whom he professes love. The speech is expressed in

forcible though unusual language; and its drift is perfectly clear, though its construction is peculiar. She here says—'We do not swear by what is unholy, but by Heaven itself: then, if I should swear by Heaven and holiness I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths when you found I loved you unholy and injuriously?'

(15) *This has no holding, to swear by him whom I, &c.* "This has no holding" means 'this does not hold good in consistency,' 'this has no coherence or appropriateness.' "To swear by him whom I protest to love" seems to show that Bertram has sworn by Diana herself, as well as by his love; because the whole speech has the effect of argument by retort. The sentence appears to us (in Shakespeare's comprehensive style of writing) to include a two-fold meaning:—'To swear by Heaven and holiness whom I protest to love, that I will act contrary to their laws,' and 'To swear by one whom I protest to love, that I will desecrate and injure him.'

(16) *Words and poor conditions; but unseal'd.* 'Mere words and empty professions, that sound as if binding; but really left



*Dia.* I see that men make hopes, in such a case,<sup>17</sup>

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power

To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house, Bequeathèd down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy<sup>18</sup> i' the world In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathèd down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion, honour, on my part, Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring: My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine, And I'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.<sup>19</sup> Now will I charge you in the band<sup>20</sup> of truth, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: And on your finger, in the night, I'll put Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,<sup>21</sup> May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [Exit.]

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo, As if she sat in's heart; she says all men Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,<sup>22</sup> Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and two or three Soldiers.

*First Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

*Sec. Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

*First Lord.* He has much worthy<sup>23</sup> blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

*Sec. Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly<sup>24</sup> with you.

*First Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

*Sec. Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made<sup>25</sup> in the unchaste composition.

*First Lord.* Now, Heaven delay our rebellion:<sup>26</sup> as we are ourselves, what things are we!

*Sec. Lord.* Merely<sup>27</sup> our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends,<sup>28</sup> so he that in this action contrives<sup>29</sup> against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.<sup>30</sup>

*First Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?<sup>31</sup> We shall not then have his company to-night?

unratified by such "holding" and appropriate pledges of security as I have just described.

(17) *Make hopes, in such a case.* The Folio prints this 'make rope's in such a scarre,' which has been variously altered, most readings changing 'rope's' into 'hopes;' while others alter 'scarre' into 'case,' 'affairs,' 'scene,' 'war,' 'suit,' 'scape,' 'snare.' Of these substituted words, we have adopted the first, as "in such a case" is a phrase frequently used by Shakespeare; but we have no confidence in its being the correct one. There is great plausibility in 'snare,' from its close similarity of letters to the Folio word here; 'scape,' according to the sense in which that word is used by Shakespeare in "Winter's Tale," Act iii., sc. 3, is possibly right; and 'suit' accords well with the use of the same sentence in Act iii., sc. 5—"brokes with all that can in such a suit corrupt," &c. Moreover, an extremely ingenious conjecture has been made, that possibly the line originally ran thus:—"I see that men may cope's in such a sorte;" since Shakespeare uses the words "cope" and "sort" in the sense that suits this passage; and since the sentence would then form a kind of excusatory introduction to Diana's abrupt request, "Give me that ring," as a token of her change from resistance to relenting.

(18) *Obloquy.* Used here for that which causes obloquy or reproach. See Note 64, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(19) *I'll order take my mother, &c.* 'I'll take measures to prevent my mother from hearing.' See Note 84, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew."

(20) *Band.* Sometimes used for 'bond.' See Note 40, Act v., "Tempest."

(21) *What in time proceeds.* 'Whatsoever in the course of time may result.' "What" is here used for 'whatever' or 'whatsoever.'

(22) *Braid.* False, deceitful, beguiling, tricking. From the Anglo-Saxon *bræd*, deceit; and the Icelandic *bragd*, fraud.

(23) *Worthy.* Here used for 'merited,' 'deserved.'

(24) *Darkly.* Here used for 'hiddenly,' 'secretly.'

(25) *Thinks himself made.* 'Deems himself fully fortunate.' A similar idiom occurs in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act iv., sc. 2:—"If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men."

(26) *Delay our rebellion.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "delay" with a stronger sense than that of 'defer,' 'postpone;' it includes the sense of 'hinder,' 'baffle,' 'frustrate,' 'check,' 'repress.' "Rebellion" here, as in the last scene of this play, signifies lawless deeds of passion.

(27) *Merely.* 'Absolutely,' 'thoroughly.' See Note 75, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(28) *Till they attain to their abhorred ends.* This has been variously explained, but to our minds it means—"Till they finally incur the abhorrence properly theirs, or which is their due."

(29) *Contrives.* Plots, acts injuriously. See Note 32, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice."

(30) *In his proper stream o'erflows himself.* 'By his own revelations covers himself with opprobrium.'

(31) *Is it not meant damnable in us to be, &c.* They who alter "meant" to "most" here, appear to miss the consecution of the sense in this dialogue. To our minds, "Is it not meant damnable in us," comes as a following up of the thought involved in "As we are ourselves, what things are we!" "Unaided by Heaven's providential checks and curbs, what are we? Heaven ordains it for our own condemnation, that we thus proclaim our unlawful intentions." "Meant," here, seems to us to have the force of 'purposely ordained,' 'expressly designed.'



*Sec. Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.<sup>32</sup>

*First Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company<sup>33</sup> anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously<sup>34</sup> he had set this counterfeit.<sup>35</sup>

*Sec. Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*First Lord.* In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

*Sec. Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*First Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

*Sec. Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

*First Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

*First Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

*Sec. Lord.* How is this justified?

*First Lord.* The stronger part of it<sup>36</sup> by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself,—which could not be her office to say is come,—was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

*Sec. Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*First Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

*Sec. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*First Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

*Sec. Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

*First Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

(32) *He is dieted to his hour.* To be "dieted" strictly means to be fed according to appointed rule; it is used here figuratively, for having an appointment granted at a restricted time.

(33) *Company.* Here used for companion; referring to Parolles. See Note 35, Act. i. "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(34) *Curiously.* "Carefully," "valuingly." From the aptly-chosen word we gain also the effect of "strangely."

(35) *Counterfeit.* Besides its meaning of a pretender, an impostor, this word, as used here, includes its senses of a picture, a false coin, and a factitious jewel—as the word "set" shows. See Note 31, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(36) *The stronger part of it.* "Stronger" is here used for 'substantial,' 'material;' in reference to the particulars of Helena's course during the latter part of her life, as opposed to "the point of her death." The word has been oddly altered by some few commentators to "stranger," but there is nothing particularly 'strange' in the recorded events.

(37) *His lordship will next morning for France.* An elliptical idiom; 'away,' 'depart,' or 'set forth' being understood between "will" and "next." Here the word "leave" having occurred just before, it may be understood as repeated.

(38) *This counterfeit model.* Here used to signify 'this fellow who pretends to be the model of military perfection.'

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France.<sup>37</sup> The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

*Sec. Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*First Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congéd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Sec. Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit model;<sup>38</sup> he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

*First Lord.*<sup>39</sup> Bring him forth [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]:—he has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.<sup>40</sup> How does he carry himself?

*First Lord.* I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has he?<sup>41</sup>

*Sec. Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I

(39) *First Lord.* This speech has generally been assigned to the *Second Lord*; but the next speech but one, "I have told your lordship already," &c., shows the present one to belong to the same speaker. It has already been observed that, in the Folio, the prefixes to the speeches uttered by these two characters are given with much uncertainty; therefore editors must use their best endeavour to arrange them in the way that seems most probably to be the right one. See Note 1, Act iii.

(40) *His heels have deserved it, in usurping, &c.* Spurs, as a token of knighthood, were hacked off when a knight disgraced his order, and forfeited his title to belong to it. See Note 4, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(41) *Nothing of me, has he?* It is worthy of note how consistently the poet has drawn the character of Bertram—meanly selfish, grossly egotistical in all his relations. Not only does he treat Helena and Diana like a scoundrel, but he behaves basely by Parolles, his chosen companion. His first idea, on learning that he is but a "hilding" and "a bubble," is a selfish one—a tetchiness as to his own want of judgment—"Do you think I am so far deceived in him?" He is harder upon him than the others, who call him "poor gallant knave," while Bertram again shows his jealous resentment at his having deceived him, and says, unfeelingly, "No matter, his heels," &c. And, lastly, so far from betraying the least



believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

*First Lord.* Hoodman comes!<sup>42</sup>—*Porto tarta-rossa.*

*First Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

*First Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

*First Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

*First Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] All's one to him.<sup>43</sup> What a past-saving slave is this!

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.<sup>44</sup>

*Sec. Lord.* [*Apart.*] I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] But I con him no thanks for't,<sup>45</sup> in the nature he delivers it.<sup>46</sup>

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

*First Sold.* Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,<sup>47</sup> I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each;<sup>48</sup> mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Benti, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll;<sup>49</sup> half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,<sup>50</sup> lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] What shall be done to him?

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition,<sup>51</sup> and what credit I have with the duke.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.

What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories:<sup>52</sup> demand them singly.

*First Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for perverting the sheriff's fool,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[*First Lord lifts up his hand in anger.*

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.<sup>53</sup>

*First Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is.

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*First Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

concern at his old associate having proved worthless, he is solely occupied with the dread lest he should confess anything that will compromise himself, Count Bertram of Rousillon—noble by birth, rascal by nature.

(42) *Hoodman comes!* The game now known as 'Blind-man's Buff' was formerly called 'Hoodman Blind.'

(43) *All's one to him.* In the Folio, these words are so printed as to form the concluding portion of Parolles' last speech; but they are evidently the commencement of Bertram's present one.

(44) *The chape of his dagger.* "The chape" was the hook or fastening by which the sheath of a weapon was attached to the belt. See Note 19, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew." "Theoric" is an old form of 'theory.'

(45) *I con him no thanks for't.* An expression equivalent to 'I owe him no thanks for it,' or 'I am not beholden or indebted to him for it;' more literally, 'I know of no thanks due to him for it,' 'I acknowledge or recognise no thanks as his by right.' "Con" is from the Saxon, *connan*, to know.

(46) *In the nature he delivers it.* 'In the way he delivers it;' that is, so treacherously and so disparagingly.

(47) *If I were to live this present hour.* An instance of the way in which Shakespeare gives the effect of one word to another, by his mode of introducing it in a sentence. See Note 48, Act iv., "As

You Like It.' Here, "live" has the effect of 'die,' because it is used in the phrase where ordinarily 'die' occurs; but we take it to be meant as showing Parolles' perturbation of mind, and that he intends to say, 'If I were to die this present hour, or allowed to live through it.'

(48) *Two hundred fifty each.* Instead of the more usual way of 'Two hundred and fifty each,' 'and' was sometimes omitted in familiar parlance; as we still say 'twenty-two' for 'twenty and two.'

(49) *Fifteen thousand poll.* "Poll" is here used for enumerated heads.

(50) *Cassocks.* Cloaks, or loose upper garments, worn by soldiers. French, *casques*.

(51) *Condition.* Here used for disposition and character.

(52) *Inter'gatories.* An elision formerly employed for 'interrogatories.' See Note 50, Act v., "Merchant of Venice."

(53) *Though I know his brains are, &c.* Shakespeare uses "though" very peculiarly. See Note 24, Act ii., "Much Ado." He sometimes, it is true, employs the word in the sense it usually bears—'notwithstanding that;' but he elsewhere employs it in cases where it can hardly have that signification. Here, for instance, it seems to us rather to mean 'as,' 'since,' for the reason that.





*Bertram.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*Second Lord.* Bless you, Captain Parolles.

*Act IV. Scene III.*





*First Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness,<sup>54</sup> I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

*First Sold.* [*Finds one on him.*] Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] Our interpreter does it well.

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] Excellently.

*First Sold.* [*Reads.*] Dian, the count's a fool,<sup>55</sup> and full of gold—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement<sup>56</sup> to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish, idle boy, but, for all that, very wanton: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

*First Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and licentious boy.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] Both sides rogue.

*First Sold.* [*Reads.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;<sup>57</sup>

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with,<sup>58</sup> boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Apart.*] This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*First Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

*First Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so

you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister:<sup>59</sup> he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.<sup>60</sup>

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] I begin to love him for this.<sup>61</sup>

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] For this description of thine honesty? A plague upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

*First Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,<sup>62</sup>—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country,<sup>63</sup> he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End,<sup>64</sup> to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

*First Lord.* [*Apart.*] He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* [*Apart.*] A plague on him, he's a cat still.<sup>65</sup>

*First Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>66</sup> he will sell the fee-simple<sup>67</sup> of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

*First Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

*Sec. Lord.* [*Apart.*] Why does he ask him of me?

*First Sold.* What's he?

(54) *In good sadness.* 'Seriously,' 'upon reflection.'

(55) *Dian, the count's a fool.* It has been asserted that probably something has dropped out from the text here, as this line has no corresponding one to rhyme with it, like the rest. But it may have been a prose commencement, to match with the prose conclusion. There are other instances in Shakespeare (see "*Twelfth Night*," Act ii., sc. 5; and "*Hamlet*," Act ii., sc. 2) of letters written partly in verse, partly in prose.

(56) *Advertisement.* 'Warning;' French, *avertir*, to warn.

(57) *Half won is match well made, &c.* This line may be interpreted—'A match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, and make it well.'

(58) *Men are to mell with.* "Mell" means 'meddle,' 'deal.' Florio, in his "*Seconde Frutes*," has:—

"Who with a Tuscan hath to mell.  
Had need to hear and see full well."

(59) *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.* He will not scruple to break sanctuary, for the sake of even the most insignificant object.

(60) *What an honest man should have, he has nothing.* 'Of' is here understood before "what." For a similar form of construction see Note 23, Act i., "*Tempest*."

(61) *I begin to love him for this.* The good humour of this young lord is well contrasted with Bertram's sulky resentment. The fact is, the latter feels the truth of the fellow's scurrilous reports, while the other can afford to laugh at them as sheer calumnies.

(62) *Led the drum before the English tragedians.* It was the custom for a troop of strolling players to be preceded by a drum or trumpet. See Note 21, Induction, "*Taming of the Shrew*."

(63) *In that country.* One of those touches that Shakespeare throws in to remind us that the scene of the play we are reading is laid abroad, while enabling him to introduce native allusions that would otherwise be misplaced. See Note 1, Act iii., "*Merchant of Venice*."

(64) *Mile End.* Where it was usual for the citizens of London to be mustered and trained. "The doubling of files" has reference to the military evolution of 'marching in double file.'

(65) *He's a cat still.* The way in which Bertram returns and returns to the same expression of antipathy to Parolles is characteristically indicative of his fidgety egotism, and bad-tempered vexation.

(66) *Quart d'ecu.* A French coin, known in England, where it was sometimes spelt 'cardecue.' It means 'quarter of a crown;' and some authorities state it to have been the fourth part of the French gold crown, when it was worth eighteenpence; while others say that it was a fourth of the smaller French crown, and worth eightpence.

(67) *Fee-simple.* This word, with those that follow it in the present speech, form a string of law-terms, which Shakespeare had so marked a liking for. "Fee-simple" signifies 'possession for ever' (see Note 19, Act iv., "*Merry Wives*"). The technical legal explanation of a "remainder" is 'something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*First Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

*First Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition<sup>68</sup> of that licentious young boy, the count, have I run into this danger: yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*First Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

*First Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*]

So, look about you: know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Bless you, Captain Parolles.

*First Lord.* Save you, noble captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

*First Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*]

*First Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*First Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France, too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live.<sup>69</sup> Who knows himself a  
braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—FLORENCE. A room in the Widow's house.

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect my intents, to kneel:

Time was, I did him a desired office,

Dear almost as his life; which gratitude<sup>70</sup>

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd

His grace is at Marseilles:<sup>71</sup> to which place

We have convenient convoy. You must know,

I am supposed dead: the army breaking,

My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,

We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.*

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust

Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.*

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love: doubt not but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>72</sup>

And helper to a husband. But, oh! strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy<sup>73</sup> trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night! so will doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away:

But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalf.

*Dia.*

Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions,<sup>74</sup> I am yours

Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.*

Yet, I pray you:<sup>75</sup>

But, with the word,<sup>76</sup> the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,

has; 'and we believe that either some word (equivalent to 'secure' or 'ensure') has dropped out before "a perpetual," or that Parolles is intended to get into a conglomeration.

(68) *Beguile the supposition.* 'Entrap the good opinion.'

(69) *Simply the thing I am shall make me live.* It would be difficult to match this little sentence for pithy expression,—a world of satire upon meanness of soul compressed into nine brief words.

(70) *Which gratitude.* Here, "which" is used peculiarly. See Note 99, Act ii. "Which gratitude" implies a gratitude commensurate with which "desired office."

(71) *Marseilles.* Here pronounced as a trisyllable. See Note 43, Act ii., "Taming of the Shrew."

(72) *Motive.* Here used in the sense of 'moving power,' 'active means,' 'agent,' 'promoter.'

(73) *Saucy.* Shakespeare uses this word here, and elsewhere, to

signify 'unlawfully bold,' 'audacious beyond licence.' The sentence appears to us to mean 'When, by permitting the beguiled imagination to rove forbiddenly, the darkness of night is made blacker.' This wandering away of Helena's thoughts into reverie (for the whole of this sentence is spoken to herself, rather than to her hearers), even while she is commenting upon excursive fancies, is, to our thinking, intensely fine and true to human nature,—particularly under these special circumstances.

(74) *Impositions.* Injunctions; commands. See Note 76, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(75) *Yet, I pray you.* "Yet" is here (as just before in the sentence "yet must suffer") used in the sense of 'yet farther,' 'yet awhile,' 'still.' Helena means to say, 'I pray you, still "suffer something in my behalf."'

(76) *But, with the word.* Elsewhere, as here, Shakespeare employs this expression to signify 'immediately,' 'upon the instant,'



And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us:<sup>77</sup>  
All's well that ends well:<sup>78</sup> still the fine's the  
crown;<sup>79</sup>  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth<sup>82</sup> of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed<sup>83</sup> humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him!<sup>84</sup> it was



Parolles. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away. Look, here he comes himself.

Act V. Scene II.

SCENE V.—ROUSILLON. A room in the mansion of the COUNTESS.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta<sup>80</sup> fellow there, whose villainous saffron<sup>81</sup>

the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we

'in a moment.' Helena means, 'But, even as we speak, even while we utter the word "suffer," the time,' &c.

(77) *Time revives us.* It has been proposed to alter the word "revives" to 'revies,' 'reviles,' 'invites,' &c.; and even the word "time" has been suspected to be incorrect in this line. But we take the sense of the sentence to mean, 'Time gives us fresh energy, fresh life in purpose to act.' Elsewhere, Shakespeare propounds the vital truth that "Time is the nurse and breeder of all good;" and here, Helena's hopeful, energetic words contain the same trust in the renovating principle of Time.

(78) *All's well that ends well.* One of the passages, alluded to in the first note to this play, that are pertinent to its title.

(79) *Still the fine's the crown.* "Fine" is here used in its sense of 'end;' from Latin *finis*; and the phrase has reference to the Latin sentence—*Finis coronat opus* ('The end crowns the work').

(80) *Snipt-taffeta.* Slashed silk: and in allusion to the "scarfs" and fluttering ribbons that Parolles wears, which have been several times referred to in the course of the play.

(81) *Villainous saffron.* This probably alludes to a custom of wearing yellow starch in the ruffs and linen, and to the gaudy colour of Monsieur's doublet; both of which extravagances of fashionable attire he most likely affected.

(82) *Unbaked and doughy youth.* By these epithets the poet admirably stigmatises the raw pasty character of idle young fellows; by them, moreover, he connects the idea of Parolles not only inducing his thoughtless associates to adopt his absurd fashions in attire, but to leaven them with his vices and impart a colour of his ugly nature to theirs: for "saffron" was used to give a hue to pastry ("Saffron to colour the warden pies," "Winter's Tale," Act iv., sc. 2); and thus Shakespeare morally, as well as personally, uses the figure in this sentence.

(83) *Red-tailed.* Alluding to Monsieur's flaring-coloured hose. Hamner plausibly substituted 'but for' instead of "than by" in this last sentence.

(84) *I would I had not known him!* The second "I" in this sentence has been changed by Hamner and others to 'he;' but the



may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.<sup>85</sup>

*Laf.* They are not salad-herbs,<sup>86</sup> you knave; they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.<sup>87</sup>

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, 'a has an English name;<sup>88</sup> but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest<sup>89</sup> thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,<sup>90</sup> he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy.<sup>91</sup>

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority

he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,<sup>92</sup> but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Oh, madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half,<sup>93</sup> but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.<sup>94</sup>

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exit.]

text as it stands is quite understandable, meaning, 'I would he had never been known to me; never visited here; never become the associate of my son!'

(85) *Herb of grace.* One of the names for 'rue.'

(86) *Salad-herbs.* The Folio prints merely 'hearbes' here. The word "salad" was supplied by Rowe; which the context seems to require.

(87) *Grass.* This is here spelt 'grace' in the Folio; to mark the pun which the Clown makes between the two words, as is testified by Lafen's next words, alluding to his want of grace by the word "knave." By a little mincing in the pronunciation of "grass" (and it was sometimes written and pronounced 'gresse' in Shakespeare's time), the play on the word is obvious; and we have seen that strictly similar pronunciation was not necessary for a pun. See Note 82, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(88) *An English name.* The Folio prints 'maine' instead of "name;" Rowe's correction. The allusion is double: to Edward "the black prince," whose appearance in France was a "hot" terror, while he was cherished in England; and to "the prince of

darkness," who is supposed by Lavatch to show more fiercely in the land where he himself is speaking.

(89) *Suggest.* Here used for 'tempt.'

(90) *But, sure.* Some editors here change "sure" to 'since.' To our minds "But sure" in this place is precisely in Shakespeare's style.

(91) *A shrewd knave and an unhappy.* "Shrewd" is here used in its sense of 'slyly mischievous;' and "unhappy" in that of 'unlucky,' 'ill-conditioned.' See Note 56, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(92) *Pace.* Here has the force of 'set pace,' 'trained step,' 'prescribed course,' 'appointed limit.'

(93) *Two pile and a half.* In allusion to the quality of the velvet of which the patch is made. See Note 22, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(94) *It is your carbonadoed face.* "Your" is here used according to the idiom explained in Note 96, Act iii., "As You Like It." "A carbonado" was a slice of meat, prepared for the gridiron by being scotched or cut with a knife; and a "carbonadoed face" is one that has been wounded and slashed by cuts from a sword.



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—MARSEILLES. *A street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low;<sup>1</sup> we cannot help it:  
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold<sup>2</sup> you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time:<sup>3</sup>—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.<sup>4</sup>*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice<sup>5</sup> manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir!

*Gent.* Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet,<sup>6</sup>  
Though time seemed so adverse and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper<sup>7</sup> to his gracious hand;  
Which, I presume, shall render<sup>8</sup> you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.<sup>9</sup>  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.<sup>10</sup>

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well  
thank'd,  
Whate'er falls more.<sup>11</sup>—We must to horse again:—  
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROUSILLON. *The inner court of the mansion of the COUNTESS.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good Monsieur Lavatch,<sup>12</sup> give my Lord  
Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better  
known to you, when I have held familiarity with  
fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in  
Fortune's mood,<sup>13</sup> and smell somewhat strong of her  
strong displeasure.

(7) *The paper.* The one previously mentioned as "this petition," when confided by Helena to the gentle Astringer's care and good offices.

(8) *Which, I presume, shall render.* The way in which "which" and "it" are used in this sentence affords an instance of the kind of construction pointed out in Note 39, Act ii. They do not refer to either "paper" or "hand," in the preceding line; but, in Shakespeare's way of making relatively-used pronouns refer to an implied particular, they relate to the act of commending the paper to the king's hand.

(9) *Make you thank your pains for it.* 'Make you rejoice in the pains you took to do it.'

(10) *With what good speed our means will make us means.* This is a phrase quite in Shakespeare's manner: the repetition of the words gives a half playful effect, and they serve to depict Helena's untired spirit, encouraging her companions by her cheerful energy and sprightly endurance. There is combined signification in the sentence, and it harmonises with Helena's characteristically enigmatic utterance. It implies what speed the money she will spend can command in the shape of conveyance; what speed her physical condition will enable her to exert; what speed her own and her companions' efforts will empower them to make.

(11) *Whate'er falls more.* "Falls" is here used for 'befalls,' 'happens,' 'occurs.'

(12) *Lavatch.* It has been supposed that this is a corruption of some French word; and it has been suggested that it was possibly *La Vache*, in punning allusion to the name of the actor who played the part, either Richard Cowley or John Lowine (Lowing). Considering the context, it may have been intended for *Lavage*; which, in familiar French language, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.' However this may be, there is irresistible drollery, as well as fine satire, in making Parolles—who formerly treated the Clown with magnificent toleration—now address him by the title of "Monsieur," give him his name, and call him "sir."

(13) *Fortune's mood.* Shakespeare elsewhere, as well as here, employs the word "mood" to signify 'capricious humour,' 'petulance,' 'waywardness,' 'anger,' and, moreover, there is a pun

(1) *Must wear your spirits low.* In this little speech Shakespeare's dramatic art is conspicuous. He has made it beautifully convey the unselfishness of Helena's character; thinking of others' fatigue, not her own; her gentleness, apologising to them for occasioning their trouble; her energy of spirit, feeling no fatigue herself, in the generous eagerness of her affection, though travelling under such peculiar physical circumstances; her grateful nature, warmly expressing her sense of obligation, and renewing her promises of requital. He has made it, moreover, serve to show the speed with which the women have journeyed, and the ardour with which Helena hastens to her hoped-for success.

(2) *Bold.* Here used for 'assured,' 'confident.'

(3) *In happy time.* This expression is used by Shakespeare, as he uses "in good time," for an equivalent with 'appositely,' 'opportunately.' See Note 31, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(4) *Enter a gentle Astringer.* 'Ostercus,' or 'Austercus,' is a name for a goshawk; and Cowell, in his Law Dictionary, says that we usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk an *astringer*. Markham, a great authority on hawking, says, "They be called *ostringers*, which are the keepers of goshawks or tercells." We think, therefore, that there can be little doubt that the personage here introduced is a falconer, not exactly attached to the court, and a member of the royal household, but one who is consulted respecting the king's birds, and who is evidently in favour with the king himself. We all know what amount of interest with the sovereign, and influence at court, has been at various times enjoyed by those well skilled in hawks, hounds, horses, or other accessories to sporting pursuits. The epithet "gentle" shows "this man" to be of good birth; and Helena addresses him as one who has a name for "goodness." There is something appropriate in all this, to our thinking; and we should be loath to part with this "gentle Astringer," who has always had a quaint and pleasant individuality for us, in order that the substituted generality of "A gentleman" (which some editors would give) should take his place.

(5) *Nice.* Here used for 'punctilious,' 'precise.'

(6) *All's well that ends well yet.* Another of the passages pertinent to the play's title. See Note 78, Act iv.

*Clo.* Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.<sup>14</sup>

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh, pr'ythee, stand away. Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat<sup>15</sup> (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,<sup>16</sup> and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]*

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu*<sup>17</sup> for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than one word,<sup>18</sup> then.—Cox' my passion!<sup>19</sup> give me your hand:—how does your drum?

*Par.* Oh, my good lord, you were the first that found me!<sup>20</sup>

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon

me at once both the office of good and evil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;<sup>21</sup> go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—ROUSILLON. *A room in the mansion of the COUNTESS.*

*Flourish.* *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it:<sup>22</sup> but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.<sup>23</sup>

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;<sup>24</sup> When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes;<sup>25</sup> whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:<sup>26</sup>—let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach,

intended by the use of the word in this passage; as 'mud' was formerly pronounced somewhat like "mood."

(14) *Allow the wind.* 'Let me get to the windward of thee.'

(15) *A pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat.* It has been proposed to change "pur" to "puss" here, and to omit the second "of" before "Fortune:" but it may be that a "pur" is used by the fantastical Clown to represent 'a murmur,' 'a grumble;' and then, "pur" suggesting "cat," he goes on as in the text.

(16) *My smiles of comfort.* "Smiles" has here been altered by some editors to 'similes;' but we take "my smiles of comfort" to be a facetious whimsicality of the Clown's, equivalent to 'my comfortable jests,' 'my comforting playfulnesses.'

(17) *Quart d'ecu.* See Note 66, Act iv.

(18) *You beg more than one word.* The word "one," omitted in the First Folio, was supplied in the Third. Lafeu plays on the name "Parolles," which, in its likeness to the French word *paroles*, is the plural form of 'words.'

(19) *Cox' my passion!* One of the colloquial corruptions of solemn oaths then in use.

(20) *First that found me!* "Found" is here used with the same quibble on its different senses as before observed in Note 116, Act ii.; while "lost," in the next speech, is punned on with the signification of 'sank you in the estimation of others.'

(21) *Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.* This is just one of Shakespeare's own touches. It is not only true to his large

spirit of toleration for human frailties, that the old nobleman should save the wretch from starving, notwithstanding his strong disgust for his character; but it is an ingenuity of dramatic art thus to provide that Parolles shall be at hand, when the final scene of the story takes place at Rousillon, to appear among the other personages of the play.

(22) *Our esteem was made much poorer by it.* 'The amount of what we value as estimable was made so much the poorer by its loss.'

(23) *Home.* Here used for 'fully,' 'thoroughly.'

(24) *Blaze of youth.* The Folio prints 'blade' instead of "blaze" (Theobald's correction) here; and some editors retain 'blade,' interpreting it to signify, metaphorically, 'the spring of early life.' But 'blade,' as meaning a green shoot of corn, we do not find in Shakespeare; and, thus figuratively used in this passage, does not strike us as in his style. Whereas, "blaze" (taking the final "it" to refer to "reason") consists perfectly with the context; and Shakespeare has "*fire of youth*" in the present play, besides having "*His rash fierce blaze of riot*" in "*Richard II.*" Act ii., sc. 1.

(25) *Richest eyes.* Eyes that had seen the largest number of beautiful women. The expression "rich eyes," for eyes that have seen much, is used in "*As You Like It*," Act iv., sc. 1.

(26) *The first view shall kill all repetition.* The sight of him shall quench all recrimination. Shakespeare elsewhere uses "repetition" in a similar sense.



A stranger, no offender ; and inform him  
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

*King.* What says he to your daughter? have  
you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your  
highness.

In me at once : but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,<sup>28</sup>

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole ;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.



*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't. *Act V. Scene III.*

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have  
letters sent me  
That set him high in fame.

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,<sup>27</sup>  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot<sup>29</sup> of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege : at first  
I stuck my choice upon her,<sup>30</sup> ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :

(27) *I am not a day of season.* This has been variously interpreted ; but we take the King's meaning to be, that he does not wear a gloomy and frowning aspect suited (or seasonable) to Bertram's misdeeds, or a wholly tearful one in keeping with the mournful loss they have sustained. This is the figurative meaning ; the literal one of "not a day of season" is, a day belonging to neither a bad season nor a fine season, but partaking of both "hail and shine."

(28) *High-repented blames.* "Errors repented of in a high degree." Shakespeare elsewhere uses "high" for "highly," or "in a high degree ;" and also uses (like "blames" for that which incurs blame) the word indicating effort instead of the word indicating cause. See Note 18, Act iv.

(29) *The inaudible and noiseless foot.* Shakespeare has sometimes

these double epithets ; giving not so much additional meaning, as emphatic meaning. As no added idea is conveyed, it might be objected that here "inaudible" and "noiseless" are pleonastic, or redundant ; but they serve impressively to emphasise the never-heard but ever-felt pace of Time's foot.

(30) *I stuck my choice upon her.* Were it not that Bertram is so fluent a liar that no word of his can be believed, the point contained in this speech would go far to excuse much of his conduct. A man's sincere first love for a woman, while another woman is forced upon him in marriage by a feudal superior, is strong justification for his leaving the wife to live by herself ; and if it could be proved that the young Count Rousillon's affection for "fair Maudlin" were a truth, we could forgive him much. But all else that we know of him is so mean and false, that we can hardly



Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective<sup>31</sup> did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone. Our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.<sup>32</sup>  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear  
Heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cesse!<sup>33</sup>

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's  
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.—

[BERTRAM gives a ring to LAFEU.]

By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature! such a ring as this,

The last that e'er I took her leave at court,<sup>34</sup>  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine  
eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help,<sup>35</sup> that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave  
her

Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never  
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it:<sup>36</sup> noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd:<sup>37</sup> but when I had subscrib'd<sup>38</sup>  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction,<sup>39</sup> and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,<sup>40</sup>  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,<sup>41</sup>  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

credit this to be a fact; and have an irresistible feeling that it is a mere subterfuge fabricated on the spur of the moment. Had the dramatist intended this point of extenuation for Bertram, he would have stamped it as a truth by setting his own seal on it, and would have introduced some touch indicating the circumstance at an earlier period of the play.

(31) *Perspective.* Shakespeare has more than one allusion to a "perspective," of which there were various kinds; but all of them so contrived as to present a distorted effect. Certain of these were glasses; some cut in such a way as to reflect perverted hues and proportions of the object represented; others, wherein, by means of an optical illusion, a person beheld mirrored a different image from the one that should naturally appear. The context of the present passage shows the former kind to be here meant.

(32) *Our own love, waking, cries, &c.* This has been called an "obscure couplet," and some editors have changed "own" to 'old'; which, though giving a sense, does not give the sense demanded by the context. Taking "our own" here to signify 'juster,' more consistent with our spiritual perception, we interpret the passage thus:—'Our juster (or more conscientious) love, waking too late to a perception of the worth of the lost object, deplores the mischief done, while unjust hate is laid asleep (or extinguished) for ever after.' "Shameful hate" we take here to express that which depreciates the lost object and disgraces ourselves.

(33) *Cesse!* An old form of 'cease,' used here for the sake of rhyme. The two lines ending with this word, in the Folio, form the conclusion of the King's speech; but Theobald rightly assigned them to the Countess, from whom they come most characteristically.

(34) *The last that e'er I took her leave at court.* 'The last time that ever I took leave of her at court.'

(35) *Stood necessitated to help.* 'Stood in need of help.' There is, to our minds, a peculiarly Shakespearian style in the sentences of this speech; which, though it offends some of the sticklers for strict (that is, conventional) construction, yet has just the effect that the dramatist often produces by this kind of style in the closing scenes of some of his plays. For instance, by the expres-

sion "necessitated to help," he conveys the idea of 'necessitated to ask for help;' and thus the effect of appeal having been made is given to the sentence, naturally introducing the succeeding words, "that by this token," &c. In this brief, condensed, yet effectual way does Shakespeare work; while his commentators, failing to appreciate the scope of his construction, accuse him of inefficiency. Witness Mr. Malone, who on this passage observes—"Our author here, as in many other places, seems to have forgotten in the close of the sentence how he began to construct it." How fond they are of accusing him of nodding over his productions—him whose vigilance is ever wakeful—while they perpetually record their own sleepy perceptions!

(36) *From a casement thrown me, wrapp'd, &c.* Here is one of Count Bertram's ready falsehoods, which he, with the fluency of an expert liar, pours forth with self-condemnatory ease. Though he did not know that the ring belonged to Helena, he knew that it was not given to him under the circumstances he describes with so much affected precision of detail; and that very throwing from a window, wrapping in paper, and nobleness of the thrower, by which he seeks to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his tale, serves to prove its untruth, and to convict himself of being altogether untrue.

(37) *Ingag'd.* This has been explained to mean 'disengaged,' 'unengaged'; "in" having the force of 'un' here, and Shakespeare using "gaged" sometimes for 'engaged.' Nevertheless, we take "ingaged" here to mean 'pledged'; the ring being the 'gage' by which the supposed lady held Bertram to be 'pledged' to her.

(38) *Subscrib'd.* Here used for 'submitted.'

(39) *In heavy satisfaction.* 'In grieved conviction.' "Satisfaction" is here used in the sense of 'the state of being convinced;' as we say, 'Her mind was satisfied of the truth of what I said.'

(40) *The tinct and multiplying medicine.* That with which the alchemists professed to transmute the baser metals into gold, and to increase the amount of the more precious ones.

(41) *If you know that you are well acquainted with yourself.* The King has been affirming his own accurate knowledge that the ring belonged to himself and then to Helena; he therefore bids



You got it from her: she called the saints to surety  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed  
(Where you have never come), or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove so;—

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.<sup>42</sup>—Away with him!—

We'll sift this matter farther.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter the gentle Astringer.*

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:

Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short  
To tender it herself.<sup>43</sup> I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief,<sup>44</sup> it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

*King.* [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O King! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.  
DIANA CAPULET.

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this:<sup>45</sup> I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee,  
Lafeu,  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—  
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,<sup>46</sup>  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,<sup>47</sup>  
Yet you desire to marry.

*Re-enter the gentle Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.*

What woman's that?

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derivèd from the ancient Capulet:<sup>48</sup>  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;  
And both shall cease,<sup>49</sup> without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count: do you know these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: do they charge me farther?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,—  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* [*To BERTRAM.*] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond<sup>50</sup> and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

Bertram, if he know himself truly, and what is due to his own dignity, confess that the ring was hers.

(42) *My fore-past proofs, &c.* 'The proofs I have heretofore had—however the issue may befall—suffice to evince that my present fears are not groundless, I having groundlessly feared too little when I had cause for fear.'

(43) *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short to tender it herself.* 'Who has, by being four or five stages in the rear of the royal progress, missed presenting it in person.' 'Removes' are the 'stages' into which a journey is divided.

(44) *In a sweet verbal brief.* 'Brief' is here used for 'short speech.' See Note 109, Act ii. The phraseology here is very expressive; his description of the speaking face with sparing words of 'the poor suppliant,' shows 'the gentle Astringer' to have been judiciously chosen as intercessor.

(45) *And toll for this.* Cowell explains the legal meaning of 'toll' to be 'a liberty to buy and sell within the precincts of a

manor, which seems to import as much as a fair or market; and we take the passage in the text to signify—'I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and try to find a customer for this' or 'to sell this one.'

(46) *I wonder, sir, since wives, &c.* The first Folio repeats 'sir' instead of 'since' here; and Mr. Tyrwhitt made the correction.

(47) *As you swear them lordship.* 'As' here is used for 'as soon as.' 'Lordship' is used elsewhere to express 'marital authority,' 'conjugal dominion' (see Note 12, Act i., 'Midsummer Night's Dream'); and here it signifies 'the protection of a husband,' guardianship as 'lord and master.'

(48) *Derivèd from the ancient Capulet.* 'Descended from the ancient house or family of Capulet.'

(49) *Both shall cease.* 'Both age and honour will be destroyed.'

(50) *Fond.* Here used in the sense of 'foolish,' 'witless,' 'crazed.'

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,  
Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your honour,  
Than in my thought it lies !

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my consent to him.

*King.* What say'st thou to her ?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord ;  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,

He might have bought me at a common price :  
Do not believe him : oh, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity<sup>(51)</sup>  
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis it :<sup>(52)</sup>  
Of six preceding ancestors,<sup>(53)</sup> that gem,  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd<sup>(54)</sup> and worn. This is his wife ;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it.<sup>(55)</sup>

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to produce  
So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.]

*Ber.* What of him ?  
He's quoted<sup>(56)</sup> for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd ;<sup>(57)</sup>  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,  
That will speak anything ?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has : certain it is I lik'd  
her,

And courted her i' the wanton way of youth :  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course<sup>(58)</sup>  
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,  
Her infinite cunning,<sup>(59)</sup> with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring.

(51) *Validity.* Here, and elsewhere, used by Shakespeare for 'value.'

(52) *And 'tis it.* The Folio misprints 'hit' for "it" here (Steevens's correction). Pope altered it to 'his,' which alteration has been adopted by other editors. But we think that the Countess rather bears witness to its being the ring in question, than to its being her son's ; since, naturally, her mind less assigns it to him who has so disgraced himself, than verifies its belonging to the house of Rousillon.

(53) *Of six preceding, &c.* "Of" here used for 'by.'

(54) *Ow'd.* Owned.

(55) *Methought you said you saw, &c.* The commentators here again accuse Shakespeare of forgetfulness ; alleging that "Diana has 'said' no such thing." But we think it very probable that, in curtailing the play for representation, some words to that effect may have been omitted from one of her speeches, while the allusion in the present one was left ; and thus the author becomes reproached for what is really the negligence of others. Moreover, in his winding-up scenes, Shakespeare sometimes has these kind of compromises with actual statement, allowing certain points to be understood or taken for granted, for the sake of conciseness and brevity in explanation.

(56) *Quoted.* Here used for 'noted,' 'observed,' 'remarked.' See Note 22, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

*Dia.* I must be patient :

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me.<sup>(60)</sup> I pray you yet  
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*Dia.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story, then, goes false, you threw it  
him

Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
you.—

*Re-enter Attendant, with PAROLLES.*

Is this the man you speak of ?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I  
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master

(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),—

By him and by this woman<sup>(61)</sup> here what know you ?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath  
been an honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had  
in him, which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose : did he love  
this woman ?

*Par.* 'Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how ?

*King.* How, I pray you ?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves  
a woman.

*King.* How is that ?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.—  
What an equivocal companion<sup>(62)</sup> is this !

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's  
command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty<sup>(63)</sup>  
orator.

(57) *Debosh'd.* An old form of 'debauch'd.' See Note 97, Act ii. Here used for 'degraded,' 'polluted.'

(58) *Fancy's course.* 'The course of enamoured liking ;' "fancy" being often used for 'love,' 'affection,' 'captivated imagination.'

(59) *Her infinite cunning.* The Folio misprints 'insuite comming' for "infinite cunning." Mr. Sydney Walker made the correction : the excellence of which is proved, not only by its perfect consistency with the context, but by a similar Folio error of 'comming' for "cunning" in "Troilus and Cressida," Act iii., sc. 2. "Modern" is here, and elsewhere, used by Shakespeare for 'ordinary,' 'trivial,' 'slight.' Bertram is disparaging Diana, even while he is attempting to account for her having allured him.

(60) *May justly diet me.* To be dieted is to be appointed to take regimen, to take a limited portion of food (see Note 32, Act iv.) ; and, figuratively, Shakespeare here uses "diet me" in the sense of 'give me stinted allowance of equity,' 'give me scant quantity of justice.'

(61) *By him and by this woman.* "By" here used for 'of.'

(62) *Companion.* Here used disparagingly : as 'fellow' is sometimes used in our own day. See Note 7, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor."

(63) *Naughty.* 'Good for naught,' 'worthless,' 'bad.'





*King.* Come hither, count: do you know these women?  
*Bertram.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: do they charge me farther?

*Act V. Scene III.*





*Dia.* Do you know he promised me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine<sup>64</sup> in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it, then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no wanton, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

*King.* She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes<sup>65</sup> the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:

And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist<sup>66</sup> Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both:—Oh, pardon!

*Hel.* Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

"When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child," &c.<sup>67</sup> This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

Oh, my dear mother, do I see you living?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—

[To PAROLLES.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth<sup>68</sup> in pleasure flow.—

[To DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppèd flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

(64) *Too fine*. "Fine" is here used in the sense of 'evasive,' 'prevaricating,' 'wily,' 'crafty,' 'adroitly shifting'; as the French use their phrase, *trop fine*.

(65) *Owes*. *Owens*.

(66) *Exorcist*. Although this word is now used to express exclusively a layer of spirits, by Shakespeare (in accordance with the double sense which the Latin word *exorciso* bore, to raise or to lay spirits) it is classically used for a raiser of spirits.

(67) *When from my finger, &c.* Comparing the wording of the letter here with its wording in Act iii., sc. 2, an instance is afforded of the variations which Shakespeare gives in repeated passages of this kind. We stated in Note 110, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice,"

that we believe these variations to have been purposely made by the dramatist for the sake of characteristic effect. In the present instance, Helena quotes from her husband's letter; but, although we feel sure that she knows its every cruel sentence by heart, yet the very inaccuracy of the cited words serves to indicate the quivering of the lip that repeats them, and the shaking of the hand that holds out the paper containing them.

(68) *The even truth*. Here is another instance of Shakespeare's using the word "even" peculiarly in this play. In the present passage it has the effect of 'smooth,' and also the effect of 'correspondent,' 'equalised'; "truth" that will then have been made consistent from "point to point." See Note 55, Act ii.

Resolvedly<sup>69</sup> more leisure shall express :  
 All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,  
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.<sup>70</sup>

[*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done :

(69) *Resolvedly*. This word is here used partly in the sense of 'determinately,' implying that the King is 'resolved' to hear all explained; partly in the sense of 'settledly,' 'composedly,' 'sedately;' and partly (as Shakespeare often uses the passive for the active form) for 'resolvingly,' in the sense of 'solving a question,' 'convincing the mind,' 'clearing all doubts.'

(70) *All yet seems well ; and if it end, &c.* In this line, and the

All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
 That you express content ; which we will pay,  
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day :  
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;  
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.<sup>71</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

next but two, is presented the third passage in which there is reference to the title of the play. See Note 1, Act i.

(71) *Ours be your patience then, &c.* These two lines are each of them antithetical; and ("our parts" being taken in the sense of 'our exertions,' 'our united performance') the meaning is, 'Grant us your patient hearing, and accept our zealous efforts; lend us your hands in applause, and take our hearty thanks.'







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.

CURIO,

SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN,

FESTE, a Clown, } Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's Waiting-woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other  
Attendants.

SCENE—*A city in ILLYRIA, and the Sea-coast near it.*





# TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—

That strain again!—it had a dying fall:<sup>2</sup>  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,<sup>3</sup>  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!—Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
Oh, spirit of love, how quick<sup>4</sup> and fresh art thou!

(1) The earliest known copy of this charming comedy is the one in the 1623 Folio, where it forms the thirteenth play. Mr. Payne Collier and Mr. Joseph Hunter divide the honour of discovering an entry in a small MS. diary, apparently by a Temple student, named John Manningham, which affords proof that the play was probably written somewhere about 1600. The entry runs thus:—"February 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelve-Night, or What you Will, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neerer to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall terms telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaille, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleve they tooke him to be mad." The original source of the plot has been traced to the Thirty-sixth Novel, Part the Second, by Bandello, which furnished the plot to two Italian plays, entitled *Gl' Inganni*; but it is supposed that to a third Italian play, called *Gl' Ingannati*, printed in 1537, and bearing the general title of *Il Sacrificio*, Shakespeare more directly owed the ground-work of this comedy. Not only does the story of the brother and sister separated by misfortune, their respective adventures, and their final restoration to each other, under the romantic circumstances described in "TWELFTH-NIGHT," bear resemblance to the one in *Gl' Ingannati*, but some similarity of subordinate incident, and names that appear to have suggested the names of Fabian and Malvolio, are to be found in the last-mentioned Italian play. Mr. Hunter, after detailing these vestiges of likeness, adds—"A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface to this play in the Italian (*La Notte di Beffana*) appears to me to have suggested the title 'Twelfth-Night.'" If this be the case—as seems very probable—"Beffana" is in all likelihood a misprint for "*Beffania*;" since, in Florio's Dictionary, we find "*Beffania*," explained thus—"the Epiphanie: it is spoken in mockerie;" while he explains "*Beffana*," "a bug-beare," "a bull-begger," "a scare-crowe," "a toy to mocke an ape." While stating the supposed sources of Shakespeare's plots we are always struck with the mere thread of outline that he owes to others' inventions, and with the wealth of colouring, accuracy of drawing, grace of grouping, amplitude of development, perfection of finish, that he supplied from his own brain and hand. He took a meagre tracing, and filled it up with immortal painting. How Duke Orsino, with his love-saturated imagination and luxurious musings, his passion for music, love of flowers, and sense of beauty; Countess Olivia, with her gentle memories of her dead brother, and her facilely captivated fancy for the youthful page; Sir Toby, with his English name and English nature naturalising it somehow naturally in Illyria; delectable Sir Andrew; that most original of stewards, Malvolio; that most quaint and whimsical and light-hearted of clowns, Feste; that sprightliest-witted, daintiest little waiting-maid, Maria; the good fellow, Fabian; the hearty sea captain, Antonio; the manly

youth, Sebastian, whose manliness makes his page-sister's feminineness the more apparent, and yet whose youthfulness harmonises with her assumed boyhood; and last, not least, the lovely Viola herself, with her power of "singing" and "speaking in many sorts of music," her reticent demeanour at Orsino's court, her graceful sauciness as page-messenger, her bewitching cowardice at sight of a sword, her air that proclaims her gentle birth, her "tongue, face, limbs, actions, spirit, that give her five-fold blazon," her figure, her look, her "smooth and rubious lip," her exquisite tenderness and poetry of nature—how all these enchanting characters come before us in their fine individual limning, and in their admirable assembling, as the masterly picture produced by Shakespeare under the name of "Twelfth-Night, or What you Will"! His were creations, purely original creations; and sprang as natively from the first slender filament of story as Raffaello's Transfiguration from out the blank square of canvas, Phidias's Parthenon group from out the block of marble, or Mozart's Requiem from out the ruled lines of music-paper.

(2) *A dying fall.* Those who have felt the full voluptuous effect of a melodious cadence in music or poetry—the downy subsiding of the one, or the melting languor of the latter; the soft gradual drop of the notes in the one, the liquid lapse of the syllables through a closing line of the other—will perceive the exquisite aptness of this expression.

(3) *The sweet south.* The Folio prints 'sound' for "south" (Pope's correction); and not only our own strong desire for preserving the original wording wherever it is possible, but the earnest pleading of Mr. Charles Knight in favour of 'sound' weighs strongly with us: nevertheless, "south"—the suggestion of another poet—has always had so perfectly the effect to our ear and feeling of having been Shakespeare's word here, that we cannot bring ourselves to doubt its being the right one in this passage. We cannot believe that he would have employed the expression "sound" to imply that which "*gives odour*;" whereas, "the sweet south" at once suggests that balmy air which Shakespeare elsewhere places in extremity of contrast with the fierce "septentrion" and "frozen bosom of the north." Not merely does the passage in the text make us fancy (with Steevens) that Shakespeare may have been thinking of Sidney's Arcadia—where we find, "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer;" especially as these words of Sir Philip are soon after followed by the expression, "the flock of unspeakable virtues," which is paralleled by Shakespeare's "the flock of all affections else that live in her," a little farther on in the text—but we also believe that he may have had before his mind Bacon's sentence of similar beauty, "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand."

(4) *Quick.* Shakespeare uses this word here, and elsewhere, in the sense of 'lively,' 'vital.'



That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,  
Of what validity<sup>5</sup> and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,<sup>6</sup>  
That it alone is high fantastical.<sup>7</sup>

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;<sup>8</sup>  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.—

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now! what news from her?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
The element itself, till seven years' heat,<sup>9</sup>  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother's dead love,<sup>10</sup> which she would keep  
fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine  
frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections<sup>11</sup> else  
That live in her,—when liver,<sup>12</sup> brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and  
fill'd

(Her sweet perfection<sup>13</sup>) with one self king!<sup>14</sup>—

(5) *Validity.* Value. See Note 51, Act v., "All's Well."

(6) *Fancy.* Love; enamoured imagination.

(7) *It alone is high fantastical.* 'It is singularly and pre-eminently fantastical.' "Alone" is here used somewhat in the same idiomatic way that is pointed out in Note 44, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(8) *Turn'd into a hart.* An allusion to the story of Actæon, who, when out hunting, saw Diana bathing, and was by the resentful goddess transformed into a stag, whereupon his own dogs devoured him. Thus, by implication, the Duke twice in the present speech does homage to Olivia's purity: once by declaring that her very presence "purg'd the air of pestilence;" secondly, by inferring her to be, as it were, Diana herself.

(9) *Till seven years' heat.* This appears to us to be one of Shakespeare's ellipses of expression; and we interpret the passage to mean—"The firmament itself, till it shall have known the heat of seven summers' sun, shall not," &c. He elsewhere uses "the element" for the sky, the firmament.

(10) *To season a brother's dead love.* See Note 8, Act i., "All's Well."

(11) *The flock of all affections.* See Note 3 of this Act.

(12) *Liver.* See Note 7, Act iv., "Tempest."

(13) *Her sweet perfection.* "Perfection" is printed in the Folio 'perfections,' which plural form of the word permits but difficult interpretation of the passage, even supposing 'perfections' to mean 'perfect qualities.' But taking "perfection" to be used here for 'perfecting' (as Shakespeare elsewhere uses words similarly spelt; see Note 24, Act iv., "As You Like It"), a sense is given that entirely harmonises with the then prevailing doctrine, that a woman was perfected by marriage. Not only do several contemporaneous writers advert to this doctrine, but Shakespeare himself has a passage that directly alludes to it. It is in "King John," Act ii., sc. 1. where the citizen of Angiers urges the match between Lewis the Dauphin and Blanch of Castile, saying—

"He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you,  
sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were  
sav'd.

*Vio.* Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance  
may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with  
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and those poor number<sup>15</sup> sav'd with you,  
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,<sup>16</sup>  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and  
born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.<sup>17</sup>

And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

Very noteworthy it is, too, that Shakespeare—with his own larger views and superior spirit of justice, as well as superiority in everything else to other writers—has extended this doctrine of human perfecting by marriage to the man as well as the woman; and a nobly exalted doctrine it is. It vindicates the holiness and supremacy of love, as the most perfect and perfecting essence in creation. See also Note 69, Act ii.

(14) *One self king!* Here, "one self king" has the combined effect of 'one self-same king,' 'one exclusive king,' and 'a king one and the same with herself,' or a king identical with her own self; so comprehensive in manifold senses are Shakespeare's expressions.

(15) *Those poor number.* "Those" has been changed to 'that,' or to 'this,' in the present passage; but the poet uses "number" plurally here.

(16) *Like Arion on the dolphin's back.* The Folio misprints 'Orion' for 'Arion,' who was a famous poet and musician of Lesbos; and having acquired great riches in Italy, was returning to his native isle, when the sailors of the ship in which he was resolved to murder him, to obtain his wealth. He besought leave to play once more ere he died; and the sweet sound of his music having attracted several dolphins round the vessel, when he threw himself overboard on ending his dirge-song, one of them took him on its back safely to land. The poetical allusion to this beautiful mythological story gives grace to the present passage; and, moreover, heightens the diversity which Shakespeare has given to his two descriptions—each fine—of a manly youth saving himself from shipwreck. See the parallel passage in "The Tempest," Act ii., sc. 1: "I saw him beat the surges under him and ride upon their backs," &c.

(17) *A noble duke, in nature as in name.* The Orsini family is one of the oldest and most illustrious in Italy; boasting several popes, cardinals, and other distinguished personages among its members.



*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him: He was a bachelor then.<sup>18</sup>

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late; For but a month ago I went from hence,

That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died: for whose dear love, They say, she hath abjur'd the company And sight<sup>20</sup> of men.



*Sir Toby.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Maria.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. *Act I. Scene III.*

And then, 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know, What great ones do, the less will prattle of), That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid,<sup>19</sup> the daughter of a count

*Vio.* Oh, that I serv'd that lady! And might not be deliver'd to the world, Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,<sup>21</sup> What my estate is.

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;

(18) *I have heard my father name him: he was a bachelor then.* Here is one of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art. By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke, we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word "bachelor" we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest. By this delicate indication of an already existing inclination on the part of the heroine for the hero of the play, the circumstance of her at once falling so deeply in love with him, on coming to know him personally, is most naturally and beautifully introduced.

(19) *A virtuous maid.* These words suffice to show that John Manningham's description of Olivia as "a widow" is a mistake; probably arising from her mourning habit worn for her brother, which misled the Temple student. See Note 1 of this Act. It is pleasant to have Shakespeare's own testimony to bring forward against those who strangely give credence to that of John Manningham on this point. One would think that in every eloquent, though unstated, trace of Olivia's condition throughout the play there is sufficient proof of her being no widow lady; but for those who cannot read poetically-veiled indications, it is satisfactory to have the

plain evidence of the poet's own words, carrying conviction beyond mistake.

(20) *The company and sight.* The Folio prints 'the sight and company.' Hammer made the transposition.

(21) *Made mine own occasion mellow.* Johnson interprets this passage thus—"I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design;" after which, he has a sneering remark upon Viola's having "formed a very deep design to supplant the lady whom the Duke courts." But, to our minds, the passage means—"Oh, that I might not be presented to the world, till I had myself prepared the occasion for declaring what my condition really is." It rather conveys the idea of the shrinking diffidence with which a young and well-born lady dreads encountering publicity until she can do so under suitable protection, than the designing character with which Johnson invests Viola's speech. In "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act iv., sc. 2) Shakespeare uses the expression, "delivered upon the mellowing of occasion;" which helps to illustrate the meaning of the similar words here.



Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pr'ythee (and I'll pay thee bounteously),  
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:<sup>22</sup>  
Thou shalt present me as a minstrel to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow<sup>23</sup> me very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.<sup>24</sup>

*Cap.* Be you his minstrel, and your mute I'll be;  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A room in OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take  
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an  
enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in  
earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great  
exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within  
the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer  
than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink  
in; and so be these boots, too,—an they be not, let  
them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you:  
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish

knight that you brought in one night here to be her  
wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall<sup>25</sup> a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a  
year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these  
ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'  
the viol-de-gamboys,<sup>26</sup> and speaks three or four  
languages<sup>27</sup> word for word without book, and hath  
all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed,—almost natural:<sup>28</sup> for,  
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller;  
and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay  
the gust<sup>29</sup> he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought  
among the prudent he would quickly have the gift  
of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and  
substractors<sup>30</sup> that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk  
nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll  
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my  
throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a  
coystril<sup>31</sup> that will not drink to my niece till his  
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.<sup>32</sup> What,  
wench! *Castiliano vulgo*;<sup>33</sup> for here comes Sir  
Andrew Agueface.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch,—how now, Sir Toby  
Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.<sup>34</sup>

*Mar.* And you, too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

(22) *I'll serve this duke.* Here Johnson has another sneer at this lovely character, saying—"Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the Duke." It seems as if some natures were incapable of appreciating the singleness of other natures. What more natural than that Viola, thrown unprotected and alone upon a strange shore, should seek shelter with one whom she had heard her father name, and one whose position as governor of the place promised safe, honourable, and even sanctioned refuge? The "intent" she alludes to is her intention of remaining in obscurity until she can suitably declare herself; and this very declaration of her identity she "commits" to "time," with the same spirit of trust in time and its auspicious influence that Shakespeare elsewhere advocates, and places in the mouth of other of his lovely female characters. See Note 77, Act iv., "All's Well."

(23) *Allow.* Here used as Shakespeare uses the word 'approve'; including the senses of 'proof' and 'approval.' See Note 80, Act iii., "All's Well," and Note 51, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(24) *Wit.* Here used for intelligence, sagacity.

(25) *Tall.* 'Stout,' 'able,' 'bold,' 'valorous.' Sir Toby not only has a hit at Sir Andrew's small amount of courage, but a gird at his insignificant appearance. See Note 60, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(26) *The viol-de-gamboys.* A corruption of the 'viol-de-gamba,' a then fashionable instrument, played, as its name indicates (Italian, *gamba*, leg), in the same way as the more modernly known violin-cello.

(27) *Speaks three or four languages.* Sir Toby is continuing his half ironical, half tipsy description of Sir Andrew's accomplishments; for soon after we hear from the "foolish knight" himself that he wishes he "had bestowed that time in the tongues that" he has "in fencing," &c.

(28) *Almost natural.* Some have altered this, the reading of the

Folio, to 'all most natural.' But Shakespeare often uses adjectives for adverbs, and by doing so in the present case, he gives to Maria's sentence the quibbling effect she wishes to convey, meaning, 'almost naturally,' or, 'by nature,' and 'almost like a natural, or born idiot.'

(29) *Gust.* Appetite, relish, inclination; Latin, *gustus*, taste.

(30) *Substractors.* Sir Toby's bousy blunder for 'detractors.'

(31) *Coystril.* A base fellow, a flincher, a poltroon. The word has been by some authorities derived from 'kestrel,' a degenerate hawk; and by others from 'costrel,' explained by Holinshed to mean the 'bearers of the arms of barons and knights.' These were inferior grooms, generally peasant lads; and the name by which they were known is traced to the low Latin word *coterellus*, a peasant.

(32) *Parish-top.* Formerly there was a large top kept in every English village, for affording the means of exercise and warmth to the peasantry in cold weather, and of amusement generally.

(33) *Castiliano vulgo.* We take this to be a hint of Sir Toby to Maria to restrain her tongue on the approach of Sir Andrew; the Spaniards, and especially the Castilians, being noted for a reserved and taciturn manner; as if he had said, 'Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming.' Florio has "Vulgo, as Volgo;" and the latter word he explains, "the common sort of people, the vulgar multitude, the mani-headed-monster multitude." Possibly, however, "vulgo" may be here used, in Sir Toby's lax way of speaking, for a vulgate or jargon; meaning, 'Now adopt a Castilian style of staid talk,' fit for one of the uninitiated to listen to, and calculated to mystify Sir Andrew.

(34) *Fair shrew.* This address of Sir Andrew, in itself, serves to indicate the mischievous look that sparkles in every feature of Maria's roguish face; and that makes him instinctively dread the smart bout of wagery with which she immediately obfuscates him.



*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar,<sup>35</sup> and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.<sup>36</sup>

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Oh, knight, thou lackest a cup of canary:<sup>37</sup> when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef,<sup>38</sup> and I believe that does harm to my wit.

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*,<sup>39</sup> my dear knight?

(35) *The buttery-bar.* The "buttery" was the place where eatables and drinkables were kept; and the "buttery-bar" was the portion of the room where they were served out. See Note 30, Induction, "Taming of the Shrew."

(36) *It's dry, sir.* Maria plays on the word "dry," in its sense of thirsty; and in its reference to the belief that a dry hand betokened debility.

(37) *Canary.* The wine so called. See Note 14, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(38) *A great eater of beef.* Shakespeare elsewhere has allusion to the injurious effect of beef on the intellect; and it is curious to speculate on the point as to whether, after a meal of that meat, he felt his own brain the heavier; whether it was a prejudice of that time; or whether, as we think very likely, it was (in allusion to the popular prejudice) a mere ironical banter of Sir Toby's. His "No question" here, as confirmed by his "Past question" in reply to the theory of art's effect upon Sir Andrew's hair, makes this the most probable.

(39) *Pourquoi.* As we hope to have among the readers of our Notes many students so young in age and knowledge as to have hitherto bestowed no more "time in the tongues" than Sir Andrew, we give the meaning of the French word *pourquoi*: literally, 'for what'; freely, 'why,' 'wherefore.'

(40) *Curl by nature.* Theobald's felicitous emendation of the Folio's misprint here, 'Coole my nature.'

(41) *I'll stay a month longer.* The abrupt way in which Sir Andrew alters his determination has a most comic effect; appearing to be totally without ground for change: but Shakespeare has allowed us to get a glimpse of the flabby gentleman's motive through his confused speech, by making him allude to "masques and revels;" which he evidently intended to resort to as a means of displaying his devotion to Olivia.

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: oh, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature:<sup>40</sup>

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer.<sup>41</sup> I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.<sup>42</sup>

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard,<sup>43</sup> knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper.<sup>44</sup>

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick<sup>45</sup> simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?<sup>46</sup> why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come

(42) *Yet I will not compare with an old man.* This has been variously explained; but we take its signification to be, that the knight by the term "an old man" means 'a man of experience,' just as he has before deferred to "his betters;" while the use of the word "old" gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, &c., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age, over whom even Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority.

(43) *A galliard.* A lively Spanish dance, named from the Spanish word *gallardo*, gay, sprightly.

(44) *Can cut a caper.* That this was part of the "excellence" in dancing a "galliard" is proved by a passage from Florio's "Second Frutes;" where we find: "He danceth verie well, both *galiards* and *pauins*; hee vaultes most nimble, and *capers* verie loftilie."

(45) *The back-trick.* Here Sir Andrew is making a discursive allusion to his fencing feats, meaning by "back-trick" a back-handed stroke with the sword; and not keeping to the discussion of his dancing powers, meaning by "back-trick" some retiring step, some elegance of graceful retreat. The word "strong" makes for the former interpretation; and, moreover, a sentence (in the same page of Florio's "Second Frutes" as the one "rom which we have just quoted) describing a skilful master of fence, illustrates the expression in the text: "He will hit any man, bee it with a thrust or stoccada, with an imbroccada or a charging blowe, with a right or reverse blowe, be it with the edge, with the back, or with the flat, even as it liketh him." We have before mentioned our belief that this was a book well known to Shakespeare; and here it seems as if he must have been lately reading the actual page in question. See Note 42, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(46) *Mistress Mall's picture.* An allusion to a notorious woman named Mary Frith, familiarly known as Mall Cutpurse. Sir Toby

home in a coranto?<sup>47</sup> My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make a leg<sup>48</sup> but in a sink-a-pace.<sup>49</sup> What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.<sup>50</sup> Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?<sup>51</sup>

*Sir And.* Taurus! that's sides and heart.<sup>52</sup>

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.<sup>53</sup>

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord, here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fix'd foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

jocosely refers to the practice of hanging curtains over pictures that were of extra value, to preserve them the more carefully; thus slyly making Sir Andrew's "gifts" about as precious as the portrait of such a woman as "Mistress Mall" would be.

(47) *A coranto.* A brisk French dance. See Note 74, Act ii., "All's Well."

(48) *Make a leg.* 'Make a bow.' See Note 59, Act ii., "All's Well."

(49) *A sink-a-pace.* A corruption of cinque-pace, the name of a French dance. See Note 6, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(50) *Flame-coloured stock.* Pope's correction of the Folio's misprint 'dam'd coloured'; which others have altered to 'damask-coloured,' and 'dun-coloured.' "Stock" was an old form of 'stocking.' See Note 25, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew."

(51) *Born under Taurus.* In allusion to the astrological belief that to be born while certain of the heavenly bodies were predominant, influenced the disposition in accordance with the peculiar qualities attributed to each. "Taurus," the Bull, is the second constellation of the zodiac. Sir Toby seems to think that a tendency to joviality and revelry belonged to the influences of "Taurus."

(52) *That's sides and heart.* This refers to the medical astrology appearing in almanacks of former date, even to so late a period as the first quarter of the present nineteenth century: which system associated the affections of particular portions of the human body with the predominance of particular constellations. Taurus was held to affect the neck and throat, therefore Sir Toby and Sir Andrew both, as is natural, blunder in their several versions of this point.

(53) *Here comes the count.* The Duke is called "count," both here and in the previous scene, according to a custom of applying

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* Oh, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!<sup>54</sup> It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio<sup>55</sup> of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious;<sup>56</sup> thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;<sup>57</sup> And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair:<sup>58</sup>—some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company:—prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best To woo your lady:—[*Aside.*] Yet, a barful strife!<sup>59</sup> Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—*A room in OLIVIA's house.*

*Enter MARIA and Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.<sup>60</sup>

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

the latter title to noblemen generally. See Note 38, Act iv., "Much Ado."

(54) *Surprise her with discourse of, &c.* Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses "surprise" with peculiar force of meaning; conveying the effect of 'take by storm,' 'overpower,' 'make conquest of.'

(55) *Nuncio.* Messenger; from the Latin *nuncio*, to bear tidings, to announce.

(56) *Rubious.* One of those exquisite epithets which it is the privilege of poets to coin. Whether derived from the Latin, *rubeus*, ruddy, or directly from the gem ruby, or for the sake of its own mellifluous sound, the word proclaims Shakespeare's classical knowledge, his keen eye for beauty, and his delicate ear for poetical music.

(57) *Shrill and sound.* They who alter this to 'shrill in sound' surely impair the full meaning of the sentence. To our thinking, the Duke is intended to say, 'Thy slender voice is like a maiden's voice, high in key and at the same time uncracked; and all makes thee appear to be like a woman.' A boy's voice is "shrill," high, of treble quality, but not "sound," or uncracked; while a girl's is of the same shrillness, or high pitch, and yet perfectly "sound," or pure in tone.

(58) *Thy constellation is right apt for this affair.* Another allusion to the astrological belief in auspicious constellatory influences on certain favoured natures.

(59) *A barful strife!* 'An endeavour full of difficulty and self-struggle.'

(60) *Fear no colours.* A phrase then in familiar use; signifying 'fear no threats or danger, under whatever aspect they may approach.' It was originally a military expression; meaning 'fear no foe, under whatever colours he may fight.'





# WOMAN AND DEVIL.

*Woman, be not from the serpent, and give you  
 the devil. Look you, sir, and see how  
 the world is full of sinners and devils.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WORLD.





*Mar.* A good lenten answer:<sup>61</sup> I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, Heaven give them wisdom that have

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold;<sup>63</sup> or, if both break, your gaskins<sup>64</sup> fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.<sup>65</sup>

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that.<sup>66</sup> Here



*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

*Act I. Scene IV.*

it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.<sup>62</sup>

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

(61) *A good lenten answer.* "Lenten" being used in allusion to the season of Lent, when fasting and abstinence are observed, the word means 'meagre,' 'spare,' 'dry,' 'stinted;' and Maria employs the term, showing that while she seems to praise the Clown's "answer" for being 'brief,' she really hints that it is 'scant' and 'bare' of wit.

(62) *For turning away, let summer bear it out.* 'As for being turned away, I care not, so that it be in a warm season, when there's less need of shelter.'

(63) *That if one break, the other will hold.* Maria chooses to take the Clown's "two points" in the sense of the tagged strings or laces, by which the upper part of the dress was attached to the lower. See Note 20, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew."

comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus?<sup>67</sup> Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.*

God bless thee, lady!

(64) *Gaskins.* Large wide hose, sometimes called 'gascon hose,' "gaskins" being a corruption of 'gascons.'

(65) *As any in Illyria.* This sentence is the Clown's sly way of hinting that Sir Toby admires Maria, and that the knight could not do better than renounce his potations and take her to wife.

(66) *No more o' that.* Mistress Maria shows that she has her vulnerable point of attack, as well as Master Feste; and that if she threaten him with his mistress's displeasure for straying from home, he will be able to revenge himself by betraying her good understanding with Sir Toby to her lady.

(67) *Quinapalus.* A name invented by this "witty fool," in satire of those who cite a classic authority upon every occasion.



*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry fool;<sup>68</sup> I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna,<sup>69</sup> that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism<sup>70</sup> will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true gull but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision<sup>71</sup> in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*;<sup>72</sup> that's as much to say as,<sup>73</sup> I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously,<sup>74</sup> good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue,<sup>75</sup> answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him;<sup>76</sup> infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopenny that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools,<sup>77</sup> no better than the fools' zanies.<sup>78</sup>

*Oli.* Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts<sup>79</sup> that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool,<sup>80</sup> though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,<sup>81</sup> for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?<sup>82</sup>

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home: what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram

(68) *You're a dry fool.* Olivia uses the word "dry" in the sense of 'sapless,' 'witless' (see Note 98, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost"); the Clown answers it punningly, in the sense of 'thirsty.'

(69) *Madonna.* A title of address used to ladies in Italy; 'madam,' or 'my lady.'

(70) *Syllogism.* The Clown's use of this word, which means an argument composed of three propositions, is in keeping with his pretensions to logic and argumentative wisdom: he is a delightful specimen of light-heartedness, with hit-or-miss talk, whimsicality in fancy, and drollery in utterance; moreover, gifted with a sweet singing-voice and a knowledge of quaint old songs.

(71) *Misprision.* Mistake, misconception. See Note 22, Act iv., "Much Ado."

(72) *Cucullus non facit monachum.* A Latin saying, signifying 'A cowl does not make a monk.' The Clown means to say, that though he wears the motley suit of a professional fool-jester, he is no fool in lack of wit.

(73) *As much to say as.* An old form of 'as much as to say.'

(74) *Dexteriously.* The Folio prints the word thus; and, though some editors have printed it correctly, we retain the old spelling as possibly intended to mark a whimsically facetious pronunciation of the word by the Clown, who deals in this kind of oddity.

(75) *Good my mouse of virtue.* "Mouse" was formerly used as a term of endearment or affectionate familiarity. See Note 50, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost." "Good" was sometimes placed before "my" instead of after it, as "good my lord," "good my glass" (see Note 4, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost"); giving a playful or earnest effect to the mode of address, as the case may be. Here, this style of construction has a doubly good effect: it gives an Italian air to the Clown's words, in harmony with his calling Olivia "Madonna;" for the Italians frequently say, '*Cara mia signora*,' 'dear my lady,' or even '*cara signora mia*,' 'dear lady mine,' instead of '*mia cara signora*,' 'my dear lady.'

(76) *Till the pangs of death shake him.* Malvolio's bitterness of severity on the fool's whimsicalities well serves to characterise him at the very outset.

(77) *I take these wise men, that crow so at these, &c.* "Take" is here used for 'account,' so that if the latter word were used instead of "take," "no better" would follow consecutively after "wise men," without needing the 'to be' which is now elliptically understood before "no better." "These" is used in this passage according to Shakespeare's mode of employing it when instancing a generality. See Note 69, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(78) *Fools' zanies.* Fools' mimics, imitators of fools; fools at second-hand. Several citations from contemporary writers have been adduced to show that "zany," both as verb and noun, was used in the sense of to ape or mimic, to be a buffoon imitator.

(79) *Bird-bolts.* Short, thick, blunt arrows; used for shooting rooks and other birds with. Their use was permitted to fools, as weapons with which they could do little hurt. See Note 7, Act i., "Much Ado."

(80) *An allowed fool.* A licensed jester; a fool whose profession gives him warrant to say anything, however galling. See Note 118, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(81) *Leasing.* Lying. Mercury, being the god of eloquence and of cheating, is invoked by the Clown to endow Olivia with the gift of specious oratory, since she has just been showing how well she can advocate the cause of fools, by a fair argument. Feste thinks that if his lady mistress can speak so well for his brethren with even a truthful plea, how much more could she say for them were she to use sophistry and warped reasoning.

(82) *In delay.* In detention. It will be observed that here the word "delay" has the additional sense of 'withholding,' 'checking,' as well as of 'deferring,' which we pointed out in Note 26, Act iv., "All's Well." Not only is Viola's approach delayed, but she is held back and detained.



with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.<sup>83</sup>

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH.

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herrings!<sup>84</sup>—How now, sot!<sup>85</sup>

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby!—

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lethargy! I defy lethargy. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.<sup>86</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat<sup>87</sup> makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink,—he's drowned: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified agai'ist any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,<sup>88</sup> and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

(83) *Pia mater*. The thin membrane that covers the brain. See Note 46, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost." This sentence is elliptical; 'who' being understood before "has."

(84) *A plague o' these pickle-herrings*. The Folio omits the *s* from "herrings;" but "these" makes it probable that the word is in the plural, unless intended for a drunken utterance. However this may be, the exclamation is admirably written; conveying the effect of a hiccup in all its repulsive strength, yet maintained by dint of humorous expression within the range of comedy delineation. There is also a possibility that Sir Toby's ejaculation may have reference to this expression as a nickname; for in No. 47 of the "Spectator" we find a passage that thus explains the term:—"There is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire;—those circumforaneous wits, whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed *pickled herrings*; in France, *Jean Potages*; in Italy, *maccaronies*; and in Great Britain, *jack-puddings*." Thus, Sir Toby, asked what sort of gentleman the youth at the gate is, intends to describe him scoffingly, while a reminiscence of his last-eaten provocative to drink disturbs him in the shape of a hiccup.

(85) *How now, sot!* Although Shakespeare uses "sot" elsewhere for 'fool' (see Note 5, Act iii., "Merry Wives of Windsor"), yet here the humour consists in making the drunken man address the Clown as a drunkard; and he does so again in the last scene.

(86) *Well, it's all one*. It would be difficult to match this brief appearance of a man morning-fuddled, so wonderfully depicted, if we observe the very few words he utters, together with their perfect significance in characterisation.

(87) *One draught above heat*. One draught more than that which suffices to warm a man to the proper pitch of glow described so appreciatively by Shakespeare himself, as "the warming of the blood," in Falstaff's glorious speech on "sherrissack," "Second Part Henry IV.," Act iv., sc. 3.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash<sup>89</sup> is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling<sup>90</sup> when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en<sup>91</sup> standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly;<sup>92</sup> one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* MARIA.

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* VIOLA.

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.<sup>93</sup> Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,<sup>94</sup> even to the least sinister usage.

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest<sup>95</sup> assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?<sup>96</sup>

(88) *A sheriff's post*. It was the custom for a sheriff to have posts at his door, on which were affixed proclamations and other public acts.

(89) *A squash*. An immature peas-pod. See Note 23, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(90) *Codling*. This word was used in Shakespeare's time for an unripe and almost unformed apple; the particular sort of apple, now known by this name, not being then grown in England.

(91) *E'en*. The Folio misprints 'in' for "e'en" here; a not infrequent typographical error in books of that time. See Note 10, Act iii., "All's Well that Ends Well."

(92) *Shrewishly*. Here used for sharply, pertly. It is worthy of note, not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her, as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct.

(93) *To con it*. To commit it to memory; to study it. See Note 16, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(94) *Comptible*. Strictly, 'accountable;' but here used for 'susceptible,' 'sensitive.'

(95) *Modest*. Staid, discreet, moderately sufficing. "Modest" is used in the same peculiar way at the commencement of "Much Ado;" where the messenger says, "Joy could not show itself *modest* enough without a badge of bitterness."

(96) *Are you a comedian?* Olivia's sarcasm at the acting a part which the delivery of a set speech implies; and which set speech Viola, in accordance with the fashion of the time (and still more in accordance with the feeling that prompts her at first to give an air of conventional homage to "Orsino's embassy"), affects to be charged with from the Duke.



*Vio.* No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission:<sup>97</sup> I will on with my speech<sup>98</sup> in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.<sup>99</sup>

*Vio.* Alas! I took great pains to study it; and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,<sup>100</sup> be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me<sup>101</sup> to make one in so skipping<sup>102</sup> a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber;<sup>103</sup> I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.<sup>104</sup>

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidhood: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

(97) *This is from my commission.* Shakespeare uses the word "from" with large significance of meaning. Here it is used for "apart from," "digressing from," "other than," "irrelevant to."

(98) *I will on with my speech.* Shakespeare uses "on" also with peculiar force of meaning. Here it means "go on," "proceed," "continue."

(99) *I forgive you the praise.* "Forgive" is here used in the sense of "remit," "dispense with;" as elsewhere the poet uses "pardon" for "excuse that which is due." See Note 36, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(100) *If you be not mad.* This has been variously changed; by altering "not" to "but," and by omitting "not" altogether. We take the meaning of the passage, as it stands, to be: "If you be not deprived of reason;" which gives the requisite effect of antithesis to "if you have reason" that follows. Shakespeare has sometimes these apparent antitheses; and here we believe that he means Olivia to say, "If you are not quite without reason, begone; if you have some reason, be brief, that you may soon be gone;" giving the effect of antithetical construction without actually being so.

(101) *Not that time of moon with me.* It being believed that the moon, at certain periods, has special influence on the wits, Olivia means to say that she is not in a lunatic mood.

(102) *Skipping.* Light, vain, irrational. See Note 48, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(103) *No, good swabber.* "Swabber" is a sweeper of a deck. "To hull" is to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder. Viola humours Maria's nautical expression of "hoist

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* Oh, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was as this presents:<sup>105</sup> is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent,<sup>106</sup> whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will:—as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?<sup>107</sup>

*Vio.* I see what you are,—you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: oh, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,<sup>108</sup> With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulg'd,<sup>109</sup> free, learn'd, and valiant;

sail." She proceeds to call her "giant," in allusion to the giants who guarded ladies of romance, and in ironical reference to the waiting-maid's diminutive size. It is pleasant to see the playful tone that Viola falls into now that she is with those of her own sex, and how the woman naturally feels at ease among women.

(104) *Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.* These two speeches, evidently belonging to the speakers to whom they are here assigned, in the Folio are printed all together, so as to form the conclusion of Viola's previous words. Olivia bids the page tell her what he would have; and the page replies, "I am but a messenger, and am bound to tell you what he who sends me desires." Olivia's subsequent words, "Speak your office"—that is, "tell me then, as a messenger, if not as yourself"—show this arrangement (first made by Warburton) to be the correct one.

(105) *Such a one I was as this presents.* The Folio prints "such a one I was this present;" of which it is difficult to make sense. Mr. Singer suggested the reading we give in the text; and we adopt it as being the most probably correct one yet proposed. We imagine Olivia to be speaking with a kind of sportive indefiniteness, and to mean, "such a one I was, and am, as this represents;" treating herself as a picture of herself.

(106) *Blent.* Blended. The phrase is elliptical; meaning, "The picture is painted in colours truly blended."

(107) *To praise me?* Olivia plays on the word "praise," in the sense of "extol," and of "appraise," to value or estimate.

(108) *With fertile tears.* The Folio omits "with;" supplied by Pope.

(109) *In voices well divulg'd.* "In general opinion well reputed."





*Viola.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?  
*Olivia.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Act I. Scene V.*





And, in dimension and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons<sup>110</sup> of condemn'd love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Holla your name to the reverberate<sup>111</sup> hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air<sup>112</sup>  
Cry out, Olivia! Oh, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

*Oli.* You might do much. What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord:  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast:—soft,  
soft!

Unless the master were the man.<sup>113</sup>—How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,  
With an invisible and subtle stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish<sup>114</sup> messenger,  
The county's man:<sup>115</sup> he left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with<sup>116</sup> his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

*Oli.* I do I know not what; and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.<sup>117</sup>  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;<sup>118</sup>  
What is decreed must be,—and be this so! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not  
that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine  
darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might  
perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of  
you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it  
were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of  
them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are  
bound.

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is  
mere extravagancy.<sup>1</sup> But I perceive in you so ex-  
cellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort  
from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it  
charges me in manners the rather to express myself.<sup>2</sup>  
You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is  
Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was  
that Sebastian of Messaline,<sup>3</sup> whom I know you have  
heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister,  
both born in an hour: if the heavens had been  
pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered  
that; for some hour before you took me from the  
breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

(117) *Fear to find mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.* 'I fear lest my admiration of this youth prove stronger than my judgment.'

(118) *Ourselves we do not owe.* 'We are not masters of ourselves,' or 'under our own control.' "Owe" is here used for 'own,' 'possess.'

(1) *My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.* 'The final point of my intended progress is rambling and uncertain.' Shakespeare here uses "determinate" with a mingled sense of 'resolution' and 'termination,' while employing "extravagancy" to signify 'wandering' and 'vacillation.'

(2) *To express myself.* 'To confide to you who I am.' Shakespeare's delicacy of propriety in such questions of courtesy, due between man and man, cannot be too much admired and emulated. See Note 73, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(3) *Messaline.* Both times that this name occurs in the play, the Folio spells it thus; and it is probably a poetically-invented name that Shakespeare gives to the birth-place of Viola and

(110) *Cantons.* A form of 'cantos,' portions or sections of a poem.  
(111) *Reverberate.* For 'reverberant,' or 'reverberating.' An adjective in a passive form with an active sense, was often used in Shakespeare's time.

(112) *The babbling gossip of the air.* Echo.

(113) *Unless the master were the man.* We take this to mean, 'unless the master's love for me were felt by the man.' Startled to find herself carried away by a passion for one who has expressed none for her, Olivia says this could only be justified by the page's loving her as much as the Duke does.

(114) *Peevish.* 'Wayward,' 'wilful,' 'perverse.' This word is usually explained to have been used to express 'silly,' 'foolish'; but we have shown that Shakespeare generally includes the sense of 'self-willed' and 'headstrong' in his employment of it. See Note 123, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(115) *The county's man.* "County," or count, was used as a title for noblemen generally.

(116) *Flatter with.* An idiomatic form of expression, then in use, for 'speak delusively,' 'say that which is fallaciously hopeful or agreeable.'

*Ant.* Alas! the day.

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,<sup>4</sup> overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* Oh, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother,<sup>5</sup> that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court:<sup>6</sup> farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so,<sup>7</sup> That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE II.—A street.

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.<sup>8</sup>

Sebastian. The real names most nearly approaching it are Mitylene and Messina.

(4) *Estimable wonder.* In Shakespeare's way of using the active and passive form, the one for the other (see Note 111, Act i.), we believe that he here uses "estimable" for "estimating." Therefore, we take Sebastian to mean that though (because of her being thought to much resemble himself) he could not, with such estimating admiration (as this which he had just cited—that she was "accounted beautiful"), believe her beauty to be so excessive, yet he would fearlessly bear witness to her mental excellence.

(5) *So near the manners of my mother.* This beautiful way of making a man say that he is almost betrayed into tears that more befit a woman, has been repeated by Shakespeare elsewhere.

(6) *I am bound to the Count Orsino's court.* Be it remarked that the brother, as well as the sister, naturally repairs to one who was known to their father, and of whom they have heard him speak. See Note 22, Act i.

(7) *I do adore thee so.* There is great subtlety of dramatic art in thus making the sea-captain so bewitched and fascinated by the graces of young Sebastian; it admirably harmonises with and accounts for the enthrallment of Olivia, and her spell-bound fancy for the twin-image that is to her one and the same person.

(8) *To report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.* "This" and "it" here refer to the message now sent, not to the ring. Malvolio's words mean—"to report the way in which your lord takes what my lady says. Understand it thus."

(9) *She took the ring of me.* Viola perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself.

(10) *Her eyes had lost her tongue.* "Lost" is here used in the

*Vio.* She took the ring of me;<sup>9</sup>—I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned; if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,<sup>10</sup> For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man:—if it be so,—as 'tis,— Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant<sup>11</sup> enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper-false<sup>12</sup> In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we; For such as we are made of, such we be.<sup>13</sup> How will this fadge?<sup>14</sup> my master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond<sup>15</sup> as much on him; And she, mistaken,<sup>16</sup> seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman,—now alas! the day,— What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;<sup>17</sup> It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE III.—A room in OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,<sup>18</sup> thou knowest,—

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

sense of 'bewildered,' 'confounded,' 'confused,' 'deprived of its right powers.' Olivia's eyes, fixed upon the page, and absorbed in looking on him, allowed her speech to wander incoherently.

(11) *Pregnant.* Here used for 'dextrous,' 'adroit,' 'artful.' Shakespeare employs the word for well skilled (see Note 6, Act i., "Measure for Measure"), and for skilful in working harm.

(12) *Proper-false.* A compound word employed to express 'specious,' 'fair-seeming,' at once handsome and delusive. The whole sentence means—"How easy is it for those who look fair, and are false, to make an impression on women's soft hearts!" "Proper" is often used for 'handsome,' 'comely,' 'good-looking.' See Note 1, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(13) *Such as we are made of, such we be.* The Folio misprints 'if' for "of" here. Tyrwhitt first suggested the correction.

(14) *How will this fadge?* "How will this ultimately accord?" "Fadge" means 'suit,' 'fit,' 'occur accordantly.' See Note 43, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(15) *Fond.* Here used as an active verb; for 'love fondly,' 'dote.' Viola calls herself by the whimsical epithet "poor monster," in allusion to her seeming manhood and real womanhood; combining, as it were, the two sexes in her own person.

(16) *And she, mistaken.* "And" here has been changed to 'as,' but "and" gives just the effect of iteration required by Viola's enumeration of the various contrarities that succeed each other in the case she is considering.

(17) *O Time, thou must, &c.* Again does Viola, with the spirit of gentle reliance that characterises her, commit the solution of her difficulties to Time and its benign sway. See Note 22, Act i.

(18) *Diluculo surgere.* Sir Toby carelessly quotes but a portion of the Latin proverb, *Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*; which, being interpreted, is, 'To rise early is most wholesome.' The commentators mention that this proverb is found in Lily's Grammar; probably in confirmation of their theory adverted to in Note 39,



*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life<sup>19</sup> consist of the four elements?<sup>20</sup>

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?<sup>23</sup>

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.<sup>24</sup> I had rather than forty shillings I had



*Viola.* She took the ring of me;—I'll none of it.

*Malvolio.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned.

*Act II. Scene II.*

*Sir To.* Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! a stoop<sup>22</sup> of wine!

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Act i., "Taming of the Shrew." It is certainly likely that that book was known to Shakespeare.

(19) *Does not our life.* The Folio prints this 'does not our lives,' and in most editions since it appears 'do not our lives;' but the "it" in Sir Andrew's reply shows the reading in the text to be correct.

(20) *Consist of the four elements?* In allusion to the then prevalent belief that man was composed of the elements fire, air, earth, and water; and that their commixture in his composition produced in him every kind of perfection, mental and bodily. Not only does Shakespeare himself elsewhere refer to this belief, but other writers of his time have passages alluding to it.

(21) *Consists of eating and drinking.* Sir Andrew's matter-of-fact reply is a good satire on those who were incapable of appreciating the poetry of the belief, and a good rebuke to those who maintained it with affected exaggeration as well as with too literal a faith.

such a leg,<sup>25</sup> and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of

(22) *Stoop.* A vessel for holding liquor; Dutch, *stoope*. The measure called "a stoop" contained about half a gallon. The word was used for a flagon, or bowl; and here it seems to mean the latter—a vessel containing sufficient drink to serve for the whole company.

(23) *The picture of we three.* An alehouse sign; whereon was represented two louts drinking, and beneath which was the inscription, "We three loggerheads be;" making the reader thereof call himself a loggerhead. The Clown waggishly turns this allusion into a means of calling the two knights fools equally with himself, the acknowledged fool.

(24) *An excellent breast.* "Breast" was often used for 'singing-voice' in Shakespeare's time.

(25) *I had rather than forty shillings I had, &c.* This same phrase is used by Master Slender ("Merry Wives," Act i., sc. 1); between whose vapid yet vapouring diction and that of Sir Andrew there exists a wonderful folly-family likeness; and yet how individually distinct are the portraits of the two men kept!



Queubus:<sup>26</sup> 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:<sup>27</sup> hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico thy gratillity;<sup>28</sup> for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock:<sup>29</sup> my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril<sup>30</sup> of me too: if one knight give a—<sup>31</sup>

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?<sup>32</sup>

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

# SONG.

*Clo.* Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
Oh, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,<sup>33</sup>  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance<sup>34</sup> indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?<sup>35</sup> shall we do that?

(26) *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians*, &c. A specimen of the jester's wouted style of inventive mystification; similar to his quoting "Quinapalus." See Note 67, Act i.

(27) *Leman*. 'Lover,' 'sweetheart'; a term applied to both men and women. See Note 15, Act iv., "Merry Wives."

(28) *I did impetico thy gratillity*. The Clown's facetious mode of saying, 'I did impetticoat thy gratuity.'

(29) *Whipstock*. The handle of a whip. Feste is flourishing on with his jumble of apparent sententiousness and "best fooling."

(30) *Testril*. An old form of 'testern,' or 'tester'; sixpence. See Note 12, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(31) *If one knight give a—*. In the Folio, this is not printed as a broken or interrupted speech, but merely as if it were a typographical error of omission. Possibly there may have originally been some platitude of a reason given by Sir Andrew for his giving a similar piece of money with his brother "knight," Sir Toby; but, printed as a broken speech, it serves well to indicate Aguecheek's flabby attempt to imitate his knightly model, trying to give a reason, and failing from sheer incompetence to express himself.

(32) *Good life?* Used here for 'virtuous conduct,' 'decent behaviour'; as we find "good life" employed to express 'character for virtue and decent conduct,' in "Merry Wives," Act iii., sc. 3, where Mrs. Page says to Mrs. Ford, "Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever."

(33) *Sweet and twenty*. This was formerly used as a term of endearment, and may be so employed here; but we think it likely to mean 'sweetly and twenty times.'

(34) *Make the welkin dance*. 'Drink till we make the sky whirl round.'

(35) *Draw three souls out of one weaver?* Shakespeare elsewhere has jocose allusion to the effect of music being to "hale souls out of men's bodies" ("Much Ado," Act ii., sc. 3); and here he makes it have a threefold power of soul-drawing from a "weaver"—weavers, in common with most persons of sedentary occupation, being notably fond of music.

(36) *I am dog at a catch*. This was an idiomatic form of ex-

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.<sup>36</sup>

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

*Clo.* "Hold thy peace, thou knave,"<sup>37</sup> knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,<sup>38</sup> we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,<sup>39</sup> and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally,<sup>40</sup> lady!

[*Singing.*] There dwelt a man in Babylon,<sup>41</sup> lady, lady!

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,<sup>42</sup> and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Singing.*] Oh, the twelfth day of December,—<sup>43</sup>

*Mar.* For the love of Heaven, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches<sup>44</sup> without any mitigation or

pression, instead of 'I am a dog at a catch;' and it is, moreover, characteristic of Sir Andrew's diction, who has just said, "As I am true knight."

(37) "*Hold thy peace, thou knave.*" A copy of this three-part catch exists in a book entitled "Pammelia, Musick's Miscellanie," 1618; and the composition is so contrived that each of the singers calls the other "knave" in turn.

(38) *Cataian*. This name was sometimes used for a liar, a cheat, or a sharper; but we think, as Shakespeare employs the term, it rather expresses 'outlandish,' 'far-fetched,' 'extravagant,' 'eccentric,' 'absurdly out of the usual course.' See Note 18, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(39) *Peg-a-Ramsey*. The name of an old ballad tune. "Three merry men be we" forms the burden to several ancient songs. For particulars concerning these several ditties see Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

(40) *Tilly-vally*. An expression then in common use, equivalent to the more modern 'fiddle-faddle.'

(41) *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* The title of another old ballad. Its burden, "Lady, lady," is elsewhere introduced by Shakespeare.

(42) *Disposed*. Used by Shakespeare and his contemporary writers for 'inclined to freedom in mirth,' 'ready to indulge in license of fun, or in broad talk.' See Note 26, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(43) "*Oh, the twelfth day of December!*" A portion of a ballad now lost; but which, if found, might furnish some vestige of connection between this fragment sung by Sir Toby and the title of the present comedy. The Epiphany is called 'Twelfth Day,' because it is the twelfth day from Christmas, which occurs in December; and, therefore, the ballad may speak of "the twelfth day of December," meaning thereby Twelfth Day, though that festival occurs in January.

(44) *Coziers' catches*. A "cozier" was a botcher of old clothes, or a mender of old shoes. French, *coudre*, to sew; participle past, *cousu*, sewed.



remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!<sup>45</sup>

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you.<sup>46</sup> My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* [*Singing.*]

Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.<sup>47</sup>

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* [*Singing.*]

His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* [*Singing.*] But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* [*Singing.*] Shall I bid him go?

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] What an if you do?

*Sir To.* [*Singing.*] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* [*Singing.*] Oh, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* Out o' time, sir?<sup>48</sup> ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?<sup>49</sup>

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.<sup>50</sup>—A stoop of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;<sup>51</sup> she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field,<sup>52</sup> and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

*Sir To.* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my

lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word,<sup>53</sup> and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir To.* Possess<sup>54</sup> us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir And.* Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.<sup>55</sup>

*Mar.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned<sup>56</sup> ass, that cons<sup>57</sup> state without book, and utters it by great swarths;<sup>58</sup> the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* Oh, 'twill be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

(45) *Sneek up!* This was a scoffing interjection, tantamount to 'go hang!' and here has the added humorous effect of a hiccup.

(46) *Round with you.* 'Blunt with you,' 'frank with you.' See Note 10, Act ii., "Comedy of Errors."

(47) *Farewell, dear heart, since I, &c.* This ballad, containing some of the snatches quoted alternately by Sir Toby and the Clown, appears in the first volume of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry."

(48) *Out o' time, sir?* The Folio prints 'tune' instead of "time" (Theobald's correction); and perhaps 'tune' was here used in the sense of "time," as we have shown was the case formerly. See Note 24, Act v., "As You Like It." But as Sir Toby seems to refer to Malvolio's previous words, and his own rejoinder, it seems probable that "time" was the word, repeated exactly, having left its sound on the knight's ear, and merely misprinted. "Time" and 'tune,' the one word erroneously printed for the other, was a frequent typographical mistake.

(49) *Because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?* A fling at Malvolio's Puritanism; the Puritans being violent denouncers of merry-makings, cake-eatings, carousals, and such other customary observances of holidays and festivals in old England. The Clown follows this up by swearing "by Saint Anne;" the

Puritans not only objecting to swearing, but having peculiar abhorrence of invoking the saints, as well as of observing saints' days.

(50) *Rub your chain with crumbs.* It was usual with stewards in great houses to wear a gold chain, as a badge of office, and mark of distinction over inferior servants; and these chains were kept bright by rubbing them with bread-crumbs.

(51) *Rule.* Here used for 'revel,' in the same way as we have pointed out in Note 25, Act iii., "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

(52) *Challenge him to the field.* The Folio omits "to" here.

(53) *A nay-word.* The Folio prints 'an ayword' here; but as Shakespeare uses "nay-word," it is probably the term here. See Note 45, Act ii., "Merry Wives." There it is used more in the sense of 'watchword'; here, more in the sense of 'byword.'

(54) *Possess.* Tell, inform. See Note 9, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(55) *Reason good enough.* The bullying coward Sir Andrew's reason was all-sufficient; inasmuch as the Puritans were known to conscientiously avoid fighting.

(56) *Affectioned.* Used here for 'affected.'

(57) *Cons.* Here used for 'knows by rote,' 'has by heart;' so as to repeat it "without book."

(58) *Swarths.* Swarth, or swath, is as much grass as a mower

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.<sup>59</sup>

[*Exit MARIA.*]

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was adored once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece,<sup>60</sup> I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.<sup>61</sup>

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come; I'll go burn some sack;<sup>62</sup> 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs, and recollected terms,<sup>63</sup> Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste,<sup>64</sup> the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out:—and play the tune the while. [*Exit CURIO. Music.*]  
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,—  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:<sup>65</sup>

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;—  
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.<sup>66</sup>

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by Heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,<sup>67</sup>  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;<sup>68</sup>  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas! that they are so,—  
To die, even when they to perfection<sup>69</sup> grow!

*Re-enter CURIO with Clown.*

*Duke.* Oh, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids<sup>70</sup> that weave their thread with bones,

cuts at one stroke of his scythe; and figuratively represents the pompous sweep of sentence that a large talker promulgates.

(59) *Penthesilea*. A queen of the Amazons, who fought with Achilles. Sir Toby calls Maria thus, in ironical allusion to her unmarital dimensions, as well as in compliment to her prowess.

(60) *If I cannot recover your niece*. Shakespeare sometimes, as here, uses "recover" for "attain," "reach to."

(61) *Call me cut*. This phrase, and "call me horse," were synonymous with "abuse me," "reproach me," "Cut" was one name for a horse; probably an abbreviation of "curtal," or "curtail." See Note 79, Act ii., "All's Well."

(62) *I'll go burn some sack*. See Note 42, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(63) *Recollected terms*. By this expression the poet probably means what musicians call 'phrases of repetition,' or 'passages of imitation;' where rapid successions of notes, and florid ornamentation, produce the effect of liveliness which the Duke's love-melancholy shrinks from, and contrast with the simplicity he so much prefers.

(64) *Feste*. Shakespeare's aptly-invented name for this, one of his pleasantest clowns; from the Italian word *festeggiante*, which Florio explains—"Feasting, merrie, banqueting, pleasant, of good entertainment."

(65) *Speak masterly*. This is one of the few instances where Shakespeare indirectly (and of course unconsciously) comments upon himself. That the comment is here highly commendatory is, as it were, forced from him by the exigencies of dramatic truth in the situation, and by the verity of beauty in the words commented upon. Certainly there never was more "masterly speaking" on the effect produced by music upon a nature sensitively alive to its finest influences, than Viola's few but intensely expressive words.

(66) *A little, by your favour*. Viola says this ostensibly in the

sense of 'a little, by your leave;' but she secretly says it in consonance with the sense in which the Duke uses the word "favour" ('look,' 'aspect,' 'countenance'), meaning, 'I have suffered mine eye to rest upon your own countenance.' And how well the words "a little" serve to denote the shy, timid, occasional glances that she has allowed herself to indulge in, when his not observing her has favoured her looking upon him!

(67) *Worn*. It was proposed by Johnson, who has been followed by some editors, to change "worn" to 'won' here. We think that "worn" is here much the more Shakesperian word, as signifying 'worn out,' 'worn away,' 'obliterated'; and that it more strictly consists with the context than 'won' would do. The reason that Johnson gives for preferring 'lost and won' ("these two words," he says, "coming usually and naturally together"), is the very cause why we do not believe that the poet placed them here in conventional conjunction; for, as we have before shown (see Note 47, Act iv., "All's Well"), Shakespeare often gives the effect of one word to another by his introduction of the latter in a sentence where usually the former is employed.

(68) *Hold the bent*. 'Bide the strain,' 'maintain, or endure the tension'; "bent" being a technicality in archery for the degree of flexure to which a bow was drawn. Shakespeare uses the word "bent" with peculiar and forcible meaning. See Note 71, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(69) *Perfection*. This word, as used here, not only applies to the blown beauty of the rose, but has figurative reference to the full loveliness of a woman when matched with her chosen manly counterpart in married union; thus affording corroboration to the reading of "perfection" instead of 'perfections' in a previous passage of the present play. See Note 13, Act i.

(70) *The free maids*. The word "free" was used by Chaucer, and sometimes by Shakespeare (as here), to express 'pure,' 'chaste,' 'free from vicious taint.'





*Clown.* Are you ready, sir?  
*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

*Act II. Scene IV.*





Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,<sup>71</sup>  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.<sup>72</sup>

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress<sup>73</sup> let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
Oh, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.<sup>74</sup>

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, oh, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.<sup>75</sup>

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta,<sup>76</sup> for thy mind is a very opal<sup>77</sup>—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,<sup>78</sup>  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

(71) *Silly sooth.* Simple truth.

(72) *The old age.* 'The antique age,' 'the primitive age.'

(73) *Cypress.* By this word it is not quite certain whether a coffin of cypress-wood, or a shroud of cypress (or cyprus, the then name for what we call 'crape'), was meant; since it may refer either to the "black coffin," or the "white shroud." In this play, Olivia says "a cyprus, not a bosom, hides my heart;" and in the "Winter's Tale," Act iv., sc. 3, we find—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow."

Cyprus, or crape, was made in both black and white.

(74) *My part of death, no one so true did share it.* "No one so true as I did ever take part in death's tragedy."

(75) *Pleasure will be paid, one time or another.* One of the beautifully wise and largely significant axioms that we owe to Shakespeare's fools; his fools have in their folly a reflection of their deviser's wit—wit replete with acute truth in playful expression.

(76) *Changeable taffeta.* What is now called 'shot silk.'

(77) *Opal.* A precious stone that displays varying colours according to the lights in which it is viewed. It is worthy of remark that this touch, indicating the variable hues in the Duke's mood—supported by just such another in the first scene, where we also find him abruptly breaking off from listening to music, with confessed restlessness and alteration of humour—harmonises with, and suitably prepares the subsequent facile transposition of his fancy from Olivia to Viola. How well, too, it agrees with what he himself says of men's "fancies" being "more giddy and unfirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, than women's are." So naturally, so consistently, so characteristically does Shakespeare write!

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.<sup>79</sup>

*Vio.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not, then, be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much: they lack retention.<sup>80</sup>  
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,—  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know,—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?<sup>81</sup>  
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will;<sup>82</sup> for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,<sup>83</sup>  
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.<sup>84</sup>  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no denial.<sup>85</sup> [*Exeunt.*

(78) *That miracle and queen of gems.* 'That fair frame,' 'that beauteous person.' To "prank" is to 'adorn,' to 'set forth advantageously.'

(79) *I cannot be so answer'd.* The Folio misprints 'it' for "I" here; which the "you" in the next speech shows to be right.

(80) *They lack retention.* This, from the Duke—who has lately affirmed that women's love is firmer and more lasting than men's—is but another point in keeping with his opal-hued mind. He one moment owns his sex's fickleness, the next maintains its superior strength of passion; in one speech, proclaims women's greater constancy; in another, accuses them of incapacity for steady attachment.

(81) *Was not this love indeed?* It is as if the poet were hurried away by the force of his own exquisite description, and were involuntarily impelled to make the speaker ask this.

(82) *Will.* Here used for 'resolute intention,' 'fixed purpose.'

(83) *I am all the daughters of my father's house.* Shakespeare, in such speeches as these, has not only shown his knowledge of the depths of feminine nature, but the utmost grace, refinement, and delicacy in fancy of which enigmatic reply is susceptible. See Note 95, Act i., "All's Well."

(84) *And yet I know not.* This momentary wandering of thought to the possibility of her brother Sebastian's survival, and then her recollection, and return to present passing interests, which will not only serve her to recover herself, but which effectually divert the Duke from dwelling upon her words and reading their full meaning, are all in the highest and purest taste.

(85) *My love can give no place, bide no denial.* 'My love can never withdraw itself, can bide no denial.' To 'give place,' as an idiom for 'retire,' or 'withdraw,' is used just previously; where Orsino



## SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter<sup>86</sup> come by some notable shame?

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle of India!<sup>87</sup>

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she<sup>88</sup> did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* Oh, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets<sup>89</sup> under his advanced plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio,—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy<sup>90</sup> married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!<sup>91</sup>

*Fab.* Oh, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.<sup>92</sup>

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* Oh, for a stone-bow,<sup>93</sup> to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,<sup>94</sup> where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* Oh, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* Oh, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies<sup>95</sup> there to me,—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,<sup>96</sup> yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow of the lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,"—

*Sir To.* What, what?

says, "Let all the rest give place." To "denay" was an old form of the verb to 'deny,' and Shakespeare has used it substantively, to afford a rhyme with "say."

(86) *Sheep-biter.* A cant term for a paltry thief. See Note 35, Act v., "Measure for Measure."

(87) *Nettle of India.* The first Folio prints 'mettle,' which some editors have changed to 'metal,' while the second Folio gives "nettle." We adopt the latter reading as far the likeliest word to be here used. Sir Toby would hardly use "metal of India" as a round-about way of calling Maria 'gold' for a golden girl, or a heart of gold; while he would naturally allude to her stinging qualities when waiting for "the little villain" to practise her sharp, practical jest upon Malvolio. In Greene's "Card of Fancie," 1608, there is mention made of "the flower of India, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it feeleth present smart." And the same author alludes to it in his "Mamilla," 1593.

(88) *She.* Here used in reference to the unnamed Olivia, not to the just-named Maria; affording an instance of the way in which Shakespeare sometimes employs a relatively-used pronoun. See Note 76, Act iii., "All's Well."

(89) *Jets.* Struts; walks with pompous juttings-out of his person.

(90) *The lady of the Strachy.* "Strachy," printed in the Folio with a capital S, and in italics, we believe to be an instance of Shakespeare's way of anglicising the spelling of an Italian word for the pronunciation of his actors. See Note 56, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew." It was most likely intended for *Stracci*, which Florio explains to be 'rags, clouts, totters, torne or rent rags;' and which is used by Malvolio with a "the" before it, as if it were the name of a noble family of Italy, like the Strozzi, the Orsini, &c. That, while it seemed to be the title of a lady of rank, it really bore the significance of 'the lady of rags-and-tatters,' makes for the

probability of its being intended to come in conjunction with "the yeoman of the wardrobe." The latter term is also found in Florio's Dictionary, as the explanation of the Italian word *Vestiario*; and we think the circumstance of both these points occurring in Florio (an author whose works were evidently thoroughly known to Shakespeare, as there is also evidence that he himself was a personal acquaintance of our poet) makes for our interpretation of "Strachy." We may mention, as a slight corroboration, that *Straccij* is thus printed in Florio; which Italian form of *j* for a final *i* gives somewhat the effect of the final *y* in the Folio-printed "Strachy." We here take occasion to point out that Florio spells "tatters" with an *o*; 'totters' being at that time a form of "tatters," as will hereafter be shown.

(91) *Fie on him, Jezebel!* Sir Andrew merely knows this name as a term of reproach; and his applying a woman's name to a man is of a piece with his usual accomplishments.

(92) *Blows him.* 'Swells him;' 'puffs him up.'

(93) *A stone-bow.* A cross-bow for discharging stones.

(94) *A day-bed.* The then name for what is now called a couch or sofa.

(95) *Court'sies.* Used for a man's salutation as well as a woman's. See Note 18, Act iv., "Taming of the Shrew."

(96) *Drawn from us with cars.* There have been various substitutions proposed and adopted for the word "cars" here; but, to our minds, the figure of dragging silence from them by means of "cars" (suggested by the word "drawn"), is no more forced than Launce's "a team of horse shall not pluck that from me" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act iii., sc. 1), or than Sir Toby's subsequent expression—"oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together," in Act iii., sc. 2, of the present play. That "cars" was a name in familiar use in Shakespeare's time for 'carts,' is testified by his use elsewhere of the words "carman" and "carmen."





Drawn by WILLIAM RALSTON.

Engraved by J. QUARTLEY.

MALVOLIO.

*Malvolio* (reads). Some are born great ; some achieve greatness ; and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," Act II., Scene I.





*Mal.* "You must amend your drunkenness."

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes.

Her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?



*Malvolio.* Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

*Sir Toby Belch.* Oh, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

*Act II. Scene V.*

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* "One Sir Andrew,"—

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

[*MALVOLIO takes up the letter.*]

*Sir To.* Oh, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's.<sup>97</sup> It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

Jove knows, I love:  
But who?  
Lips do not move;  
No man must know.

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers altered!<sup>98</sup>—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!<sup>99</sup>

*Mal.* [*Reads.*]

I may command where I adore;  
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.<sup>100</sup>

(97) *Her great P's.* There being neither a "C" nor a "P" in the direction of the letter read aloud by Malvolio, it was plausibly suggested by Ritson that (in conformity with a custom then in vogue) the words "with Care Present" were subjoined to the rest of the address; and it is very probable that they may have been omitted by the printers of the Folio.

(98) *The numbers altered!* "Numbers" is here used for the 'versification of the lines.'

(99) *Brock.* Badger. Then in use as a term of contempt.

(100) *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* Such riddle-like assemblage of initial letters was not unusual, at the time Shakespeare wrote, in amatory epistles or gallant mottoes; and we have before noticed



*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stannyl<sup>101</sup> checks at it!

*Mal.* "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity;<sup>102</sup> there is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

*Sir To.* Oh, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter<sup>103</sup> will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.<sup>104</sup>

*Mal.* M,—Malvolio;—M,—Why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

*Fab.* And O shall end, I hope.<sup>105</sup>

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

*Mal.* And then I comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* M, O, A, I;—this simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*]

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee:<sup>106</sup> but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great,<sup>107</sup> some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite<sup>108</sup> with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,<sup>109</sup> and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered:<sup>110</sup> I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,<sup>111</sup> if thou desirest to be

that he has twice given nearly verbatim the "doth sway my life," as though it were one of the conventional phrases of love-profession then in vogue. See Note 8, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(101) *The stannyl.* Misprinted in the Folio 'the stallion;' corrected by Hamner. The "stannyl" is the common stone-hawk; and "checks" is the technical expression in falconry when a hawk forsakes her appointed prey, and flies at inferior birds that chance to come in view.

(102) *Any formal capacity.* "Formal" is here used for 'sane,' 'rational.' See Note 7, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(103) *Sowter.* Used for the name of a hound.

(104) *Though it be as rank as a fox.* Hamner changed "be" to 'ben't' here; and Malone (his usual resource when he finds a difficulty in comprehending Shakespeare's phraseology, see Note 35, Act v., "All's Well") accuses the poet of forgetfulness in the construction of his simile here. But we take the present passage to afford one of those instances we have before pointed out, where Shakespeare uses "though" peculiarly. See Note 53, Act iv., "All's Well." "Though it be" seems here to mean 'since it is,' or 'being as it is.'

(105) *O shall end, I hope.* Fabian here plays on "O," as the letter which ends Malvolio's name, and as sometimes used to express lamentation, complaint, outcry.

(106) *In my stars I am above thee.* It has been proposed to alter stars "to 'state' here; but "stars" and "star" were used by Shakespeare to indicate 'sphere,' 'rank of life,' 'appointed course of fortune.'

so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain<sup>112</sup> discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device,<sup>113</sup> the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,<sup>114</sup> in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—here is yet a post-script. [*Reads.*]

Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.

Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.<sup>115</sup>

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device,—

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,<sup>116</sup> and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

(107) *Some are born great.* The Folio here misprints 'become' for 'born.'

(108) *Be opposite.* "Opposite" is here used for 'antagonistic,' 'contradictory,' 'hostile;' as farther on in this play the word is used for 'antagonist,' 'opponent,' 'adversary.'

(109) *Yellow stockings.* That this was a fashion of the period, there exists permanent testimony in the saffron-coloured hose of the London Blue-coat, or Christ's Hospital boys; who maintain the same costume as was worn in the time of the royal boy-founder of their school—Edward VI.

(110) *Cross-gartered.* Costly garters were worn conspicuously; and sometimes crossed and re-crossed round the leg, by fashionable gallants.

(111) *Thou art made.* An idiom similar to the still-existing one, 'You are a made man,' 'Your fortune is made.' See Note 25, Act iv., "All's Well."

(112) *Champain.* Spelt also 'champion,' and 'champaign;' French, *campagne*. Open country; an extensive piece of land.

(113) *Point-device.* 'Exactly,' 'precisely,' 'to a nicety.' See Note 71, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(114) *I will be strange, stout.* "Strange" is here used for 'cold,' 'distant,' 'reserved;' "stout," for 'proud,' 'lofty,' 'dignified,' 'haughty,' 'arrogant.'

(115) *The Sophy.* The Emperor of Persia's title. See Note 8, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(116) *Tray-trip.* A game either similar to or the same as backgammon; which was formerly sometimes played with three dice—"tray," or 'trey,' or 'trea,' signifying 'three.'



*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ<sup>117</sup> with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so

unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar,<sup>118</sup> thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar,<sup>2</sup> if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

*Clo.* You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove<sup>3</sup> to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely<sup>4</sup> with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.<sup>5</sup>

[*Gives a piece of money.*]

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* [*Pointing to the coin.*] Would not a pair of these<sup>6</sup> have bred, sir?

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.<sup>7</sup> My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say element, but the word is over-worn.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exit.*]

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time;

(117) *Aqua-vitæ*. Literally, 'water of life;' used for spirits, or strong waters generally. See Note 54, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(118) *Tartar*. An abbreviation of Tartarus; a portion of the infernal regions, described by classical writers as being surrounded by a brazen wall, with "gates" supported by columns of adamant.

(1) *Dost thou live by thy tabor?* A "tabor" was an instrument frequently used by professional jesters, and Tarlton, the celebrated jester of Shakespeare's time, not only played on one, and had it introduced into a picture, still extant of him, but used it as the sign of an eating-house which he for some time kept. Viola asks this question, using the expression "live by" in the sense of 'gain a livelihood by;' but the Clown punningly answers it in the sense of 'dwell by.'

(2) *The king lies by a beggar.* "Lies" here has been altered to

'lives;' but "lies" is used in the sense it then sometimes bore of 'resides,' 'dwells.' See Note 16, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(3) *A cheveril glove*. 'A kid glove.' French, *chevreau*, kid. The simile was proverbially used in Shakespeare's time to instance elasticity and capacity for stretching.

(4) *Dally nicely*. Play or quibble dexterously.

(5) *There's expenses for thee*. "Expenses" is here used for 'money,' 'that which is to be expended;' and we find it thus used by other writers beside Shakespeare.

(6) *A pair of these*. The Clown's way of asking for two pieces of money, instead of the one that Viola has given him.

(7) *Cressida was a beggar*. At the close of her career, the wretched Cressida became a leper, and begged by the roadside.

(8) *The word is over-worn*. Shakespeare here refers to the affected and hackneyed use of certain words, such as 'welkin,' 'element,' 'accommodate,' 'occupy,' and others, which the

Not, like the haggard, check at every feather<sup>9</sup>  
That comes before his eyes. This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art:  
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;  
But wise men,<sup>10</sup> folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*<sup>11</sup>

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*<sup>12</sup>

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house?<sup>13</sup> my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade<sup>14</sup> be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs,<sup>15</sup> sir: put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours:"—well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.<sup>16</sup>

*Sir And.* "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three all ready.<sup>17</sup>

*Oli.* Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.*] Give me your hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir!<sup>18</sup> 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I came to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

*Oli.* Oh, by your leave, I pray you,—

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady,—

*Oli.* Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving<sup>19</sup>

Enough is shown: a cyprus,<sup>20</sup> not a bosom,

Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree<sup>21</sup> to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grise;<sup>22</sup> for 'tis a vulgar<sup>23</sup> proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

Oh, world! how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

euphuists pedantically employed, and which their imitators wore threadbare.

(9) *Not, like the haggard, check at every, &c.* The Folio prints 'and' for 'not' here; Johnson's suggestion. 'And' (unless we take it to have the force of 'and yet' here) makes the sentence contradict the axiom laid down in the context; while 'not' supplies precisely the sense demanded. The "haggard" is an untrained hawk (see Note 4, Act iii., "Much Ado"); "check" is a term of falconry for 'fly irregularly,' 'pursue any other bird than its appointed prey.' See Note 101, Act ii.

(10) *Wise men.* The Folio prints 'mens' for "men" here. We take the meaning of the two lines to be—"For folly, that the fool shows, is befitting; but wise men, fallen into folly, quite spoil their wit." The "he" here is an instance of Shakespeare's way of employing a relatively-used pronoun; making it refer to a previously-implied antecedent (the man who plays the fool), and not to the last-named person ("a wise man").

(11) *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.* "God preserve you, sir." Sir Andrew seems to have got up a little French for the occasion; it being a fashionable language among professed duellists at that time. Shakespeare satirises it again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act ii., sc. 4.

(12) *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.* "And you also, your servant." Viola humours the absurdity.

(13) *Will you encounter the house?* Sir Toby assumes the circumlocutory style affected by declared swordmen; and Viola replies by substituting for her simple expression, "I am bound to your niece, sir," the more euphuistic phrase, "She is the list of my voyage." "List" here means 'limit,' 'ultimate point or object.' See Note 3, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(14) *Trade.* Here used partly in the sense of 'way,' 'course'

(see Note 80, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice"), partly in its sense of 'business.'

(15) *Taste your legs.* "Taste" was frequently used by writers of Shakespeare's time for 'test,' or 'try,' and euphuism adopted the word in this sense. Viola banteringly shows her perception of the affected employment of the word by pretending not to understand it, and then puts a close to the nonsensical dialogue by playing on the words "gait and entrance."

(16) *Pregnant and vouchsafed ear.* "Pregnant" is here used for 'ready,' 'prompt to listen and apprehend'; "vouchsafed ear" is used for 'ear vouchsafed to any appeal,' or 'vouchsafing ear.'

(17) *I'll get 'em all three all ready.* This seems to be Sir Andrew's ungainly way of saying he will have all three words prepared ready for the first opportunity of showing off with them as fine expressions; but we have sometimes thought that the Folio misprinted "I'll get" for 'I've got,' because it gives 'already' instead of "all ready." In this case the knight would mean that he had already got by heart all three of the page's courtier-like words.

(18) *My servant, sir!* Olivia catches at the term "servant," which was then used to signify a lady's suitor or admirer. See Note 11, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(19) *One of your receiving.* "One of your capacity for comprehension."

(20) *Cyprus.* What is now called 'crape'; a delicately transparent fabric. See Note 73, Act ii.

(21) *Degree.* Used here in its sense of 'step,' 'advance.' See Note 10, Act v., "As You Like It."

(22) *Grise.* From the Latin, *gressus*, a pace or step.

(23) *Vulgar.* Used here in its classically-derived sense of commonly or publicly known.





Olivia. Give me your hand, sir.  
Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.  
Act III. Scene I.





To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*  
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho!<sup>24</sup>—  
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:  
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.<sup>25</sup>

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.<sup>26</sup>

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!<sup>27</sup>

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am,  
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is  
noon.—

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,  
I love thee so, that, maugre<sup>28</sup> all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that<sup>29</sup> I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—  
And that no woman has;<sup>30</sup> nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst  
move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A room in OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,  
and FABIAN.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.  
*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more  
favours to the count's servant-man than ever she  
bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy?<sup>31</sup>  
tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her  
toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the  
oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jurymen since  
before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in your  
sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse  
valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in  
your liver. You should then have accosted her; and  
with some excellent jests, fire-new<sup>32</sup> from the mint,  
you should have banged the youth into dumbness.  
This was looked for at your hand, and this was  
balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let  
time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north  
of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an  
icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem  
it by some laudable attempt either of valour or  
policy.

*Sir And.* An 't be any way, it must be with valour;  
for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist<sup>33</sup> as  
a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon  
the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth  
to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my  
niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there  
is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in  
man's commendation with woman, than report of  
valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge  
to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst<sup>34</sup>  
and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent  
and full of invention: taunt him with the license of  
ink: if thou "thou'st" him<sup>35</sup> some thrice, it shall not  
be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of  
paper, although the sheet were big enough for the  
bed of Ware in England,<sup>36</sup> set 'em down: go, about it.

(24) *Westward-ho!* This, and its counterpart exclamation, 'Eastward-ho!' were the cries with which the Thames watermen offered to convey passengers in their boats either towards the City or contrary quarter of London; and both popular cries were severally adopted by dramatists as names for comedies, Decker taking "Westward-ho!" and Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston taking "Eastward-ho!" for a play written by them in conjunction.

(25) *That you do think you are not what you are.* Viola's elegantly enigmatical way of telling Olivia that she is mistakenly enamoured.

(26) *I am not what I am.* 'I am not the man I seem to be, and I seem not to be the woman I am.'

(27) *I would you were as I would have you be.* That is, 'in love with me.'

(28) *Maugre.* 'Notwithstanding,' 'in spite of;' French, *malgré*.

(29) *For that.* Used in the sense of 'because.'

(30) *And that no woman has.* 'And heart, bosom, and truth have never been given to any woman.' "That" is here used in the way that Shakespeare often employs a relatively-used pronoun, here referring to three antecedents as if they were one—the effect of oneness being given by the reiterated word "one."

(31) *Did she see thee the while, old boy?* "Thee" here was omitted in the Folio, and first supplied by Rowe. "Old," in this passage, is used as a mere epithet of familiarity. See Note 1, Act v., "As You Like It."

(32) *Fire-new.* See Note 24, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(33) *A Brownist.* An allusion to one of the Puritan sects that took its name from Robert Browne, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

(34) *Curst.* Used in the sense of 'sharp,' 'cross,' 'crusty,' 'crabbed.'

(35) *If thou "thou'st" him.* To address a friend or familiar acquaintance as "thou" was a mark of affection and intimacy: but to use "thou" instead of 'you' to one who was treated inimically was held to be an insult and to imply his inferiority. The same regulation in the respective use of "thou" and 'you' exists still in continental social usage as did among Englishmen in Shakespeare's time.

(36) *The bed of Ware in England.* A huge piece of furniture, said to be still in existence in the present century, and kept at an inn in the town that gave it its name. Its dimensions were stated to be

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*:<sup>37</sup> go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite,<sup>38</sup> the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.<sup>39</sup>

*Enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen,<sup>40</sup> and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-gartered?

*Mar.* Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:<sup>41</sup> you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*A street.*

*Enter* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage), But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns<sup>42</sup> Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth,<sup>43</sup> as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques<sup>44</sup> of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys<sup>45</sup> I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people?

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,<sup>46</sup> I shall pay dear.

*Seb.* Do not, then, walk too open.<sup>47</sup>

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,<sup>48</sup> Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

twelve feet square, and that it was capable of holding twenty-four persons. The words "in England" afford an instance of Shakespeare's way of keeping in the mind that his scene is laid abroad.

(37) *Cubiculo*. This is probably Sir Toby's affectation for the bachelor-quarters they occupy or meet at, near Olivia's house; from the Latin, *cubiculum*, a chamber or lodging.

(38) *His opposite*. 'His opponent,' 'his adversary,' 'his antagonist.' See Note 108, Act ii.

(39) *The youngest wren of nine comes*. The Folio misprints 'mine' for 'nine,' Theobald's correction. The wren lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last-hatched nestling is generally the smallest of the brood. This passage forms one of the several allusions in the play to the diminutive stature of Maria (see Note 103, Act i.); and the repetition of them shows how the exact personality of his characters was present to Shakespeare's imagination when he depicted them. It is especially befitting, too, that Maria should be a little creature; for were she, with her love of waggery, to have been represented any other than small, the effect would have been odious instead of midge-like, as it is.

(40) *The spleen*. A fit of immoderate mirth. See Note 71, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(41) *The new map, with the augmentation of the Indies*. An allusion

to a map appended to the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598, so crossed and re-crossed by "lines" as to give multiplied evidence of the accuracy of Shakespeare's simile.

(42) *And ever thanks; and oft good turns*. The Folio prints 'and ever oft good turnes.' Theobald corrected the passage by inserting between "ever" and "oft" "thanks; and," which had probably been omitted by the printer.

(43) *My worth*. Here used for 'my possessions,' 'that which I am worth.'

(44) *Reliques*. 'Remains of antiquity,' 'curiosities,' 'noteworthy objects,' what Sebastian afterwards calls "the memorials and the things of fame."

(45) *The count his galleys*. An instance of Shakespeare's using the old form of the possessive case; "the count his" for 'the count's,' as it would now be written.

(46) *If I be lapsèd in this place*. "Lapsèd" here seems to be used in the sense of 'in inadvertently straying,' 'heedlessly lost;' "if I be lapsèd," employed to express 'should I carelessly wander about, or negligently lose my way.' See Note 102, Act ii., "All's Well that Ends Well."

(47) *Too open*. 'Too openly,' 'too unguardedly.' The adjective used adverbially.

(48) *At the Elephant*. See Note 15, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors."





Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho.  
Olivia. Smil'st thou?  
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Act III. Scene IV.





You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Grounds adjoining OLIVIA'S house.<sup>49</sup>

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he'll  
come;<sup>50</sup>—

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?<sup>51</sup>  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or  
borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,<sup>52</sup>  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—  
Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very strange  
manner.

He is, sure, possessed, madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile:  
your ladyship were best to have some guard about  
you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's  
wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit MARIA.*] I am  
as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.*

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* [*Smiles fantastically.*] Sweet lady, ho, ho.

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make  
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;  
but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is  
with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and  
please all."<sup>53</sup>

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the  
matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in  
my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands  
shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet  
Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to  
thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile  
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! yes; nightingales answer  
daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-  
ness before my lady?

*Mal.* "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'twas well  
writ.

*Oli.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* "Some are born great,"—

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* "Some achieve greatness,"—

*Oli.* What sayest thou?

*Mal.* "And some have greatness thrust upon  
them."

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* "Remember who commended thy yellow  
stockings,"—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings!<sup>54</sup>

*Mal.* "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

*Oli.* Cross-gartered!

*Mal.* "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to  
be so;"—

*Oli.* Am I made?<sup>55</sup>

*Mal.* "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count  
Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him  
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good  
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my  
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special  
care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the  
half of my dowry. [*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

*Mal.* Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no  
worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This  
concur directly with the letter: she sends him on  
purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she  
incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble  
slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly  
with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments  
of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;"  
—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as,  
a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the  
habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed  
her;<sup>56</sup> but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me  
thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let  
this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor  
after my degree, but fellow.<sup>57</sup> Why, everything

(49) *Grounds adjoining Olivia's house.* The stage direction in most editions (there is none given in the Folio) is "Olivia's Garden" here; but the incidents that take place towards the end of the scene—the duel, the entrance of Antonio, the coming of the officers—all show it to be more public ground than the garden actually adjoining the countess's house, and we accordingly give the stage direction as in our text.

(50) *He says he'll come.* Here we must understand 'if' or 'supposing' before these words. Olivia is picturing to herself what she shall do in case the page returns.

(51) *What bestow of him?* "Of" used for 'on.'

(52) *Sad and civil.* Serious and sedate, or staid. See Note 38, Act ii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(53) "Please one, and please all." The title of a ballad, signed R. T., and said to have been written by Richard (or Dick) Tarlton, the jester.

(54) *Thy yellow stockings!* Some would read 'my yellow stock-

ings,' observing that Olivia has no idea that Malvolio is quoting from the letter; but she merely echoes his words, and she sees his yellow stockings upon him. Then, when she hears him persevere with "see thee cross-gartered," and "thou art made," she answers, "Am I made?"

(55) *Am I made?* It has been strangely suggested that here Olivia is meant to say 'Am I maid?' on the supposition that John Manningham was right in representing her to be a widow lady. (See Note 19, Act i.) But Olivia's surprise is at hearing that she, the rich heiress, the lady of rank, the noble and wealthy countess, should be supposed to have a chance of making her fortune, of becoming 'a made woman.'

(56) *I have limed her.* Caught her as a bird is caught with bird-lime. See Note 16, Act iii., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(57) *Fellow.* He takes this word in its sense of 'equal,' 'peer,' 'companion.'

adheres<sup>58</sup> together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous<sup>59</sup> or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray Heaven, he be not bewitched!

*Fab.* Ask the advice of the wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock!<sup>60</sup> how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What! man; 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit<sup>61</sup> with Satan: hang him, foul collier!<sup>62</sup>

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

(58) *Adheres.* Shakespeare uses this word here and elsewhere in the sense of 'coheres,' 'is consistent with.'

(59) *Incredulous.* Here used for 'incredible.' As Shakespeare sometimes uses words ending in "ble," employing the passive form in an active sense, so he occasionally uses the active form passively. See Note 54, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(60) *Bawcock.* A term of jocose admiration; from the French, *beau coq*, fine cock.

(61) *Cherry-pit.* A boy's game; played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole.

(62) *Collier.* A term of strong vituperation in Shakespeare's time, from the noted cheating of coal-venders, and from their habitual blackness.

(63) *I am not of your element.* Here Malvolio falls into the modish practice of using this word, explained in Note 8 of this Act; and it is employed in the present passage somewhat in the same sense as in the passage there. Here it means 'sphere,' there it means 'province.'

(64) *In a dark room and bound.* The treatment then usual for madmen.

(65) *Finder of madmen.* In a trial where there is a case of lunacy to be proved or disproved, the legal expression on the occasion is.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element;<sup>63</sup> you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Is 't possible?

*Fab.* If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.<sup>64</sup> My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.<sup>65</sup>—But see, but see.

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.<sup>66</sup>

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

*Fab.* Is 't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. [*Reads.*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

*Fab.* Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.<sup>67</sup>

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:<sup>68</sup> good.

*Sir To.* [*Reads.*] Fare thee well; and Heaven have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine: but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

that the court tries if the person be 'found mad;' and there are also inquests held for the 'finding of madmen;' the expression in the text is therefore a kind of legal technicality.

(66) *For a May morning.* In 'merry England' times, May-day was the special epoch for sports and diversions of all kinds—tricks, jests, comic interludes, &c., as well as dances and other pastimes.

(67) *And exceeding good sense—less.* The Folio inserts 'to' between "and" and "exceeding," which some editors retain. Rowe was the first to perceive that it should be omitted.

(68) *O' the windy side of the law.* Shakespeare uses the "windy side" for the 'safe side,' 'the side protected from the wind.' See Note 43, Act ii., "Much Ado." One reason why it is used thus for 'the advantageous side' may be traced to the idiomatic expression 'get the wind of,' explained in Note 75, Act iii., "All's Well." Fabian's telling Sir Andrew that he keeps on the windy side of the law, refers to the knight's phraseology in the letter; which by the then 'laws of the Duello,' made it safe to say "like a rogue and a villain," but not safe to add thereto 'as thou art:' "like a rogue and a villain" might be explained away, while 'like a rogue and a villain, as thou art,' was an affront only to be expiated by coming to "a mortal arbitrement."



If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give 't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon

comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.<sup>70</sup>



*Sir Andrew Aguecheek.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.  
Act III. Scene IV.

as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible;<sup>69</sup> for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out:<sup>71</sup>  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

(69) *Swear horrible.* "Horrible" for 'horribly,' an adjective used adverbially.

(70) *Like cockatrices.* The cockatrice was a fabulous animal, described as having the body of a serpent and the head of a cock. It was said to have so evil an eye as to kill by its look. Some authorities made it to be the same with the basilisk, while others held them to be different creatures.

(71) *Laid mine honour too unchary out.* The Folio prints 'on't' for "out," Theobald's correction. Reluctant as we are to change

the old text whenever it may afford a meaning, we think the Folio word here allows but so forced an interpretation to the passage as to make for the probability that 'on't' is a misprint for "out." Were we to abide by 'on't,' we could only interpret the line to mean, 'And have staked mine honour too recklessly on the chance of winning that heart of stone,' in the same elliptical mode of expression as occurs in Act iii., sc. 7, of "All's Well," where the Widow says, "He persists, as if his life lay on't." All things considered, therefore, we believe "laid mine honour too unchary out"



*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,  
Go on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me,<sup>72</sup>—'tis my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul away. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck,<sup>73</sup> be yare<sup>74</sup> in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration;<sup>75</sup> but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,<sup>76</sup> is his word; give 't or take 't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct<sup>77</sup> of the lady. I am no fighter.

I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste<sup>78</sup> their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.<sup>79</sup>

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle<sup>80</sup> you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;<sup>81</sup> but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite<sup>82</sup> that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.<sup>83</sup> I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in,<sup>84</sup> with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you<sup>85</sup> as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say he has been fencer to the Sophy.<sup>86</sup>

*Sir And.* Plague on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on 't, an I thought he had been

to have been what Shakespeare wrote; "unchary" being used for 'uncharily' (prodigally, lavishly), and "laid out" being employed in the same sense as where Imogen says, "You lay out too much pains for purchasing but trouble" ("Cymbeline," Act ii., sc. 3). The line also, as given in the text, includes the sense of 'exposed mine honour too heedlessly to the imputation of unreserve.'

(72) *Wear this jewel for me.* "Jewel" was formerly used not merely for a single precious stone, but for a jewelled or costly ornament.

(73) *Dismount thy tuck.* Draw thy sword. The "tuck" was a rapier, latelier called 'a small sword.' Italian, *stocco*.

(74) *Yare.* Prompt, quick, brisk. See Note 2, Act i., "Tempest."

(75) *Dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration.* 'Dubbing' a knight was the technical expression for creating a knight; some deriving it from the Saxon, *dubban*, to strike (knights being made by a blow on the shoulder from the flat of a sword); some deriving it from the old French word, *adoubier*, to invest with the arms and dignity of a professor of chivalry. "Unhatched" was synonymous with 'unhacked'; French, *hacher*, to cut, to chop, to hack. A knight "on carpet consideration" signified a knight created in times of peace, kneeling on a carpet, and not on the field of battle. There is frequent contemptuous reference in writers of Shakespeare's time to these 'carpet knights,' as they were styled. See Note 55, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(76) *Hob, nob.* This familiar expression, used in drinking as well as in fighting, is probably a corruption of 'hab or nab,' and derived from the Saxon, *habban*, to have, and *nabban*, not to have. In Holinshed we find that the citizens 'shot habbe or nabbe at random.'

(77) *Conduct.* Here used for 'escort' or 'convoy.'

(78) *Taste.* Here used for 'test,' 'try,' or 'prove.' See Note 15 of this Act.

(79) *Quirk.* 'Whim,' 'freak,' "a man of that quirk" means 'a man addicted to such whims.'

(80) *Meddle.* Used as "mell" is, for 'deal with,' 'engage with.' See Note 53, Act iv., "All's Well."

(81) *A mortal arbitrement.* 'A deadly decision;' 'an arbitration by the sword.'

(82) *Opposite.* See Note 38 of this Act.

(83) *Firago.* Sir Toby's pronunciation of 'virago,' which being applied generally to a woman, has a doubly droll effect applied to the girl-page, who looks so meek, and is reported to be so fierce.

(84) *The stuck in.* A term of the fencing school; Italian, *stoccata*. See Note 23, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(85) *He pays you.* See Note 41, Act iv., "Merry Wives."

(86) *The Sophy.* See Note 115, Act ii.



valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him hanged ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

[*Aside to FABIAN.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel:<sup>87</sup> I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him;<sup>88</sup> and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* [*To VIOLA.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* [*To VIOLA.*] Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello<sup>89</sup> avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

*Sir And.* [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* [*To FABIAN.*] I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,<sup>90</sup> I am for you.

*Fab.* Oh, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* [*To ANTONIO.*] I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* [*To SIR ANDREW.*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.<sup>91</sup>

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I

promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.<sup>92</sup>

*Enter Officers.*

*First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour<sup>93</sup> well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—[*To VIOLA.*] This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having<sup>94</sup> is not much; I'll make division of my present<sup>95</sup> with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* Oh, heavens themselves!

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death; Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,<sup>96</sup>— And to his image, which methought did promise Most venerable<sup>97</sup> worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

(87) *To take up the quarrel.* As we should now say, 'to make up the quarrel.' See Note 28, Act v., "As You Like It."

(88) *He is as horribly conceited of him.* 'He has the same horrible conception of him.'

(89) *By the duello.* According to the laws of duelling. There were works upon the duello, setting forth its rules; by which gentlemen regulated their conduct with the utmost punctilio. See Note 37, Act v., "As You Like It."

(90) *An undertaker.* One willing to undertake another's quarrels.

(91) *If you please.* The exquisite humour, and perfectly characteristic effect of these three words in Viola's mouth, at this juncture, are delightful.

(92) *And reins well.* The comic effect of this mysterious reference to "grey Capilet," the horse promised for "letting the matter slip," is excellent.

(93) *Favour.* Aspect, look, countenance, physiognomy. See Note 18, Act i., "All's Well."

(94) *Having.* Here used, substantively, for 'the amount of what I have,' 'that which I possess.' See Note 69, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(95) *My present.* Used, elliptically, to express 'my present store,' 'the sum of money I at present possess.'

(96) *With such sanctity of love.* This is an instance of the manner in which Shakespeare occasionally makes a speaker begin with a phrase constructed in one way, and conclude it in a different way. See Note 50, Act i., "As You Like It." And here it has a specially natural effect, from the agitation with which Antonio speaks. "Such" seems to require 'that' or 'as' to follow up the sentence; but the break in the speech, and its change of construction, serve to convey the broken voice and perturbed feeling of the utterer.

(97) *Venerable.* Here used in its strict sense of 'that which is to be admired,' 'that which is worthy of worship,' 'that which is to be revered or venerated;' without reference to age, which is now mingled with the idea conveyed by this word.

*Ant.* But, oh! how vile an idol proves this god!<sup>98</sup>  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be called deform'd but the unkind:  
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks,<sup>99</sup> o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!  
—Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself: so do not I.<sup>100</sup>  
Prove true, imagination, oh! prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither,  
Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most  
sage saws.<sup>101</sup>

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass;<sup>102</sup> even such, and so,

In favour was my brother: and he went  
Still in this fashion,<sup>103</sup> colour, ornament,—  
For him I imitate:<sup>104</sup> oh, if it prove,<sup>105</sup>  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving  
his friend here in necessity, and denying him: and  
for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat  
him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw  
thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing  
yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Another part of the grounds adjoining OLIVIA'S house.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not  
sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:  
Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know

you: nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you  
come speak with her; nor your name is not Master  
Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing  
that is so is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:  
Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word<sup>1</sup> of  
some great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent  
my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,  
will prove a cockney.<sup>2</sup>—I pr'ythee, now, ungird thy

(98) *But, oh! how vile an idol proves this god!* The passionate warmth of the sea captain's words, the ardour of his attachment for the handsome youth Sebastian, with the anguish of regret he shows upon finding belied (as he imagines) the promise of goodness given by the young man's beauty of person and charm of look, strike us as curiously in consonance with the fervour of similar sentiment traceable in some of Shakespeare's sonnets. We have before observed upon the warmth of expression that was usual between man-friends in Shakespeare's time (see Note 26, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice"); a warmth of expression in speech that is paralleled by equal warmth of demonstration in salutation and caress, to this day, in Italy, where men-friends, and even acquaintances, kiss each other when they meet. It is to be remarked, also, that the devotedly-attached friend of the young nobleman, Bassanio, and the fascinatedly-fond friend of the youthful Sebastian, both bear the same name—"Antonio." The grave merchant's protestations of affection for his young friend are repeated with even more impassioned strength of expression in the sea captain's outpourings for Sebastian. In Act ii., sc. 2, his "If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant;" his "The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!" and his "I do adore thee so:" in Act iii., sc. 3, his loving words and gift of his purse; and in the present scene his instantly drawing to protect the young fellow from assailants; his diffident words requesting back the purse; his nobly-generous way of forbearing to "upbraid" the youth with those kindnesses done for him; his bitter grief at finding him insensible to his appeal, and falsifying the ideal of intrinsic loveliness which his lovely exterior seemed to give warrant for believing in—all are thoroughly true to sailor nature; and, as we feel, still more intensely true to Shakespeare's own nature. That cry of the soul lamenting over the proved worthlessness of one cherished "with such sanctity of love" is profoundly pathetic, and, to our minds, came from the inmost depths of the writer's own heart.

(99) *Trunks.* The word is here used, directly, in its sense of human bodies, corporeal frames; figuratively, in allusion to the

richly-carved chests or trunks, which, in Shakespeare's time, occupied a place in sitting-rooms as pieces of handsome furniture.

(100) *He believes himself: so do not I.* We understand these words differently from those who adopt Johnson's explanation of the passage. We interpret them to mean—"He believes that he knows me: I do not believe so." And she says this out of a hope that springs up within her that her brother still lives, and is known to this stranger.

(101) *Saws.* 'Adages,' 'axioms,' which were often written in rhymed "couplets." This withdrawal apart of Sir Toby and the two others, while it affords opportunity for Viola's soliloquy, gives in a natural manner the effect of their being half inclined to let the quarrel drop.

(102) *I my brother know yet living in my glass.* 'My brother is livingly represented by my own reflection in the glass.'

(103) *He went still in this fashion.* 'He was always dressed or attired in this style.' See Note 46, Act iii., "As You Like It."

(104) *For him I imitate.* The occasion thus taken to easily explain how it is that Viola should be dressed so precisely like her brother as to heighten the natural resemblance between the twins, and cause their being taken for each other during the course of the play, is quite true to Shakespeare's ingenuity of dramatic art.

(105) *Oh, if it prove.* Elliptically expressed; the preceding "true" being understood as repeated after "prove." See Note 12, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(1) *Vent my folly! he has heard that word, &c.* Shakespeare here satirises the affected use of the word "vent" then in fashion, as he has before in this play satirised similar verbal fopperies of the time. See Note 8, Act iii.

(2) *I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.* 'I am afraid that this great booby, the world, will adopt this absurd jargon, and all men will become cockneys by talking cockneyisms.'



strangeness,<sup>3</sup> and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,<sup>4</sup> depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand.— These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.<sup>5</sup>

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* [*Holding SEBASTIAN.*] Come on, sir; hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.



*Sir Toby Belch.* I have not seen such a firago.

*Act III. Scene IV.*

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. [*Beating SIR ANDREW.*] Are all the people mad?

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.<sup>6</sup>

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed;<sup>7</sup> come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must

(3) *Ungird thy strangeness.* "Ungird" is here used in the sense of 'unbend,' 'relax'; and "strangeness" is here used in the sense of 'stiffness,' 'reserve,' 'distance.' See Note 114, Act ii.

(4) *Greek.* An old word for a merry-maker, a reveller; our more modern expression, 'a merry grig,' being a corruption of 'a merry Greek.' Probably derived from the Latin *græcari*, to revel, to carouse.

(5) *After fourteen years' purchase.* "After" is here used idiomatically, in its sense of 'in accordance with the usage of,' 'according to the rate of;' and "fourteen years' purchase" is a technical term in the buying of land. At the time Shakespeare wrote, *twelve years' purchase* appears to have been about the current price of land; so that the Clown means to say that they

who pay fools to obtain their good word pay an exorbitant price, and wait long ere they obtain what they buy.

(6) *O'er the house.* This seems to have been a phrase tantamount to vehemently, rashly, recklessly, randomly; for we find it again applied to a weapon sent forcibly and regardlessly to a distance, in "Hamlet," Act v., sc. 2:—"I have shot my arrow o'er the house."

(7) *Well fleshed.* This is a sporting term, meaning to initiate and train dogs by giving them flesh to eat; and to establish them in practice by satiating them with it. It is used in both ways by Shakespeare, both to signify initiative and practised use of the sword; and in the present passage he employs it to signify that the "young soldier," Sebastian, has both well commenced and well



have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!—

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby,<sup>8</sup> be gone!—[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.] I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>9</sup>

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.<sup>10</sup>

Seb. What relish is in this?<sup>11</sup> how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe<sup>12</sup> steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. Oh, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A room in OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this

practised the use of his weapon. We the rather point out this, because it has been strangely suggested that these words are addressed to Sir Andrew! whereas, they are among the many means that the dramatist takes to keep well before the mind the almost girlish appearance of Sebastian (who is so like his sister), together with his real manliness.

(8) *Rudesby*. See Note 15, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew."

(9) *Extent*. This word seems to be here used in the sense it bears in the passage explained in Note 4, Act iii., "As You Like It," for 'seizure,' 'taking forcible possession of,' 'violent assault upon.' The word "unjust" in the context seems to make for the probability of "extent" being used thus, because it qualifies that which would otherwise be a legal procedure.

(10) *Started one poor heart of mine in thee*. There is a play on the word "started," in the sense of 'startled' and of 'roused,' as game is roused; and on the word "heart" in the sense of that which Olivia has given to the seeming page Cesario, and in the sense of 'heart.'

(11) *What relish is in this?* 'What sapor of truth is there in this?' 'What property of reality or verisimilitude is there in this?'

(12) *Lethe*. The Greek word for 'oblivion;' and given as a name to one of the rivers in the classical lower regions, the waters of which were to be drunk by the souls of the dead after a certain space of time passed in Tartarus, that they might forget whatsoever they had said, done, seen, or heard before.

(13) *Sir Topas*. The title of "Sir" was given to curates (see Note 2, Act i., "Merry Wives"); and there is peculiar propriety in the name here given to the minister who comes to "visit Malvolio the lunatic;" for, among the alleged properties of precious stones, it was believed that a *topaz* possessed the virtue of curing insanity.

(14) *I will dissemble myself in 't*. Shakespeare here uses the word "dissemble" in the sense borne by the Latin word *dissimulare*, to cloak, disguise, conceal, or dissemble; thus affording ground for the Clown's pun, while putting on the clerical gown. Mr. Stevens, the commentator, sneeringly remarks that "Shakespeare has here

beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas<sup>13</sup> the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't;<sup>14</sup> and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough<sup>15</sup> to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar.<sup>16</sup> The competitors<sup>17</sup> enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*,<sup>18</sup> Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague,<sup>19</sup> that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That, that is, is; so I, being master parson, am master parson; for, what is that, but that? and is, but is?"<sup>20</sup>

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend!<sup>21</sup> how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?<sup>22</sup>

stumbled on a Latinism: thus Ovid, speaking of Achilles—"Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat" ('The man was disguised in a long robe'). But not only do we believe that Shakespeare was far more intimately and appreciatively acquainted with Ovid than the sneering commentator; we also believe that he never "stumbled on" any word he uses: on the contrary, he shows a most special and discriminating accuracy in the choice, adoption, and employment of the epithets he introduces; thereby giving one of many proofs that he had a greatly profounder knowledge of classical languages and the true etymology of his own than superficial judges have ever been able to perceive or willing to allow. See Note 50, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(15) *I am not tall enough*. "Tall" is here used in its sense of 'stout,' 'lusty,' 'robust,' making a good antithesis to "lean."

(16) *An honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar*. Here "honest" is used in one of the senses it primitively bore, that of 'creditable,' 'honourable;' and "careful" is used in the sense of 'frugal,' 'spare.'

(17) *Competitors*. Used for confederates, consociates, 'colleagues,' 'allies.' See Note 10, Act ii., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(18) *Bonos dies*. Spanish, 'good day.'

(19) *The old hermit of Prague*. This sagacious though illiterate anchorite, together with that docile princess to whom he addresses his wise monition, "a niece of King Gorboduc," are, we believe, equally phantoms of Master Feste's brain with those visionary sages from whom he delights to quote, "Quinapalus," "Pigrogromitus," &c. See Note 26, Act ii.

(20) *What is that, but that? and is, but is?* A playful satire on the pedantry of logic in the schools.

(21) *Out, hyperbolical fiend!* Sir Topas exorcises the evil spirit by which a madman was supposed to be possessed, and addresses it as speaking from within the possessed man instead of him.

(22) *Sayest thou that house is dark?* The Clown, in character of the curate, still affects to believe that it is the evil spirit which speaks from within Malvolio. He uses the term "house" for the room in which the steward is confined, because 'a dark house' was formerly the name for the place where madmen were kept.



Mal. [Within.] As Tartarus, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows<sup>23</sup> transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories<sup>24</sup> toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. [Within.] I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. [Within.] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as pitch; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.<sup>25</sup>

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras<sup>26</sup> concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. [Within.] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. [Within.] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,<sup>27</sup> lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.<sup>28</sup>

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber. [Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.]

Clo. [Singing.] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,<sup>29</sup>  
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] My lady is unkind, perdy,<sup>30</sup>

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] Alas! why is she so?

Mal. [Within.] Fool, I say,—

Clo. [Singing.] She loves another— Who calls, ha?

Mal. [Within.] Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. [Within.] Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas! sir, how fell you beside your five wits?<sup>31</sup>

Mal. [Within.] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well?<sup>32</sup> then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. [Within.] They have here propertied me;<sup>33</sup> keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.<sup>34</sup>

Clo. Advise you<sup>35</sup> what you say; the minister is here.—[As SIR TOPAS.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas,—

Clo. [As SIR TOPAS.] Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—[As CLOWN.] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. Heaven b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—[As SIR TOPAS.] Marry, Amen.—[As CLOWN.] I will, sir, I will.<sup>36</sup>

Mal. [Within.] Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas! sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent<sup>37</sup> for speaking to you.

Mal. [Within.] Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. [Within.] By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will

(23) *Bay-windows*. The name for what are now called 'bow-windows.' Some think the name derived from the shape, being like a bay or a harbour; others think it came from the portion of a building called in architectural technicality a 'bay.'

(24) *The clear stories*. The first Folio prints 'cleere stores,' and the second Folio 'cleare stones,' instead of "clear stories" (Mr. Blakeway's correction). "Clear stories" is the name given to a row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church; as appears from a passage in Ormerod's History of Cheshire:—"Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere story* windows." We think there is just a possibility that the first Folio word may have been right, as the French name for window-blinds is 'stores.'

(25) *Any constant question*. 'Any question demanding constancy or steadiness of thought;' or—if the word question be taken in the sense of 'discourse,' 'conversation,' 'debate' (as Shakespeare often uses the word; see Note 100, Act iii., "As You Like It")—"any continuous discourse."

(26) *The opinion of Pythagoras*. An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

(27) *A woodcock*. This bird being considered a type of folly (see Note 92, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew"), the Clown selects it as the supposed progenitrix of "Malvolio the lunatic."

(28) *I am for all waters*. A proverbial expression, tantamount to 'I am able to assume any appearance.' It has not yet been ascertained whence the metaphor is derived; whether from an aquatic term, able to sail in any waters; whether from a tavern term, able to drink any kind of liquor, and out of any vessel; or whether from an Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua*—"Thou hast a cloak for any kind of water." However this may be, we think the Clown's employment of the expression includes a reference to the

lapidary's technicality of "waters," as applied to the colour and brilliancy of precious stones; playing on the word "Topas" as the name of the curate, and 'topaz,' the yellow gem so called.

(29) *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin*. The Clown characteristically resumes his own character by singing a snatch of a song. This ballad is to be found in Percy's "Reliques."

(30) *Perdy*. A corruption of the French oath, *pardieu*. See Note 50, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(31) *Five wits*. A poem by Stephen Hawes, entitled "Graunde Amoure," 1554, mentions the "five wits" as 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.' See Note 11, Act i., "Much Ado."

(32) *But as well?* "But" is here used in the sense of 'only,' 'no more than.'

(33) *Propertied me*. 'Made a property of me,' 'taken possession of me' as one who is out of his senses. We think that this probably includes an allusion to the practice of trying to obtain the property and custody of one who was declared a lunatic (see Note 121, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost"); and Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "propertied" in the sense of 'controlled,' 'held in subjection.'

(34) *To face me out of my wits*. 'To impudently maintain that I am out of my mind,' 'to brazenly cheat me out of my senses.' Shakespeare elsewhere uses "face" in this sense.

(35) *Advise you*. 'Take heed,' 'be careful.' See Note 107, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(36) *I will, sir, I will*. The Clown, who is pretending to hold a conversation with the imaginary curate, here affects to answer some injunction that Sir Topas has whispered to him.

(37) *I am shent*. "Shent" is 'chidden,' 'scolded,' or 'reproved;' in familiar parlance, 'snubbed.'



set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed?<sup>38</sup> or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pry'thee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Singing.*]

I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,<sup>39</sup>  
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:<sup>40</sup>  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;<sup>41</sup>  
Adieu, goodman drivell.<sup>42</sup>

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air: that is the glorious sun;

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't:  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

(38) *Are you not mad indeed?* Johnson, Mason, and Malone have some commentatorial differences in their notes upon this passage in the Variorum Edition; Mr. Malone settling the matter by first showing how "our author ought to have written," then saying that he probably "meant" this, "though he has not expressed his meaning accurately," and finally accusing Shakespeare of being "often careless in such minute matters." As it appears to us, the Clown is made to speak, characteristically, in his usual rambling way; and he asks, "Are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit to be mad?" thus seeming to ask Malvolio a sympathising question, but in fact asking him whether he be not mad one way or other, either really or pretendedly, since mad he seems to be.

(39) *Like to the old Vice.* The "Vice" was one of the names given to the Fool in the old moralities; where his part consisted in striving to elude Death, and play off tricks upon the devil, but to both of whom he finally succumbed. See Note 2, Act iii., "Measure for Measure." His weapon was a "dagger of lath," with which he used to belabour the devil and make him roar. The moral of the entertainment was that sin, after making merry with the devil, and being allowed to take great liberties with him, in the end becomes his prey.

(40) *Cries ah, ha! to the devil.* "Ah, ha!" and "Ho, ho!" were forms of diabolical address and diabolical ejaculation, in the old stage mysteries. See Note 77, Act iii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(41) *Pare thy nails, dad.* One of the waggeries of the Vice was to offer to pare with his wooden dagger the nails of the devil, who was supposed to take special pleasure in keeping his claws long and sharp.

(42) *Adieu, goodman drivell.* The Folio prints 'diuell' instead of "drivel" (Rowe's correction).

(43) *Yet there he was.* 'Yet he had been there,' "was" being used indefinitely for a past time.

(44) *This credit.* "Credit" was sometimes used, in Queen Elizabeth's time, for oral intelligence; what we now call "a verbal message."

(45) *Golden service.* Shakespeare, in this passage, and in another of this play, uses the word "golden" in the sense of 'valuable,' 'precious,' poetically, and without reference to the ore itself.

Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was;<sup>43</sup> and there I found this credit,<sup>44</sup>  
That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service;<sup>45</sup>  
For though my soul disputes<sup>46</sup> well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,<sup>47</sup>

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle<sup>48</sup> with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad,—

Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs, and their despatch;<sup>49</sup>  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't  
That is deceivable.<sup>50</sup> But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by:<sup>51</sup> there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,  
Whiles<sup>52</sup> you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep,<sup>53</sup>  
According to my birth.—What do you say?

(46) *Disputes.* Used in the sense of 'debates,' 'argues,' 'discusses logically.'

(47) *Discourse.* The then scholarly term for 'ratiocination;' and Mr. Singer aptly quotes from Glanville:—"The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it *reason*."

(48) *Wrangle.* A term in logic for 'altercation,' 'disputation.' See Note 24, Act v., "Tempest." Shakespeare thus maintains the introduction of schoolmen's expressions throughout this portion of Sebastian's speech; and which aids to give it a *manly air*, in characteristic contrast with the *womanly air* investing all that is uttered by the twin counterpart, Viola.

(49) *Take and give back affairs, and their despatch.* Elliptically expressed, in Shakespeare's most condensed yet comprehensive way. It gives the sense of 'take affairs in hand, give back orders respecting them, and see to their being executed with despatch.'

(50) *Deceivable.* 'Deceptive,' 'delusive.' Shakespeare sometimes uses the active and passive form of adjectives, the one for the other. See Note 4, Act ii.

(51) *The chantry by.* A "chantry" was a little chapel, or a particular altar in a church, endowed for the purpose of chanting masses for the souls of the dead. "By" is here used for 'hereby,' 'just by,' 'near,' 'close at hand.' It is not impossible that Shakespeare meant one of those private chapels, in or adjoining Italian mansions; many of which exist to this day in the dwellings belonging to rich or distinguished persons in Italy.

(52) *Whiles.* Used for 'until,' 'while' is still provincially (especially in Yorkshire and the Northern English counties) employed in this sense.

(53) *What time we will, &c.* "What time" is a poetical idiom (signifying 'at which time,' 'when') used by Shakespeare in the present passage and in two others of his plays; and by Milton more frequently than by Shakespeare. By "celebration" Olivia means the more festive observance attending their nuptials, that shall be fulfilled with befitting splendour hereafter, and meanwhile the religious rite of affiancing and solemn betrothal will have been securely performed.





*Olivia.* Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!  
*Sir Toby Belch.* Madam—

*Act IV. Scene I.*





*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth,<sup>54</sup> ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father;—and heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—Grounds adjoining OLIVIA's house.

*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Anything.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that, by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions<sup>1</sup> to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,<sup>2</sup> why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing,<sup>3</sup> sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* Oh, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace<sup>4</sup> in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer:<sup>5</sup> there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio,*<sup>6</sup> is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet,<sup>7</sup> sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw:<sup>8</sup> if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty farther.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter Officers, with ANTONIO.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:  
A bawling<sup>9</sup> vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;  
With which such scathful<sup>10</sup> grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,<sup>11</sup>  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio

(54) *Having sworn truth.* "Truth" is here used for fidelity.

(1) *Conclusions.* "Logical experiments," arguments. See Note 24, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(2) *If your four negatives make your two affirmatives.* By reading 'No, no,' and 'Ay, ay,' in the following passage, we find Shakespeare himself illustrates the present one—"Maids in modesty say No to that which they would have the profferer construe Ay" ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii., sc. 1). Moreover, Master Feste's "four negatives" and "two affirmatives" have pleasant allusion to the four lips that count for nothing till they form two consenting mouths. Coleridge, who has the right of a poet to speak with authority, gaily retorts upon Warburton (who proposed to alter the reading), "In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

(3) *Double-dealing.* A pun upon the expression, in its sense of 'playing false' and 'paying twice.' See Note 73, Act v., "Much Ado about Nothing."

(4) *Grace.* Here used for 'virtue.'

(5) *So much a sinner to be a, &c.* 'As' must be understood between "sinner" and "to."

(6) *Primo, secundo, tertio.* Latin. 'First, second, third.'

(7) *Or the bells of Saint Bennet.* It has been proposed that "or" should be changed to 'as' here; but the Clown alleges various reasons why he should have a third piece of money given to him. The commentators frown upon Shakespeare's "impropriety" in bringing in "St. Bennet" here, as if there could be only an English church of that name. But not merely are there churches dedicated to San Benedetto to be found in Italy, monasteries of Benedictine monks and convents of Benedictine nuns quite sufficiently abound there to make the Clown's allusion to some neighbouring church, monastery, or convent locally correct.

(8) *At this throw.* "Throw" is here used in its sense of 'while,' 'time;' Saxon, þrah. There is also the sense of 'cast,' as in casting a net for catching fish, and in casting a dice, included, as a hint to Master Feste.

(9) *Bawling.* Trifling, small like a bauble.

(10) *Scathful.* Harmful, destructive.

(11) *The most noble bottom of our fleet.* 'The noblest vessel of



That took the Phoenix and her fraught from  
Candy;<sup>12</sup>

And this is he that did the Tiger<sup>13</sup> board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,<sup>14</sup>  
In private brabble<sup>15</sup> did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my  
side;

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither;  
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add



*Sebastian.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you.

*Act IV. Scene III.*

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,<sup>16</sup>  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,<sup>17</sup>  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,

My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication; for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,<sup>18</sup>  
Into the danger of this adverse town;<sup>19</sup>  
Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended,<sup>20</sup> his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

our fleet.' A "bottom" is a marine technicality elsewhere used by Shakespeare. In the first scene of the "Merchant of Venice," Antonio says, "My ventures are not in one bottom trusted."

(12) *Took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy.* "Fraught" is an old form of 'freight.' See Note 12, Act i., "Tempest." "From Candy" means 'coming from Candy.' The elliptical construction here is similar to the one explained in Note 22, Act ii., "Tempest," and serves to illustrate the meaning in that passage, which is less obvious than the meaning in the present one.

(13) *The Tiger.* Twice given by Shakespeare as the name of a ship; in this play, and in "Macbeth."

(14) *Desperate of shame and state.* 'Desperately unregardful of disgrace and danger.'

(15) *Brabble.* 'Brawl,' 'quarrel.'

(16) *Their mercies.* Shakespeare often uses "mercy" in its sense of 'power to act at will,' 'discretionary power,' 'power to spare or to destroy.'

(17) *So bloody and so dear.* "Dear" is here used in its sense as derived from the Saxon, *dene*, 'hurt,' 'harm,' 'mischief,' a derivation well explained by Tooke in his "Divisions of Purley." See Note 61, Act i., "As You Like It."

(18) *Pure for his love.* 'Purely for his love,' the adjective used adverbially.

(19) *Into the danger of this, &c.* "Into" used for 'unto.' See Note 125, Act i., "All's Well that Ends Well."

(20) *Where being apprehended.* "Where" is here used much in





*Sir Andrew Aguecheek.* For the love of Heaven, a surgeon;  
send one presently to Sir Toby.  
*Olivia.* What's the matter?

*Act V. Scene I.*





Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,<sup>21</sup>  
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing  
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months  
before

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

*Duke.* Here comes the countess: now heaven  
walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Oli.* What would my lord,—but that he may  
not have,—  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam!

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia,—

*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario?—Good my  
lord,—

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes  
me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat<sup>22</sup> and fulsome to mine ear,  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What! to perverseness? you uncivil  
lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious<sup>23</sup> altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd  
out

That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall  
become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to  
do it,  
Like to the Egyptian thief<sup>24</sup> at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,  
That sometimes savours nobly.—But hear me  
this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,<sup>25</sup>  
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crown'd in his master's spite.—  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe i.  
mischievous:<sup>26</sup>

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah! me, detested! how am I beguiled!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you  
wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—  
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

*Duke.* [*To VIOLA.*] Come, away!

*Oli.* Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband,  
stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:<sup>27</sup>  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou  
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Re-enter Attendant, with Priest.*

Oh, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold (though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness, what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;<sup>28</sup>  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my  
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* Oh, thou dissembling cub! what wilt  
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?<sup>29</sup>

the same way that it is used in the passage explained in Note 46, Act v., "Merchant of Venice." "Where" and "there" are each used by Shakespeare in this seemingly indefinite way; but a way which in reality serves admirably for dramatic art purpose, to indicate a locality known already to the reader, and therefore needing no more definite or more detailed description.

(21) *To face me out of his acquaintance.* See Note 34, Act iv.

(22) *Fat.* Here used for 'distasteful,' 'offensive.'

(23) *Ingrate and unauspicious.* "In" and "un," as commencing syllables of words, were often applied by Shakespeare and writers of his time in an exactly contrary mode to the one now used.

(24) *The Egyptian thief.* Thyamis, a robber-chief, who, falling in love with Chariclea, whom he has seized, shuts her in a cave, and means to marry her; but being overpowered by a stronger band of

robbers, rushes to the cave with intent to kill her. A translation of the Greek romance of "Theagenes and Chariclea" was published before 1587.

(25) *The instrument that screws me from, &c.* Shakespeare here uses "screws" in the sense of 'wrenches,' 'wrests,' 'forcibly draws.'

(26) *Ripe in mischief.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "ripe" to express 'arrived at extreme pitch,' 'come to excess.' See Note 62, Act i., "Merchant of Venice."

(27) *Strangle thy propriety.* 'Suppress that which thou properly art,' 'conceal thine own proper self.'

(28) *Interchange ment of your rings.* Formerly, in betrothals or espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

(29) *Case.* Here used for 'skin.' See Note 71, Act iii., "All's Well."

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—

*Oli.* Oh, do not swear!  
Hold little faith,<sup>30</sup> though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head broken.*

*Sir And.* For the love of Heaven, a surgeon!  
send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has  
given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of  
Heaven, your help! I had rather than forty pound  
I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario:  
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil  
incardinate.<sup>31</sup>

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke  
my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set  
on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt  
you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you  
have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody  
coxcomb.—Here comes Sir Toby halting,—you shall  
hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would  
have tickled you othergates than he did.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with  
you?

*Sir To.* That's all one: he has hurt me, and  
there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon,  
sot?

*Clo.* Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago;  
his eyes were set, at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures  
pavin:<sup>32</sup> I hate a drunken rogue.

*Oli.* Away with him! who hath made this havoc  
with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll  
be dressed together.

*Sir To.* Will you help?—an ass-head and a  
coxcomb and a knave,—a thin-faced knave, a gull?

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be  
look'd to.  
[*Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY,*  
and SIR ANDREW.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your  
kinsman;  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by  
that

I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two  
persons,—

A natural perspective,<sup>33</sup> that is and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio! oh, my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee!<sup>34</sup>

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of your-  
self?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,<sup>35</sup>  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—  
[*To VIOLA.*] Of charity,<sup>36</sup> what kin are you to  
me?

What countryman? what name? what parent-  
age?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,<sup>37</sup>  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow,—

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her  
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* Oh, that record is lively in my soul!

(30) *Hold little faith.* "Little" is here used for 'a little' or 'some little.'

(31) *Incardinate.* Sir Andrew's style of saying 'incarnate.'

(32) *A passy-measures pavin.* "Passy-measure" is a corruption of the Italian word *passamezzo*, which Florio translated 'a pass-a-measure, in dancing a cinque pace.' "Pavin," derived from the Italian, *pavo*, a peacock, was the name of a stately dance; and Sir Toby, who has before shown himself well versed in various dances (see Notes 43, 47, and 49, Act i.) when sober, now tipsily bungles up two dignified dancing terms to form a fitting name for a solemn surgeon.

(33) *Perspective.* There were various kinds of "perspectives" in Shakespeare's time. See Note 31, Act v., "All's Well." A passage in Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," 1584, describes the sort here alluded to—"There be glasses also

wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own; where *that which is, is not*, or appears, in a different position, another thing."

(34) *Since I have lost thee.* The warmth of Sebastian's words here to Antonio come with delightful effect as a response to the sea captain's affectionate expressions heretofore, and as a comfort for his past distress of mind. See Note 98, Act iii.

(35) *Nor can there be that deity in, &c.* 'Nor can there be that divine property in my nature, the power of ubiquity.' "Of here and everywhere" is elliptically expressed; 'being' is understood between "off" and "here."

(36) *Of charity.* "Out of charity," 'for the sake of charity.'  
(37) *As the rest goes even.* "Even" (for 'evenly') is here used in the sense of 'smoothly consistent,' 'directly conformable.' See Note 33, Act iv., "Much Ado."





*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Olivia.* Ay, my lord, this same.—

How now, Malvolio?

*Malvolio.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Act V. Scene I.*

He finishèd, indeed, his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us<sup>38</sup> happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,<sup>39</sup>

That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds;<sup>40</sup> by whose gentle  
help

(38) *If nothing lets to make, &c.* "Lets" was formerly sometimes used in the sense of 'hinders,' 'prevents,' 'impedes'; from the Saxon, *lettan*, to hinder.

(39) *Jump.* Here used for 'coincide,' 'concur.'

(40) *To a captain in this town, where lie, &c.* In the present passage "where" is used exactly as in the one discussed in Note 46, Act v., "Merchant of Venice." There have been various alterations made by various emendators in these lines; but inasmuch as



I was preserv'd, to serve<sup>41</sup> this noble count.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [To OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have  
been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,—  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his  
blood.<sup>42</sup>—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,<sup>43</sup>  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—

[To VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand  
times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I overswear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orb'd continent<sup>44</sup> the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on  
shore

Hath my maid's garments; he, upon some action,  
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio  
hither:—

And yet, alas! now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN.*

A most extracting frenzy<sup>45</sup> of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—  
How does he, sirrah?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the  
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: he  
has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it  
you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are  
no gospels, so it skills not<sup>46</sup> much when they are  
delivered.

*Oli.* Open it, and read it.

*Clo.* Look, then, to be well edified, when the fool  
delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] By the Lord, madam,—

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an  
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you  
must allow *vox*.<sup>47</sup>

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read it thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right  
wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess,  
and give ear.

*Oli.* [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab.* [*Reads.*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and  
the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness,  
and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit  
of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that  
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt  
not<sup>48</sup> but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of  
me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and  
speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought on,  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on 't,<sup>49</sup> so please  
you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your  
offer.—

[To VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and for your  
service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,<sup>50</sup>  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister:—you are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.—

How now, Malvolio!

they are in Shakespeare's peculiar style, especially when writing  
concluding scenes (see Note 35, Act v., "All's Well"), they should  
be strictly preserved as they are.

(41) *I was preserv'd, to serve.* Theobald's suggestion of 'pre-  
serv'd' for "preserv'd" is plausible, and has been adopted by some  
editors; but, if we discard the original word, we lose Viola's men-  
tion of her having been rescued from drowning. Shakespeare often  
thus, by a single word, narrates an incidental occurrence.

(42) *Right noble is his blood.* Not only is there the pleasant effect  
produced in these few words of Orsino's coming forward to avouch  
the nobility of his old friend's son and daughter, but they serve the  
dramatic purpose of attesting the gentle birth of the youth who is  
chosen by a countess for a husband, and of the maiden who is about  
to be taken by the Duke for a wife.

(43) *As yet the glass seems true.* "Yet" is here used in the  
sense of 'still,' 'continuously,' and "the glass" refers to the 'per-  
spective,' to which the Duke has already compared the twin  
brother and sister, each, as it were, the mirrored reflection of the  
other.

(44) *That orb'd continent.* Here poetically used for the sun;  
"continent" meaning 'that which contains.' See Note 23, Act ii.,  
"Midsummer Night's Dream."

(45) *A most extracting frenzy.* "Extracting" is here used in its  
strictly derived sense from the Latin, *extrahere*, 'to draw out of.'  
Shakespeare's forcible and most pertinent word here has been  
altered by some editors, who allege that there is no other instance  
of the word being thus used (as if Shakespeare did not exercise his  
own authority, by divine right of genius, to use words and create  
words that no one before had used or created), and who say he

would not have introduced "extracting" so immediately near to  
"distract." But, to our minds, there is a playful and bewitching  
effect in Olivia's change of the first syllable of the slightly varying  
word, with, mayhap, a half-smiling, half-tender emphasis in her  
tone, and a momentary glance towards her new-trothed husband,  
as she utters the significant confession.

(46) *It skills not.* 'It matters not,' 'it signifies not.'

(47) *You must allow vox.* *Vox* is the Latin word for 'voice.' The  
Clown has blared out the commencement of Malvolio's letter in the  
raving tone which he now maintains to be befitting for mad writing.

(48) *With the which I doubt not, &c.* The way that Shakespeare  
uses "which" in this sentence affords an instance of his employing  
a relative pronoun in reference to a not immediately preceding  
antecedent; "which," here, referring to "letter," not to "sem-  
blance."

(49) *The alliance on 't.* "On" is here used for 'of' (see Note 92,  
Act i., "All's Well"), and "'t," in Shakespeare's way of using "it"  
in reference to an implied particular, refers to the proposal involved  
in Orsino's thinking of Olivia as sister to himself as well as wife to  
Sebastian; the "alliance" of this proposal being a double one—the  
marriage of the Duke with Viola, and Olivia with Sebastian—the  
latter couple having had betrothal, not espousal. It is also to be  
remarked that by the words, "to think me as well a sister as a  
wife," Shakespeare conveys the effect of 'to think of me as a sister  
instead of as a wife,' in addition to the stricter interpretation of 'to  
think of me as sister to yourself as well as wife to Sebastian,'  
which they bear.

(50) *Mettle of your sex.* Shakespeare uses this word "mettle"  
with peculiar force of combined meaning. He here uses "mettle of



*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,—  
Write from it,<sup>51</sup> if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention  
You can say none of this: well, grant it, then,  
And tell me in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of  
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;<sup>52</sup>  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck<sup>53</sup> and gull  
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character:  
But, out of question,<sup>54</sup> 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now, I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in  
smiling,<sup>55</sup>

And in such forms which here<sup>56</sup> were presuppos'd  
Upon thee<sup>57</sup> in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:  
This practice<sup>58</sup> hath most shrewdly pass'd upon  
thee;  
But, when we know the grounds and authors of  
it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,

Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall  
not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn<sup>59</sup> and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him:<sup>60</sup> Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;<sup>61</sup>  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.<sup>62</sup>  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas! poor fool,<sup>63</sup> how have they baffled  
thee!

*Clo.* Why, "some are born great, some achieve  
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon  
them."<sup>64</sup> I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one  
Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord,  
fool, I am not mad;"—but do you remember?  
"Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?  
an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the  
whirligig<sup>65</sup> of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.  
[Exit.]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to peace:—  
He hath not told us of the captain yet:<sup>66</sup>  
When that is known, and golden time con-  
vents,<sup>67</sup>

A solemn combination<sup>68</sup> shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.<sup>69</sup>

[Exit all, except CLOWN.]

your sex" for the 'spirit,' the 'native dignity' of womanhood, and for its 'essential quality,' its 'constitutional property.'

(51) *Write from it.* "From" is here used for 'differently from.' See Note 97, Act i.

(52) *The lighter people.* "The people of less weight of importance," the persons of less consequence.

(53) *Geck.* A fool, a dupe; from the Saxon, *geac*, a cuckoo, which was sometimes used as a synonyme for a simpleton.

(54) *Out of question.* The way in which "out" is used in this idiomatic phrase serves to illustrate the way in which "without" is used, as explained in Note 103, Act ii., "All's Well." "Out of question" means 'beyond all question,' 'taken out of the region of question' or debate.

(55) *Then cam'st in smiling.* Here the previous "thou" in the line is understood as repeated between "cam'st" and "in," according to a way that Shakespeare has of making one word do double service in a sentence, by letting it be elliptically taken for granted the second time. See Note 17, Act i., "Merchant of Venice." Moreover, he sometimes uses a verb in the second person without the accompanying pronoun; as in "Winter's Tale," Act ii., sc. 3, we have—"What! canst not rule her?" where 'thou' is understood.

(56) *In such forms which here, &c.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "which" peculiarly. Here he uses it where now 'as' would be employed.

(57) *Presuppos'd upon thee.* 'Presupposed that thou wouldst assume.'

(58) *Practice.* Trick, device framed in conspiracy. See Note 11, Act v., "Measure for Measure."

(59) *Upon some stubborn, &c.* "Upon" is here and elsewhere used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'in consequence of.'

(60) *We had conceiv'd against him.* Here "against" is used peculiarly and elliptically; it implies 'as counting against,' 'as making against,' and also 'as warranting us in plotting against.'

(61) *Importance.* Here used for 'importunacy,' 'urgent entreaty.'

(62) *He hath married her.* These words serve to show that Mistress Maria's tactics, alluded to in Note 66, Act i., have succeeded in their design, and have secured her the conquest she aimed at achieving.

(63) *Poor fool.* An instance of Shakespeare's using this word compassionately, not contemptuously. See Note 42, Act ii., "Much Ado." "Baffled" is here used with a combination of two of the senses it bore; 'cheated,' 'tricked,' 'deluded,' and 'mocked,' 'insulted.'

(64) *Greatness thrown upon them.* Here "thrown" used instead of "thrust," affords an instance of Shakespeare's purposed variations, such as we pointed out in Note 67, Act v., "All's Well." The Clown quotes from the letter (see Act ii., sc. 5), and, naturally, does not quote with exact verbal accuracy. His citation of the sentences he resentfully remembers of Malvolio's speech in Act i., sc. 5, exhibits similar deviation from precise wording, and the effect is thereby the more true to nature. The salient expressions, "barren rascal," and "he's gagged," are recalled, but not in the literal order in which they were uttered; just as it would be in real life, and therefore just as we find it in Shakespeare's page.

(65) *Whirligig.* A 'spinning-top;' what in modern nomenclature is called a 'teetotum.'

(66) *Not told us of the captain yet.* In this line and the preceding one, we have true Shakespearian touches. First, we have the Duke, with his gentle nature and his new joy, eager to have the injured though crabbed purist brought back and soothed into partaking of the general harmony; and then we have the indication of Orsino's naturally keen interest respecting "the captain" who had saved Viola, while it also serves the dramatic purpose of showing that the promise of interrogating the captain in reference to "Malvolio's suit" has not been lost sight of, although the interest of the play's last scene does not require that point to be farther pursued.

(67) *And golden time convents.* For the use of the epithet "golden" here, see Note 45, Act iv. "Convents" is here used to express 'concur,' 'accords,' and 'comes conveniently.'

(68) *Combination.* Here used (as Shakespeare uses the word 'combinato'; see Note 36, Act iii., "Measure for Measure") for 'marriage contract,' 'nuptial union.'

(69) *His fancy's queen.* "Queen of his love;" "fancy" being often used for 'love,' 'affection.'

## SONG.

*Clo.* When that I was and a little tiny boy,<sup>70</sup>  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,<sup>71</sup>  
 A foolish thing was but a toy,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.  
 But when I came to man's estate,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.  
 But when I came, alas! to wive,<sup>72</sup>  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

(70) *When that I was and a little, &c.* "And" was occasionally introduced thus redundantly to eke out the measure, or to give a facetious effect, in old ballads.

(71) *With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.* The bad-weather-hating tone of this burden is in harmony with Master Feste's fine-weather-loving sentiment ("for turning away, let *summer* bear it out;" see Note 62, Act i.): and there is something in the rambling, incon-

By swaggering could I never thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
 With toss-pots still had drunken head,  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

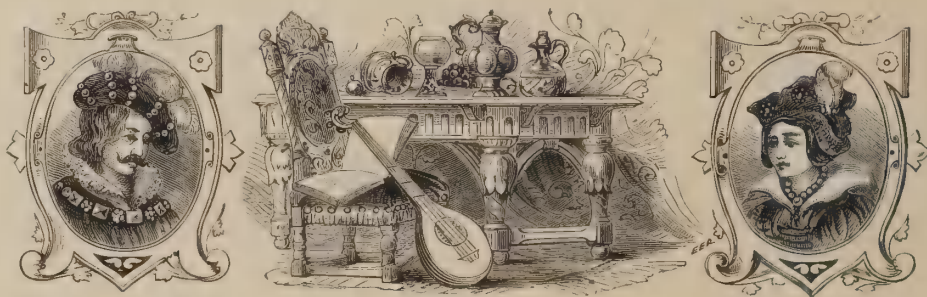
A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain :—  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*]

sequent twang of the whole song which accords with this Clown's style throughout the play.

(72) *But when I came, alas! to wive.* This, in like manner, tallies with Feste's anti-matrimonial adage—"Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage," Act i., sc. 5.

(73) *Every day.* "Evermore," "always." See Note 12, Act ii., "Taming of the Shrew."







## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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LEONTES, King of Sicilia.  
MAMILLIUS, his Son.  
CAMILLO, }  
ANTIGONUS, } Sicilian Lords.  
CLEOMENES, }  
DION, }  
Other Sicilian Lords.  
Officers of a Court of Judicature.  
Sicilian Gentlemen.  
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.  
FLORIZEL, his Son.  
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.  
A Mariner.  
Gaoler.  
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of PERDITA.  
Clown, his Son.  
Servant to the old Shepherd.  
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

HERMIONE, Queen to LEONTES.  
PERDITA, Daughter to LEONTES and HERMIONE.  
PAULINA, Wife to ANTIGONUS.  
EMILIA, a Lady, } attending on the Queen.  
Other Ladies, }  
MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.  
DORCAS, }

Attendants, Guards; Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—*Sometimes in SICILIA, sometimes in*  
BOHEMIA.





# THE WINTER'S TALE.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. *An antechamber in the palace of LEONTES.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation<sup>2</sup> which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves;<sup>3</sup> for, indeed,—

*Cam.* Beseech you,—

*Arch.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you

sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency,<sup>4</sup> may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection,<sup>5</sup> which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed,<sup>6</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent;

(1) The first known printed copy of "THE WINTER'S TALE" is the one in the 1623 Folio; and the first known record of its performance exists in a manuscript diary of Dr. Simon Forman, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. The entry in question is dated 15th May, 1611, and shows that this performance of the play took place at the Globe Theatre, where the company of actors to which Shakespeare belonged used to perform during the spring season (that theatre being open to the sky), while in winter they acted at the Blackfriars Theatre. There has also been found an entry in the account of the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, to the effect that on the 5th of November, 1611, a play was represented at Whitehall, called "The Winter's Nightes Tayle," by "the king's players." Furthermore, a memorandum discovered in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, states that "an olde playe called 'Winter's Tale,' formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee this 19th of August, 1623." Alas! for that "allowed booke was missing!" In all probability the manuscript copy of "The Winter's Tale" here referred to was destroyed when the Globe Theatre was burned down on the 29th of June, 1613; and if it were even but a prompter's transcript, what more than bank note paper value was then reduced to ashes! but if, as is possible, it was the original copy in the poet's own handwriting, how beyond all price the loss! It is to be feared that most of Shakespeare's manuscript plays thus perished; accounting for the otherwise strange fact of not one or even a portion of one of his manuscript productions having ever been discovered. Indeed, when once an author's play was written out clearly in separate parts, or for prompter's use, the original manuscript was most probably considered valueless, and thrown about or torn up accordingly; but if those precious scraps could by any miracle have been preserved, and now recovered,

what treasure to the world, what incalculable peace of mind to some of Shakespeare's commentators, who have earnestly striven to discover the true readings in certain of his passages now almost hopelessly involved in obscurity and doubt! In this very play, for instance, there are one or two such passages, that have cost ourselves sleepless nights and turmoiled ruminations innumerable; which, if we could veritably behold them in the beloved and honoured hand that first penned them, would be made clear to our understandings with a comfort of poetic soul and a calm of literary conscience unspeakable. The plot of "The Winter's Tale" is taken from Robert Greene's novel of "Pandosto: the Triumph of Time," 1588; afterwards entitled "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia;" a story so popular that it was reprinted many times. None of the names therein, however, were adopted by Shakespeare; and although traces of some of the principal characters are to be found in the novel, their beauty of development, their grace and refinement, their strength and vigour of individuality with moral purpose in their several portraiture, are wholly the poet's; while he has entirely created and introduced the characters of Paulina, Antigonus, Autolycus, and the Clown-Shepherd.

(2) *To pay Bohemia the visitation.* Here, as frequently in the course of this play, and elsewhere, Shakespeare uses the name of the king's country as his title. See Note 86, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(3) *Wherein our entertainment, &c.* "In whatsoever the entertainment we then give you will do us discredit in comparison with that which you now give us, our love shall make up for the deficiency."

(4) *Unintelligent of our insufficiency.* "Unconscious of our inadequacy."

(5) *Such an affection, which cannot, &c.* A similar construction with the one pointed out in Note 56, Act v., "Twelfth Night."

(6) *Attorneyed.* "Deputed," "substituted," "represented." See Note 14, Act iv., "As You Like It."

shook hands, as over a vast;<sup>7</sup> and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.<sup>8</sup> The heavens continue their loves!

*Arch.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,<sup>9</sup> makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Arch.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—SICILIA. *A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

*Pol.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star<sup>10</sup> have been The shepherd's note,<sup>11</sup> since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one we-thank-you many thousands more That go before it.

*Leon.* Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence; that may blow<sup>12</sup> No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, "This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

*Leon.* We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to 't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

(7) *A vast.* Here used substantively for 'a vast space,' 'a wide extent of distance.' See Note 53, Act i., "Tempest."

(8) *The ends of opposed winds.* Poetically used for the quarters whence the four winds blow—from east to west, from north to south—as figurative of opposite regions.

(9) *Physics the subject.* 'Gives hopeful sustinment and invigoration to the populace.' "Subject" is elsewhere used by Shakespeare as a collective noun. See Note 52, Act iii., "Measure for Measure."

(10) *The wat'ry star.* Used for the moon; elsewhere called by Shakespeare "the governess of floods," from its influence over the ebb and flow of the tides.

(11) *The shepherd's note.* 'Noted by the shepherd.'

(12) *That may blow, &c.* "That" is here either used for 'Oh that' (in which case the sentence would be parenthetical, and form an ejaculatory comment on the previous sentence); or it is used for 'whether,' combining the two sentences into one, and forming a link between the first and second clause. In the former case we interpret it thus:—"I am questioned by my fears of what may chance from or be occasioned by my absence (Oh, that no nipping winds at home may blow, causing me to say, 'This fear did but too truly warn me!'); in the latter case we take it to mean, 'I am questioned by my fears of what may chance or grow out of my absence, and whether no nipping winds may blow,' &c. In either case "that" is used peculiarly here; as Shakespeare often employs it in a sentence or clause of a sentence. See Note 121, Act i., "All's

*Pol.* Very sooth,<sup>13</sup> to-morrow.

*Leon.* We'll part the time between 's,<sup>14</sup> then: and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Pol.* Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,<sup>15</sup>

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

*Leon.* Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

*Her.* I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd:<sup>16</sup> say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.<sup>17</sup>

*Leon.* Well said, Hermione.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[*To POLIXENES.*] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him<sup>18</sup> there a month behind the gest<sup>19</sup> Prefix'd for 's parting:—yet, good deed,<sup>20</sup> Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord.<sup>21</sup>—You'll stay?

*Pol.* No, madam.

*Her.* Nay, but you will?

*Pol.* I may not, verily.

*Her.* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths, Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily, You shall not go: a lady's verily is

Well." For his use of the word "sneaping," see Note 11, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(13) *Very sooth.* 'In very truth.' See Note 71, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."

(14) *We'll part the time between 's.* In this play there is a prevalence of this particular elision, "'s" for 'us,' and it is curious to observe how some one peculiarity will recur in certain of Shakespeare's plays. It is as if he thought in that special way at that special time of writing.

(15) *None, none i' the world.* Shakespeare, like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgment, used it but sparingly, and, of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has an effect of intense earnestness.

(16) *This satisfaction the by-gone day proclaim'd.* 'We were satisfied of this by messengers yesterday from Bohemia.'

(17) *He's beat from his best ward.* 'He's beaten from his best point of defence.' See Note 67, Act i., "Tempest."

(18) *To let him.* 'To stay,' 'to stop.'

(19) *Gest.* The name given to the scroll containing the several appointed stages, or resting-places, in a king's progress; from the old French *giste*, a place to lie or lodge at.

(20) *Good deed.* An old form of 'indeed.'

(21) *Not a jar o' the clock behind what lady she her lord.* 'Not so much as a tick of the clock less than any lady loves her lord,





*Leontes.* Still virginalling  
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?  
*Mamillius.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Act I. Scene II.*

WINTWORTH





As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees  
When you depart,<sup>22</sup> and save your thanks. How  
say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:  
You were pretty lordings<sup>23</sup> then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk  
i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd<sup>24</sup>  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.<sup>25</sup>

Her. By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. Oh, my most sacred lady,<sup>26</sup>  
Temptations have since then been born to us! for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!<sup>27</sup>  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;  
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

however dearly she may love him.' The construction is peculiar here, and very elliptical in style; but, to our minds, thoroughly comprehensible and thoroughly Shakespearian.

(22) *Pay your fees when you depart.* Lord Campbell remarks that there is here "an allusion to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation."

(23) *Lordings.* An old form of 'lords;' here used as a diminutive.

(24) *Chang'd.* Used for 'exchanged,' 'interchanged.'

(25) *The imposition clear'd, hereditary ours.* 'That share in original sin excepted, which we inherit from our first parents.'

(26) *Oh, my most sacred lady.* "Sacred" is here used for 'revered.' See Note 11, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(27) *Grace to boot!* An invocation for Heaven's grace to come in aid of her self-defence. We meet with a somewhat similar form of invocation twice elsewhere in Shakespeare; and each time—as usual with him—characteristically distinguished.

(28) *Is he won yet?* It is to be understood here that Leontes has remained somewhat apart, playing with his little son Mamillius; while Hermione has been fulfilling his wish of pleading with Polixenes for a longer sojourn.

(29) *At my request he would not.* Precisely the muttered comment of a susceptible, irritable, jealous-natured man. Be it

Leon. Is he won yet?<sup>28</sup>

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.<sup>29</sup>  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when  
was 't before?

I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying  
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.  
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre.<sup>30</sup> But to the goal:<sup>31</sup>—  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:  
What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
Or I mistake you: oh, would her name were Grace!  
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?  
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love:<sup>32</sup> then didst thou utter,  
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace indeed.—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

Leon. [Aside.] Too hot, too hot!  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis*<sup>33</sup> on me,—my heart dances;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,<sup>34</sup>  
And well become the agent; it may, I grant:  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer;<sup>35</sup> oh, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

remarked that Leontes is jealous by nature; Othello, by circumstance. The one is innately given to suspicion; the other is with difficulty made suspicious. Leontes, with the injustice of a man naturally prone to jealousy, urges his wife to entreat their guest, and then resents her success in prevailing with him; encourages and induces her to use persuasive language, and then pervertedly deems it sinful allurement.

(30) *Ere with spur we heat an acre.* "Heat" has been altered to 'clear' in this passage; but it is in Shakespeare's style to use a noun as a verb. See Note 49, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew." Here he uses "heat" (in its sense of a certain course, or portion of a race) for a verb, expressing 'to run a course or race.'

(31) *But to the goal.* 'But to return to the object we had in view, the point we were discussing.'

(32) *And clap thyself my love.* To clap or clasp hands on concluding a bargain, was formerly the custom; and is not yet wholly disused.

(33) *Tremor cordis.* Latin; 'trembling of the heart.'

(34) *From bounty, fertile bosom.* Hamner and others add an 's' to "bounty" here; reading 'from bounty's fertile bosom;' but it is more in Shakespeare's style, when a speaker is arguing a question, to make him thus enumerate point by point, heaping up, as it were, successive motives. "Fertile bosom" we take to mean here 'generous disposition,' 'effusive nature;' he often uses "bosom" in the sense of 'native disposition.'

(35) *The mort o' the deer.* 'The death o' the deer;' French, *mort*.

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!<sup>36</sup>

Why, that's my bawcock.<sup>37</sup> What, hast smutch'd thy nose?<sup>38</sup>—

They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd neat.—[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*] Still virginalling<sup>39</sup> Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,<sup>40</sup>

To be full like me:<sup>41</sup>—yet they say we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, That will say anything: but were they false As o'er-dy'd blacks,<sup>42</sup> as wind, as waters,—false As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine;—yet were it true To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin eye:<sup>43</sup> sweet villain! Most dear'st! my collop!<sup>44</sup>—Can thy dam?—may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;<sup>45</sup> Thou dost make possible things not so held, Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)— With what's unreal thou coactive art, And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent,<sup>46</sup> Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,— And that beyond commission;<sup>47</sup> and I find it,— And that to the infection of my brains, And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you,<sup>48</sup> best brother?<sup>49</sup>

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction: Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd, In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled, Lest it should bite its master, and so prove, As ornaments oft do, too dangerous: How like, methought, I then was to this kernel, This squash,<sup>50</sup> this gentleman.—Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money?<sup>51</sup>

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole!<sup>52</sup>—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter: Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy; My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all: He makes a July's day short as December; And with his varying childishness<sup>53</sup> cures in me Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione, How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;<sup>54</sup> Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap: Next to myself and my young rover, he's Apparent to my heart.<sup>55</sup>

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?<sup>56</sup>

Leon. To your own bents dispose you:<sup>57</sup> you'll be found.

death. "The mort o' the deer" was the name given to a prolonged note blown on the hunting-horn at the death of the deer. On the latter word there is a play, in its similitude to 'dear.'

(36) *I' fecks!* A corruption of either 'I' faith,' or 'In fact.'

(37) *Bawcock.* A term of facetious endearment. See Note 60, Act iii., "Twelfth Night."

(38) *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?* It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a passing black, a flying particle of smut resting upon a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in Nature's.

(39) *Virginalling.* 'Passing the fingers as over the keys of the virginals.' The virginals was an instrument, the precursor of the spinnet, harpsichord, and pianoforte; and so called, because chiefly played by young girls.

(40) *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have.* 'Thou lack'st a rough head, and the budding horns that I have.' "Pash" is said to be a North British term for 'head'; and that it is provincially used for a young bull-calf, whose horns are sprouting, and who blunders about and butts at everything. Shakespeare elsewhere uses "pash" for 'strike violently,' 'dash,' 'give a strong blow.'

(41) *To be full like me.* 'To be fully, or completely, like me.'

(42) *False as o'er-dy'd blacks.* The unsoundness of stuffs subjected to a black dye is notorious, and renders Shakespeare's simile super-excellent.

(43) *Your welkin eye.* 'Your eye, blue as the heavens.'

(44) *Most dear'st! my collop!* "Most dear'st" is one of Shakespeare's double superlatives; and "my collop" is used as expressive of 'a portion of mine own flesh.'

(45) *Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.* "Affection" is here

used for 'native inclination,' 'innate propensity,' combined with the action of the imagination; as "intention" is used combinedly for 'will' and 'intensity.'

(46) *Credent.* Credible, easily to be believed. The active for the passive form. See Note 50, Act iv., "Twelfth Night."

(47) *Beyond commission.* 'Beyond due licence,' 'beyond warrant or authority,' "commission" being here used as it is a short time since, where Hermione says—"I'll give him my commission;" that is, 'my leave,' 'my permission.'

(48) *What cheer? how is't, &c.* This line, in the Folio, has the prefix *Leo.*; but it is evidently a portion of Polixenes' speech, and was thus first assigned by Hammer.

(49) *Best brother.* "Best," as an adjective of encomium or endearment, is still used by Italians, in their word *ottimo*.

(50) *Squash.* An immature peas-pod; often used thus, playfully and figuratively, for a young person. See Note 89, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(51) *Will you take eggs for money?* A proverbial expression, tantamount to 'Will you tamely bear an affront?' 'Will you suffer yourself to be imposed upon?'

(52) *Happy man be's dole.* Another proverbial phrase, signifying, 'May happiness be his lot.' See Note 37, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(53) *Childness.* This abbreviation of 'childishness,' for the sake of the metre in the line, has a graceful effect here.

(54) *How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome.* Thus enjoined by himself, it could be only the cruel injustice of that most unjust passion, jealousy, that makes Leontes resent his wife's courtesy to Polixenes as a proof of her guilt.

(55) *Apparent to my heart.* 'Nearest to my love;' the heir-apparent being the nearest heir.

(56) *Shall's attend you there?* 'Shall we await you there?' This elision of "shall's" (shall us) is one of the many to be found in this play. See Note 14, Act i. "Attend" is here used in the sense of the French word *attendre*, to expect, to await.

(57) *To your own bents dispose you.* 'Dispose of yourselves according to your own inclinations.'



Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to! [*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
How she holds up the neb,<sup>58</sup> the bill to him!  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing<sup>59</sup> husband! Gone already!  
[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is  
none;  
It is an evil planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
From east, west, north, and south: many thousand  
on 's<sup>61</sup>



*Leontes.* Might'st bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.  
*Camillo.* Sir, my lord.

*Act I. Scene II.*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one!<sup>60</sup>

Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have  
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, dullards ere now;  
And many a man there is (even at this present,  
Now while I speak this), holds his wife by th' arm,  
That little thinks she has been unfaithful with  
Sir Smile, his neighbour: should all despair

Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy!

*Mam.* I am like you, they say.

*Leon.* Why, that's some comfort.—

What, Camillo there?

*Cam.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leon.* Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
man.— [*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir<sup>62</sup> will yet stay longer.

*Cam.* You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.<sup>63</sup>

*Leon.*

Didst note it?

(58) *Neb.* Saxon, *nebbe*; the beak, the mouth.

(59) *Allowing.* Shakespeare sometimes uses "allowed" in the sense of 'approved,' 'well-received.' See Note 51, Act ii., "Merry Wives." And here it is probable that he uses "allowing" partly in this sense, partly in that of 'encouraging,' partly in that of 'sanctioning,' 'authorising'; and even—according to his mode of using the active form for the passive one—that he includes the meaning of 'allowed,' 'authorised,' 'lawfully sanctioned.'

(60) *A fork'd one.* 'A horned one.'

(61) *On's.* An elision for 'of us,' "on" used for 'of.' See Note 92, Act i., "All's Well."

(62) *This great sir.* Shakespeare, in several instances, uses "sir" as a noun-substantive.

(63) *It still came home.* A nautical phrase, signifying 'the anchor would not take hold.'



*Cam.* He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.<sup>64</sup>

*Leon.* Didst perceive it?—

[*Aside.*] They're here with me already;<sup>65</sup> whispering, rounding,<sup>66</sup>

"Sicilia is a so-forth:" 'tis far gone,  
When I shall gust it last.<sup>67</sup>—How came 't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

*Leon.* At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;

But, so it is, it is not.<sup>68</sup> Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in<sup>69</sup>  
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is 't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes<sup>70</sup>  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

*Cam.* Business, my lord! I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ha?

*Cam.* Stays here longer.

*Leon.* Ay, but why?

*Cam.* To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leon.* Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress!—satisfy!—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the things nearest to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom,—I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

*Cam.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon.* To bide upon 't,<sup>71</sup>—thou art not honest;  
or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which boxes honesty behind,<sup>72</sup> restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool,

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometimes puts forth: in your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non-performance,<sup>73</sup> 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage:<sup>74</sup> if I then deny it  
'Tis none of mine.

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a bullock's horn), or heard  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute), or thought (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think)  
My wife is slippery?<sup>75</sup> If thou wilt confess  
(Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say  
My wife's a worthless one; deserves a name  
As rank<sup>76</sup> as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.

*Cam.* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less  
Than this; which to reiterate were sin  
As deep as that, though true.<sup>77</sup>

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty); horsing foot on foot?

(64) *Made his business more material.* 'Made out his affairs to be the more important and urgent the more you besought him.'

(65) *They're here with me already.* An idiomatic phrase accompanying a gesture, which is to be found in other dramatists besides Shakespeare. In the present passage, probably Leontes, while he speaks, is intended to make the sign vulgarly used for stigmatising a deceived husband; so that he means to say—'The lookers-on are already mocking at me, and pointing me out as a gull.'

(66) *Rounding.* 'Murmuring into the ear,' 'suggesting sinisterly.'

(67) *When I shall gust it last.* "Gust" is, literally, 'taste'; but it is here used for 'come to the knowledge of.'

(68) *But, so it is, it is not.* 'But as the case exists, the word "good" is not pertinent.'

(69) *Thy conceit is soaking, will draw in, &c.* The construction here is elliptical; 'and' being understood before "will." We believe that in the present passage there is metaphorical allusion to the dyeing of hats, indicated by the word "blocks," which was used for 'hats' in Shakespeare's time, and which he punningly uses here also for 'heads'; and we therefore take the meaning of the whole passage to be—'Was this black aspect of the matter taken by any pate but thine? For thy conception of it is steeped in the dye, and will draw in more than the ordinary run of hat-heads.'

(70) *Lower messes.* Used here for those of inferior rank, those who sat at the lower end of the table. See Note 98, Act iv., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(71) *To bide upon 't.* Equivalent to 'decidedly,' 'definitively,' 'finally'; 'I abide in this belief.'

(72) *Which boxes honesty behind.* To "hox," or 'hough,' is to hamstring.

(73) *Whereof the execution did cry out against the non-performance.* 'Of which the execution, when once effected, proclaimed its non-performance to have been wrong.'

(74) *By its own visage.* One of the rare instances where Shakespeare uses "its"; and the word again occurs in the present play; which shows that "The Winter's Tale" was written after the use of "its" obtained among writers of our poet's time, instead of the previously more frequently-used 'his.' See Note 16, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors."

(75) *That does not think my wife is, &c.* Here, some editors insert 't after "think." But the word "think," though divided from the context by the mark of parenthesis, is to be taken in conjunction with the words that follow; thus, "that does not think my wife is," &c. The parenthesis forming part of the context is a construction sometimes used; and here it is in keeping with the agitated utterance of the speaker.

(76) *Rank.* This word, as used here, affords an example of the way in which Shakespeare doubly employs a single word; for "rank" is used adverbially (for 'rankly') in reference to "deserves," and adjectively in reference to "name." Adverbially, it means 'thoroughly,' 'fully,' 'utterly'; adjectively it means 'coarse,' 'gross.'

(77) *Which to reiterate were sin as deep as that, though true.* Here "though" is used in the peculiar way we have previously observed upon. See Note 104, Act ii., "Twelfth Night." "Though" is here equivalent to 'an though it were'; and the meaning of the whole sentence is—'To repeat which coarse imputation would be a sin as deep as that of which you accuse her, an though it were true.'



Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web,<sup>78</sup> but theirs, theirs  
only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leon.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my lord.

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporiser, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.<sup>79</sup>

*Cam.* Who does infect her?

*Leon.* Why, he that wears her like her medal,<sup>80</sup>  
hanging  
About his neck, Bohemia:—who, if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who mayst see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;  
Which draught to me were cordial.

*Cam.* Sir, my lord,<sup>81</sup>  
I could do this, and that with no rash<sup>82</sup> potion,  
But with a lingering dram, that should not work  
Maliciously<sup>83</sup> like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread<sup>84</sup> mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,—

*Leon.* Make that thy question,<sup>85</sup> and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,  
To appoint myself<sup>86</sup> in this vexation; sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—  
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—

Without ripe moving to 't?<sup>87</sup> Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?<sup>88</sup>

*Cam.* I must believe you, sir:  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;  
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen as yours at first,  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing  
The injury of tongues<sup>89</sup> in courts and kingdoms  
Known and allied to yours.

*Leon.* Thou dost advise me  
Even so as mine own course have set down:  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*Cam.* My lord,  
Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia  
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer:  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leon.* This is all:—  
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

*Cam.* I'll do 't, my lord.

*Leon.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd  
me. [Exit.]

*Cam.* Oh, miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands that have struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

*Pol.* This is strange: methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good day, Camillo.

*Cam.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Pol.* What is the news i' the court?

*Cam.* None rare, my lord.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

(78) *The pin and web.* An early stage of cataract in the eye.

(79) *Glass.* 'Hour-glass.'

(80) *Like her medal.* "Her" has been changed to 'a' and to 'his' by various editors; but "her medal" means 'her own medal-portrait,' or 'a medal-portrait of herself.'

(81) *Sir, my lord.* A form of address that Shakespeare uses several times.

(82) *Rash.* Here used for 'hasty,' 'speedy.'

(83) *Maliciously.* Used to express 'with malignant suddenness, and betraying tokens.'

(84) *Dread.* Used in the sense of 'revered,' 'held in awe.'

(85) *Make that thy question.* 'Question the truth of that.' Here, "that" refers to Hermione's infidelity, not to Camillo's profession of attachment towards Leontes. See Note 20, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(86) *To appoint myself.* "To" is here used elliptically for 'as to.' See Note 5, Act v., "Twelfth Night." "Appoint" is here

used in a very peculiar sense; of which we find an example in a line by Milton:—

"Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father; "

where the word seems to mean, as in the present passage by Shakespeare, 'Point out for blame,' 'mark out for censure,' 'stigmatise,' 'asperse.'

(87) *Without ripe moving to 't.* "Ripe" is here used for 'urgent,' 'pressing,' 'extreme.' See Note 62, Act i., "Merchant of Venice."

(88) *Could man so blench?* 'Could man so deviate or start away from propriety of conduct?' See Note 71, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(89) *For sealing the injury of tongues.* Here "sealing" is used for 'closing,' 'putting a stop to'; and "injury" is used in its classical sense as derived from the Latin, *injuria*, one meaning of which is 'contumelious language.' Bacon uses it with the meaning of 'abuse,' 'calumny'; and the French still employ it thus in their

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Pol.* How! dare not! do not. Do you know,  
and dare not

Be intelligent<sup>90</sup> to me? 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,<sup>91</sup>  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with 't.<sup>92</sup>

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*Pol.* How! caught of me!  
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:<sup>93</sup>  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry<sup>94</sup> than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle,<sup>95</sup>—I beseech you,  
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man  
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least  
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as  
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me  
Cry "lost," and so good night!

*Pol.* On, good Camillo.

word *injure*. Shakespeare, according to his mode of combining several significations in one comprehensive word, includes that of 'wrong,' 'harm,' 'detriment' in the present passage.

(90) *Intelligent*. Shakespeare uses this word in the sense of 'conveying intelligence,' 'giving information'; and here it has the effect of 'explicit.' The whole passage means, 'Do you know, and dare not tell me or avow to me that which you know?'

(91) *You must*. In Shakespeare's condensed style, these words are used elliptically; and "be intelligent" is understood as repeated after "must"; the whole passage meaning, 'You must avow to yourself what you know.'

(92) *Thus alter'd with 't*. "Alter'd" is here used so as to include the senses which the French verb bears in such phrases as, *cela altère la santé* (that impairs the health), and *cela altère l'amitié* (that diminishes or weakens friendship). Camillo's word "sickness," immediately after, shows that Polixenes' word "alter'd" has one of the above significations; and we think it combines both, together with its more usual acceptance of 'changed.'

(93) *Sighted like the basilisk*. See Note 70, Act iii., "Twelfth Night."

(94) *Our gentry*. Used here for 'our degree in rank or in gentle birth.' See Note 4, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(95) *In whose success we are gentle*. 'By our succession (or descent) from whom we have gentility of rank.'

(96) *I am appointed him to murder you*. 'I am he who is appointed to murder you.'

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.<sup>96</sup>

*Pol.* By whom, Camillo?

*Cam.* By the king.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to 't,<sup>97</sup> that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!<sup>98</sup>  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd.  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!<sup>99</sup>

*Cam.* Swear his thought over<sup>100</sup>  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,<sup>101</sup>  
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith,<sup>102</sup> and will continue  
The standing of his body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?<sup>103</sup>

*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.  
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk,<sup>104</sup> which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
Thereon his execution sworn.

*Pol.* I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:  
Be pilot to me, and thy places<sup>105</sup> shall  
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and

(97) *An instrument to vice you to 't*. Shakespeare here uses "instrument" for motive agent, or operating cause, as he does in the passage commented upon in Note 25, Act v., "Twelfth Night"; and he uses "vice" here somewhat as he uses "screw" there, for that which forces, impels, or urges. Here "vice" (used as a verb) has double propriety; inasmuch as it includes the sense of *viciously* urges or incites.

(98) *His that did betray, &c.* Judas Iscariot.

(99) *That e'er was heard or read!* Elliptically expressed; 'of' being understood after "read."

(100) *Swear his thought over*. Shakespeare uses "overswear" ("Twelfth Night," Act v., sc. 1) for recapitulate by confirmatory oaths; and he here uses "swear over" for countervail by disclamatory oaths.

(101) *Forbid the sea for to obey the moon*. See Note 10 of this Act. "For" is here used redundantly, which was then admissible, and in the present instance aids the metre.

(102) *Whose foundation is pil'd upon his faith*. 'The foundation of which is built upon his firm belief.'

(103) *How should this grow?* 'From whence should this have arisen?' 'How could this have originated?'

(104) *Trunk*. Here, as elsewhere, used for 'body,' 'material frame,' 'corporeal substance.'

(105) *Thy places*. Shakespeare seems to use this expression here to convey the combined meaning of position as to fortune, and spot wherein to dwell; for we afterwards find that Polixenes confers





*Mamillius.* I will tell it softly;  
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.  
*Hermione.* Come on, then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

Act II. Scene I.

CS

PEARSONS





My people did expect my hence departure  
Two days ago.—This jealousy  
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen,<sup>106</sup> part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;  
I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command  
The keys of all the posterns:<sup>107</sup> please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mam.* No, I'll none of you.

*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.<sup>1</sup>—I love you better.

*Sec. Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mam.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*Sec. Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
now

What colour are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*First Lady.* Hark ye;

The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

*Sec. Lady.* She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,  
And tell's a tale.

*Mam.* Merry or sad shall't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad tale's best for winter:<sup>2</sup> I have one  
Of sprites and goblins.

*Her.* Let's have that, good sir.

Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man,—

*Her.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mam.* Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it  
softly;

Yond' crickets shall not hear it.

*Her.* Come on, then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Guards.*

*Leon.* Was he met there? his train?<sup>3</sup> Camillo  
with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*Leon.* How blest am I

manifold dignities and honours upon Camillo, and keeps him ever  
near to himself in Bohemia.

(106) *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort the gracious, &c.*  
This sentence has been pronounced to be obscure and probably  
corrupt. But we think that the reason it has been found so, is  
because "expedition" has been taken in the sense of hasty de-  
parture; whereas, if it be taken in the sense of 'speed' (used as  
Shakespeare employs that word in Act iii., sc. 2, of the present  
play),—for 'success,' 'process of event,' 'issue or result of occur-  
rence,' 'destined ordination of action or incident,'—the meaning of  
the whole passage becomes clear, although condensedly and ellipti-  
cally expressed. We interpret it to signify, 'Good speed (or  
prosperous issue of events) befriend me, and comfort the queen;  
who is, with myself, the object of his anger, but who, like myself,  
deserves no jot of his misconceived suspicion!'

(107) *Posterns.* Gates; generally small doors or gates. See Note  
31, Act iv., "Measure for Measure."

(1) *As if I were a baby still.* Can anything be more per-  
fectly true to young boy nature? And not only in this touch,  
but in the whole sketch of the child's character, Shakespeare

has drawn Mamillius with "Nature's own sweet and cunning  
hand."

(2) *A sad tale's best for winter.* This has just so much reference  
to the title of the play as Shakespeare incidentally throws in, in  
some of his dramas. See Note 28, Act iv., "Midsummer Night's  
Dream"; and Note 43, Act ii., "Twelfth Night." This first portion  
of the play—full of chilling suspicion, bitter injustice, and cold-  
blooded cruelty—harmonises finely with the name of "The Winter's  
Tale"; while the warmth of youthful beauty, the glow of young  
love, the return of confidence, the restoration to faith and truth,  
the revival from death to life, in the latter portion of the play,  
poetically consist with the ripeness of summer and rich colouring  
of the season then made its existing time. And yet, with all this,  
we are informed by one of the commentators—who was designated  
"learned" by his contemporaries—that "the title of this play  
seems not intended to denote the precise time of the action, as we  
find it was at the season of sheep-shearing" (!).

(3) *Was he met there? his train?* Admirably does the "he,"  
"his," and "him" in this line, referring to the unnamed Polixenes,  
serve to indicate the perturbation of the speaker. It is just one of  
Shakespeare's dramatically-conceived abrupt commencements of  
scenes, so calculated to stir befitting excitement in the reader.

In my just censure,<sup>4</sup> in my true opinion!—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge!<sup>5</sup> how accurs'd  
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd,<sup>6</sup> and one may drink, depart,<sup>7</sup>  
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts:<sup>8</sup>—I have drunk, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his broker:<sup>9</sup>—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing;<sup>10</sup> yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns  
So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

*Leon.* I know 't too well.—  
[To HERMIONE.] Give me the boy:—I am glad you  
did not nurse him:  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

*Her.* What is this? sport?

*Leon.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come  
about her;  
Away with him!—[Exit MAMILLIUS, with some of the  
Guards.]—and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with;—for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee seem thus.

*Her.* But I'd say he had not,  
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

*Leon.* You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say "she is a goodly lady," and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
"Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"  
Praise her but for this her without-door form  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech), and  
straight

(4) *How blest am I in my just censure.* "Censure" is here used for 'judgment,' 'conviction,' 'belief.' See Note 15, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona." It is curious to remark how those two keen observers of human nature, Shakespeare and Molière, have both touched upon the same phase of jealousy; bordering upon the ludicrous even here amid so much of serious passion, and assuming the shape of broadly-humorous effect in Molière's comedy. Leontes' ejaculation in this passage comes wonderfully near to George Dandin's exclamation—"Heaven be praised, my dishonour is now so clear, that you can doubt it no longer!"

(5) *Alack, for lesser knowledge!* "Oh, that I had less knowledge!"

(6) *In the cup a spider steep'd.* There was an ancient superstition that spiders were venomous, and that liquid in which they were steeped was poisonous. Not only does the context here show that it formed part of the belief to suppose that a sight of the steeped spider was needful to ensure its deadly effect, but a passage from a play by Middleton confirms this point:—

"Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,  
Even then to see the spider?"

(7) *Depart.* This word has been suspected of corruption; and has been variously changed to 'a part,' and to 'deep o't.' But we take the passage to mean—"One may drink, be gone unconscious of harm, and still have partaken of no poison."

(8) *Hefts.* Heavings.

(9) *Broker.* See Note 17, Act i., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(10) *A pinch'd thing.* Judging from the way in which Shake-

The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands  
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,—  
That mercy does; for calumny will sear!<sup>11</sup>  
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,  
When you have said "she's goodly," come between,  
Ere you can say "she's honest": but be't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

*Her.* Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd<sup>12</sup> villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

*Leon.* You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: Oh, thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
A federary<sup>13</sup> with her; and one that knows,  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal,<sup>14</sup> that she's  
A faith-swerger, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

*Her.* No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,<sup>15</sup>  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then,<sup>16</sup> to say  
You did mistake.

*Leon.* No; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre<sup>17</sup> is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison!  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.<sup>18</sup>

*Her.* There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.<sup>19</sup>—Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew

speare has used the word "pinch'd" elsewhere, we believe that here it bears the sense of 'galled,' 'wounded,' 'disabled.'

(11) *Sear.* Scorch, brand.

(12) *Replenish'd.* Shakespeare uses this word here, and elsewhere, for 'plenary qualified,' 'perfect,' 'consummate.'

(13) *Federary.* Confederate, accomplice. Shakespeare elsewhere has another form of the word, "feodary." See Note 76, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(14) *One that knows, what she should shame to know herself but with, &c.* "But" is here used for 'only'; and the sentence beginning with "what" and ending with "principal" is parenthetical. The passage has, moreover, a confused effect (most naturally and characteristically produced, to accord with the speaker's agitation) from "Camillo" being the antecedent to "one that knows," while "she's" forms the antecedent to "and privy to this," &c.

(15) *Gentle my lord.* This form of address—the adjective and pronoun transposed from their more usual mode of succession—was occasionally employed in Shakespeare's time. See Note 75, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(16) *Right me thoroughly then.* "Thoroughly" and 'thoroughly,' as "through" and 'thorough,' were sometimes used the one for the other. See Note 18, Act iii., "Tempest."

(17) *Centre.* Here used for the globe itself.

(18) *Is afar off guilty but that he speaks.* "But" is here used for 'only,' or 'inasmuch as'; and the meaning of the whole sentence is—"He who shall speak in her behalf is guilty, in a remote degree, only because he speaks."

(19) *I must be patient till, &c.* To all his sweetest and noblest



Perchance shall dry your pities ; but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so  
The king's will be perform'd !

*Leon.* [To the Guards.] Shall I be heard ?

Has deserv'd prison,<sup>21</sup> then abound in tears  
As I come out : this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :  
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now  
I trust I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.

*Leon.* Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies, with Guards.*]



*Leontes.* Nor night nor day no rest : it is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus,—mere weakness.

*Act II. Scene III.*

*Her.* Who is't that goes with me ?—Beseech  
your highness,  
My women may be with me ; for, you see,  
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools ;<sup>20</sup>  
There is no cause : when you shall know your  
mistress

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the  
queen again.

*Ant.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice  
Prove violence ;<sup>22</sup> in the which three great ones  
suffer,—  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

women characters Shakespeare gives this beautiful trait of resignation and trust in the favouring influences of time. See Note 17, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."

(20) *Good fools.* Another instance of Shakespeare's using the word "fool" in a kindly sense. See Note 63, Act v., "Twelfth Night."

(21) *When you shall know your mistress has deserv'd prison.* If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection. No one better than Shakespeare knew the true distinction between them ; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and serenity of moral dignity : and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in the exaltedly admirable Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect.

(22) *Lest your justice prove violence.* In the very first words

Antigonus utters, Shakespeare shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word "justice," Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty ; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself the courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent : Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are each destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children ; while Antigonus, with his courtier



*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Ant.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife;<sup>23</sup> I'll go in couples with her;  
Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her;  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

*Leon.* Hold your peaces!

*First Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,<sup>24</sup>  
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the  
villain.

*Leon.* Cease; no more.  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose;<sup>25</sup> but I do see 't and feel 't,  
As you feel doing thus;<sup>26</sup> and see withal  
The instruments that feel.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty:  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*Leon.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I,  
my lord,  
Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion,  
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

*Leon.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which, if you (or stupefied,  
Or seeming so in skill<sup>27</sup>) cannot or will not  
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all  
Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*Leon.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation<sup>28</sup>  
But only seeing, all other circumstances

Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For in an act of this importance 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild<sup>29</sup>), I have despatch'd in post  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency:<sup>30</sup> now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

*First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leon.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in public; for this business  
Will raise us all.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—SICILIA. The outer room of a prison.

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

*Paul.* The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou, then, in prison?

*Re-enter Attendant with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

*Gaol.* For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

*Paul.* Pray you, then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaol.* I may not, madam: to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

*Paul.* Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?  
Emilia?

*Gaol.* So please you, madam,  
To put apart these your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.

pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act.

(23) *I'll keep my stables where, &c.* Antigonus' coarse way of saying that he would not quit his wife an instant; treating her as his coach-horses and hounds are treated; which are made to go always harnessed, or leashed "in couples."

(24) *Putter-on.* Inciter, instigator, suggester.

(25) *A sense as cold as is a dead man's nose.* Shakespeare has more than one instance of this kind of ellipsis (see Note 2, Act iii., "All's Well"); 'that of' is understood between "is" and "a."

(26) *As you feel doing thus.* Most commentators agree that here there should be some stage direction indicating the gesture that

Leontes uses appropriately to his words; and Hamner gave *Laying hold of his arm.*

(27) *In skill.* Designedly, purposely. It is well worthy of remark how entirely the confused construction of this speech, with the inconsequent introduction of the word "which," is characteristic of Leontes' style of diction: full of starts, abrupt turns; imperfectly expressed sentences, incoherent ideas, huddling one upon another; parenthetical and ill-sequent.

(28) *Approbation.* Here used in the sense of 'proof.'

(29) *Wild.* Rash. Leontes' disclaimer of rashness is an exquisite stroke of satire upon human auto-blindness; especially when we find how he behaves when this very oracle is delivered, to which he now refers the decision of the question with so much professed deference.

(30) *Of stuff'd sufficiency.* Of amply competent ability. See Notes 10, Act i., and 6, Act v., "Much Ado."



*Paul.* I pray now, call her.—  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]  
*Gaol.* And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.  
*Paul.* Well, be 't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]  
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious lady?  
*Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together: on her frights and griefs  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),  
She is, something before her time, delivered.  
*Paul.* A boy?  
*Emil.* A daughter; and a goodly babe  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you."  
*Paul.* I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes<sup>(31)</sup> i' the king, beshrew  
them!  
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen:  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.  
*Emil.* Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.  
*Paul.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.  
*Emil.* Now be you bless'd for it!  
I'll to the queen: please you come something nearer.  
*Gaol.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send the  
babe,  
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.  
*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:  
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,

By law and process of great nature, thence  
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to  
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Gaol.* I do believe it.

*Paul.* Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Eaeunt.*]

SCENE III.—SICILIA. A room in the palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* Nor night nor day no rest; it is but  
weakness  
To bear the matter thus,—mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,  
She, the adulteress; for the harlot king<sup>(32)</sup>  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level<sup>(33)</sup> of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire,—a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?  
*First Atten.* [*Advancing.*] My lord?  
*Leon.* How does the boy?  
*First Atten.* He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.  
*Leon.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:<sup>(34)</sup>—go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit First Attendant.*]—Fie, fie!  
no thought of him;<sup>(35)</sup>  
The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.  
*Paul.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free<sup>(36)</sup> than he is jealous.  
*Ant.* That's enough.  
*Sec. Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded  
None should come at him.  
*Paul.* Not so hot, good sir:

(31) *These dangerous unsafe lunes.* "Dangerous" is here used in the sense of 'severe,' 'sharp,' 'keen.' See Note 50, Act i., "Love's Labour's Lost." "Lunes" are 'lunatic fits,' 'mad fancies.' See Note 6, Act iv., "Merry Wives."

(32) *Harlot king.* See Note 20, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(33) *Blank and level.* Terms borrowed from gunnery; the former meaning the 'mark,' the latter 'range,' 'space within aim.'

(34) *Leave me solely.* 'Leave me to myself.'

(35) *No thought of him.* Instance of Shakespeare's employing a relatively-used pronoun in reference to a not immediately preceding antecedent. See Note 88, Act ii., "Twelfth Night." Here, "him" refers to Polixenes, and not to Mamillius. Leontes plunges back into his angry musings, which were for a moment interrupted by the thought of his boy.

(36) *Free.* Here used for 'chaste,' 'pure,' 'free from vicious taint.' See Note 70, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference

About some gossips<sup>37</sup> for your highness.

Leon. How!—

Away with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour), trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo, you now! you hear:  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself<sup>38</sup> your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,<sup>39</sup>  
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come  
From your good queen!

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say  
good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.<sup>40</sup>

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;  
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch!<sup>41</sup> Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing<sup>42</sup> broker!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me; and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:—  
Thou dotard! [to ANTIGONUS] thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>43</sup> unroosted.

By thy dame Partlet here:<sup>44</sup>—take up the bastard;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.<sup>45</sup>

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forcèd baseness<sup>46</sup>  
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all  
doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,  
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will  
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat<sup>47</sup>

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,  
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes:  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy<sup>48</sup> of the father,—eye, nose, lip;  
The trick of his frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it  
So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
No yellow in 't,<sup>49</sup> lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

(37) *Gossips*. A name familiarly used for a godfather and godmother. See Note 40, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(38) *Hear me, who professes myself*. The way in which "professes" and "dares" are employed in this speech is in accordance with an occasional usage of Shakespeare. See Note 68, Act i., "As You Like It." The verb being put thus in the third person, gives the excellent effect of Paulina's speaking of another, while she thus confidently speaks of herself and her own fidelity.

(39) *In comforting your evils*. "Comforting" is used in the legal sense of 'encouraging,' 'aiding,' 'abetting'; and "evils," in the sense of 'harmful courses,' 'ill conduct.'

(40) *Would by combat make her good, so were I a man, the worst about you*. "Combat" alludes to the old practice of 'trial by combat'; "make her good" stands for 'prove her good'; and "worst" means 'weakest,' 'least warlike,' 'least fitted for a champion.'

(41) *A mankind witch!* A witch of masculine sex. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word "mankind" in this sense.

(42) *Intelligencing*. This was used by other writers besides Shakespeare, as an epithet for one who carries information, one who conveys intelligence, as a spy, or go-between.

(43) *Woman-tir'd*. Synonymous with the more modern expression, 'hen-pecked.' To "tire" is a term used in falconry for 'tear with the beak.'

(44) *Dame Partlet*. The name of Chanticleer's wife in Chaucer's story of "The Cock and the Fox" is 'Pertelote,' one form of "Partlet," an old name for a hen.

(45) *Crone*. An ancient name for an old ewe; thence used for an old woman.

(46) *That forcèd baseness*. Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses the word "forcèd" in the sense of 'perverted from truth,' 'wryed from fact,' 'false.' "Baseness" is used for 'base birth'; in allusion to the stigma of illegitimacy, which Leontes, in his wrath, had just before thrown upon the babe.

(47) *A callat*. An old opprobrious name for a woman: a shrew, a scold. Its derivation is uncertain.

(48) *Copy*. This word, as used here, includes, besides its usual sense of transcript or duplicated imitation, the sense explained in Note 4, Act v., "Comedy of Errors."

(49) *No yellow in 't*. "Yellow" is the colour assigned to jealousy. See Note 54, Act i., "Merry Wives." In Paulina the poet has given





*Paulina.* Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.  
*Leontes.* Out!  
A mankind witch! Hence with her out o' door.

*Act II. Scene III.*





*Leon.* A gross hag!—  
And, lozel,<sup>50</sup> thou art worthy to be hanged,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Ant.* Hang all the husbands  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*Leon.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*Paul.* I care not:  
It is a heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you  
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something  
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leon.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paul.* I pray you do not push me; I'll be  
gone.—  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to  
this.—

My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done  
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows,<sup>51</sup> if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*First Lord.* We can:—my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leon.* You are liars all.

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness give us better  
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you: and beseech  
So to esteem of us:<sup>52</sup> and on our knees we beg  
(As recompense for our dear services<sup>53</sup>  
Past and to come), that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

*Leon.* I am a feather for each wind that  
blows:—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:—  
It shall not neither.—[*To ANTIGONUS.*] You, sir, come  
you hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as thy beard's grey,<sup>54</sup>—what will you  
adventure

To save this brat's life?

*Ant.* Anything, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left  
To save the innocent:—anything possible.

*Leon.* It shall be possible. Swear by this  
sword<sup>55</sup>

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Ant.* I will, my lord.

*Leon.* Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for  
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd<sup>56</sup> wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions: and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,<sup>57</sup>  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune

us a perfect picture of one of those ardent friends whose warmth of temper and want of judgment injure the cause they strive to benefit. Paulina, by her persevering iteration of the word "good," excites Leontes' opposition, and lashes him into fury; and now, when she made a moving appeal in her reference to the infant's inheritance of its father's look, smile, and features, cannot refrain from merging into reproach, ending in actual extravagance.

(50) *Lozel.* A lost fellow, a worthless cast-away fellow.

(51) *My noble fellows.* The word "fellows" is here used in the sense of "consociates," "equals," "peers," "colleagues"; serving to illustrate the use of the word "fellow," as explained in Note 57, Act iii., "Twelfth Night."

(52) *And beseech so to esteem of us.* Elliptically expressed; "your highness" being understood as repeated after "beseech," which in the Folio is printed with an apostrophe, or mark of elision, thus—"beseech'." It is worthy of observation that the character of this speaker is delineated with so much moral beauty throughout (from that speech of chivalrous loyalty to his queen, and courageous loyalty to his king—"For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down," &c., Act ii., sc. 1; down to the present earnest remonstrance), that in the play of any other dramatist it would have assumed name and shape as a personage of importance; whereas, in Shakespeare's wealth of resource, and care in finishing even the most subordinate parts among his *dramatis personæ*, it merely figures as 'First Lord.' In the same way, those two fine young fellows, the brothers Dumain,

in "All's Well," are named but incidentally, and are generally styled merely *First Lord* and *Second Lord*.

(53) *Our dear services.* The present passage affords an instance of what we pointed out in Note 61, Act i., "As You Like It;" that Shakespeare uses the word "dear" to express intensity, whether in good or bad. Here, we take "dear" to be used in the sense of "sincerely devoted," "faithfully dedicated," "earnestly given."

(54) *So sure as thy beard's grey.* The Folio misprints 'this' for 'thy' here; probably owing to 'this' having caught the printer's eye from the line before and line after the present one. Unless we believe Leontes to touch or point to Antigonus' beard, 'this' cannot be right; as the king's age is shown to be still that of a young man by his speaking of "twenty-three years" as the time ago when he was no older than his boy Mamillius, in Act i., sc. 2. That "they" and "you" occur thus closely together in the same sentence argues nothing against the adoption of "thy" as the true reading; since we find frequent instances of similar mingling of pronouns in Shakespeare. For example: "There's money for thee: if you tarry longer," &c., "Twelfth Night," Act iv., sc. 1.

(55) *Swear by this sword.* It was customary, in chivalrous times, to swear by the hilt of the sword, made in the shape of a cross.

(56) *Lewd-tongu'd.* Wicked-tongued. See Note 51, Act v., "Much Ado."

(57) *To its own protection.* Another of the rare instances where Shakespeare uses "its"; and so little was it then employed, that

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,<sup>58</sup>  
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

*Ant.* I swear to do this, though a present death

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require !—and blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !<sup>59</sup>

[*Exit with the child.*]

*Leon.*  
Another's issue.

No, I'll not rear

*Sec. Atten.* Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*Leon.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear.<sup>60</sup> Prepare you, lords ;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—SICILIA. *A street in some town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;

Fertile the isle ;<sup>1</sup> the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me,<sup>2</sup> the celestial habits  
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence  
Of the grave wearers. Oh, the sacrifice !  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering !

*Cleo.* But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd<sup>3</sup> my sense,  
That I was nothing.

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen—Oh, be't so !—  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.<sup>4</sup>

*Cleo.* Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.<sup>5</sup>

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business : when the oracle  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses ;—  
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—SICILIA. *A court of justice.*

*LEONTES, Lords, and Officers arranged.*

*Leon.* This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-  
nounce)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart ;—the party tried,  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one,  
Of us too much belov'd.<sup>6</sup> Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,

the Folio prints the word in the form of 'it's' and 'it' where occurring in this play. See Note 74, Act i.

(58) *Commend it strangely to some place.* "Commend" is here used for 'commit' ; and "strangely," as well as 'strange' previously in this speech, includes the sense of 'alien,' 'unallied,' not of blood or kindred. The phrase therefore means 'commit it as an alien to some place,' &c.

(59) *Condemn'd to loss !* "Condemn'd to be lost."

(60) *'Tis good speed ; foretells the great, &c.* It has been proposed to change "Tis" to 'This,' and "the" to 'that,' here ; but the passage, as it stands, is quite in Shakespeare's style. "Foretells" is here used, as he sometimes employs a verb with a nominative understood. See Note 5, Act i., "All's Well" ; and 'that' is elliptically understood before "the."

(1) *Fertile the isle.* Shakespeare follows the story whence he took the plot of his play, in speaking of Delphos as an island ; but this

is pointed out as a "blunder" by Warburton, and as an instance of Shakespeare's being "little careful of geography" by Johnson, who moreover observes that the matter is of no consequence "in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country."

(2) *Most it caught me.* "It" is used here—according to a manner Shakespeare has of employing "it" in reference to the effect collectively produced by several objects—for the impression conveyed upon the speaker by "the celestial habits," &c., which he describes as having seen.

(3) *Surpris'd.* Here used for 'overcome,' 'overpowered.' See Note 54, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(4) *The time is worth the use on't.* "The result of the time well repays the pains we have spent in it."

(5) *So forcing faults upon, &c.* "Forcing" here is used for 'falsely imputing,' 'wrongfully charging' ; and helps to elucidate the peculiar employment of "forced" previously. See Note 46, Act ii.

(6) *Of us too much belov'd.* "Of" used here for 'by.'



Even to the guilt or the purgation.—  
Produce the prisoner.

*Offi.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!<sup>7</sup>

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and  
Ladies attending.

*Leon.* Read the indictment.

But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot<sup>9</sup>  
me

To say, "Not Guilty:" mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do),<sup>10</sup>  
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny



*Antigonus.* And blessing,  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

*Leontes.* No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

Act II. Scene III.

*Offi.* [Reads.] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,  
in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and con-  
spiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the  
king, thy royal husband; the pretence<sup>8</sup> whereof being by circum-  
stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and  
allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their  
better safety, to fly away by night.

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other

Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know  
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy: which is more  
Than history can pattern,<sup>11</sup> though devis'd  
And play'd to take spectators; for, behold me,—  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe<sup>12</sup>  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing

(7) *Silence!* In the Folio this word is here printed as a stage direction; but that it should form part of the legal officer's speech, as a command for general silence, is probable from the opening of the parallel trial-scene in "Henry VIII.," Act ii., sc. 4.

(8) *Pretence.* Here used for 'intention,' 'purpose,' 'design.' See Note 5, Act iii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(9) *Boot.* Avail.

(10) (*As they do.*) The fervour, faith, courage, yet simplicity,

summed in these three monosyllables, it would be difficult to match. Shakespeare's parentheses are often marvels of condensed power; wonderful force and extent of meaning summed in a few words.

(11) *Which is more than, &c.* "Which," in Shakespeare's way of making a relatively-used pronoun refer to an implied particular, is here employed in reference to the 'unhappiness' implied in the previous words. See Note 8, Act v., "All's Well."

(12) *Owe.* Own, possess.



To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:<sup>13</sup> for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus:<sup>14</sup> if one jot beyond  
The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fie, upon my grave!

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence<sup>15</sup> to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*Her.* That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leon.* You will not own it.

*Her.* More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes  
(With whom I am accus'd), I do confess  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;  
With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:<sup>16</sup>  
Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude  
To you and toward your friend: whose love had  
spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leon.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

*Her.* Sir,  
You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.<sup>17</sup>

(13) *For life, I prize it as I weigh grief, which I would spare.* There is so much concentration of expression in this sentence, and the words are used with so much force of combined meaning, that it has been variously interpreted; and one editor, commenting upon it, suspects "grief" to be an error. But "spare" is used partly in its sense of 'part with,' 'do without,' 'let go;' partly in that of 'forbear from destroying,' or 'shield from destruction;' partly in that of 'avoid encountering;' and therefore the word is here employed by Shakespeare with peculiar appropriateness, and almost witty felicity of varied significance. The whole sentence means, as it appears to us: "I estimate life as I estimate grief,—things that I could willingly part with, while the one I would avoid destroying, and the other I would avoid encountering."

(14) *With what encounter so uncurrent I have strain'd, to appear thus.* Shakespeare here, and elsewhere, uses the word "encounter" for 'interchange of familiarity;' "uncurrent" for 'worthless,' 'bad,' 'ungenuine,' 'undue;' and "strain'd" for 'deviated,' 'swerved,' 'strayed.' Therefore the meaning of the whole sentence is: "With what unduly familiar conduct I have deviated from propriety, to deserve to appear thus, defending myself from accusation in a public court."

(15) *Wanted less impudence.* This phrase is generally explained as if it were a double negative, and "less" were the comparative adjective to "impudence;" but we take "less" to be the adverb to "wanted," and the meaning to be: 'I ne'er heard that these

*Leon.* Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it it:—as you were past all shame  
(Those of your fact<sup>18</sup> are so), so past all truth:  
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it), so thou  
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats:  
The bug<sup>19</sup> which you would fright me with, I  
seek.

To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went: my second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,<sup>20</sup>  
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post  
Proclaim'd adult'ress; with immodest<sup>21</sup> hatred,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit.<sup>22</sup> Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,—  
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour  
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you,  
'Tis rigour and not law.—Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge.

*First Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my father:  
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!<sup>23</sup>

vices less wanted impudence to gainsay what they did, than to perform it at first."

(16) *With a love even such, so and no other, as yourself commanded.* Nobly, simply, truly, does Hermione state this point of self-vindication, and with as noble a forbearance towards her most unjust husband. See Notes 29 and 54, Act i.

(17) *My life stands in the level of your dreams, which I'll lay down.* Shakespeare uses "level" for 'range,' or space wherein aim can hit. See Note 33, Act ii. A beautifully poetical way of saying that her life lies at the mercy of his false fancies. "Which" is here employed so as to afford an instance of Shakespeare's mode of making a relatively-used pronoun refer to a not immediately preceding antecedent; since it refers to "life," not to "dreams."

(18) *Fact.* Here used for 'deed,' 'sin,' 'crime,' 'guilt.'

(19) *Bug.* Bugbear; goblin, spectre. See Note 95, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew."

(20) *In its most innocent mouth.* Another instance of "its" used; printed 'it' in the Folio. See Note 57, Act ii.

(21) *Immodest.* Here includes the meaning of 'immoderate,' 'excessive,' as well as 'indecent,' 'unseemly.' See Note 95, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(22) *Strength of limit.* 'Strength for even the limited space usual for women recently confined to attempt.'

(23) *With eyes of pity, not revenge!* True Shakespeare! Magnanimity and forbearance to the utmost.



*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Offi.* You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos: and from thence have brought  
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in 't.

*Cleo. and Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leon.* Break up the seals, and read.

*Offi.* [*Reads.*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;  
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent  
babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if  
that which is lost be not found.

*Lords.* Now blessèd be the great Apollo!

*Her.* Praisèd!<sup>24</sup>

*Leon.* Hast thou read truth?

*Offi.* Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

*Leon.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
The session shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter an Attendant, hastily.*

*Atten.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leon.* What is the business?

*Atten.* Oh, sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>25</sup> is gone.

*Leon.* How! gone!

*Atten.* Is dead.

*Leon.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*<sup>26</sup>]  
How now there!

*Paul.* This news is mortal to the queen:—look  
down,  
And see what death is doing.

*Leon.* Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies,*  
*with HERMIONE.*—Apollo, pardon

(24) *Praisèd!* This single ejaculation from the pent heart of Hermione is precisely in Shakespeare's style of eloquence in extremest brevity, upon appropriate and characteristic occasions.

(25) *Mere conceit and fear of the queen's speed.* "Conceit" is here used for 'anticipative conception,' 'preconceived apprehension.' "Speed" is used in the sense of 'destined procedure,' 'course of success or failure.' See Note 106, Act i. The word is thus used in Genesis xxiv. 12, "Send me good speed this day."

(26) [*Hermione faints.*] This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman "prone to weeping;" not one who can so ease her heart of that which "burns worse than tears drown:" she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention on her behalf with the single ejaculation of "Praisèd!" but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe.

(27) *I'll reconcile me to Polixenes.* No less true to Leontes' character is this sudden change of mood, from violent injustice to as violent justice-doing. Such dispositions as his are as groundless in their return to believing favourably of those whom they injure, as they are groundless in their previous suspicion of them.

(28) *Quit.* An old form of 'quitted.' See Note 30, Act i., "Tempest."

(29) *To the certain hazard.* The First Folio omits "certain"

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;<sup>27</sup>

New woo my queen: recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death and with  
Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,  
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice; quit<sup>28</sup> his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard<sup>29</sup>  
Of all incertainties himself commended,  
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*Paul.* Woe the while!<sup>30</sup>  
Oh, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling  
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst?<sup>31</sup> Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine,—Oh, think what they have done,  
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,—  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,<sup>32</sup>  
And sinfully ingrateful; nor was 't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,<sup>33</sup>  
To have him kill a king;—poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
To be or none, or little,—though a devil

here; supplied by the Second Folio. "Commended" in the next line is used for 'committed.' See Note 58, Act ii.

(30) *Woe the while!* An idiomatic exclamation, equivalent to 'Ah, woful occasion!' 'Ah, woful time!'

(31) *To taste of thy most worst?* Instance of double superlative. Besides the effect of excess thus given, there is also a poetic propriety in the reiterated sound produced by the accumulated *sts* in this sentence—like a hiss of snakes and serpents. It has been suggested that probably "leads or oils," two lines before, should be 'lead or oil;' but there is a certain exaggeration and heaping-up in the effect of these words being in the plural, which, to our minds, harmonise with the whole tone of this speech—sibilant, too, as it is, with abundance of *ss*.

(32) *Did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.* An idiomatic and elliptically-constructural use of "of," whereby "of" has the force of 'from,' or 'out of;' the sentence meaning—'Did but show thee from the simple fool thou wert before, to be grown an inconstant and ungrateful fool.' A similar form of expression occurs in Phæar's Virgil:—"When this the young men heard me speak, of wild they wazèd wood."

(33) *Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour.* It has been objected that Paulina could not know this fact, Leontes' self-accusation having been made during her absence; and the usual accusation is brought against Shakespeare, Malone observing—"The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance." But the audience knows the fact perfectly: and that, as we have shown,

Would have shed water out of fire,<sup>34</sup> ere done 't;  
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—Oh, lords,  
When I have said, cry, Woe!<sup>35</sup>—the queen, the  
queen,  
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance  
for 't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul.* I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If word  
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods.—But, oh thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,<sup>36</sup>  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*Leon.* Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.* Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paul.* I am sorry for 't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
help,

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction  
At my petition;<sup>37</sup> I beseech you rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

*Leon.* Thou didst speak but well,<sup>38</sup>

When most the truth; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:  
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto  
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me  
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—BOHEMIA. *A Desert Country near the  
Sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with the Babe and a Mariner.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect,<sup>39</sup> then, our ship hath  
touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?<sup>40</sup>

*Mar.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

*Ant.* Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get  
aboard;  
Look to thy barque: I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

*Mar.* Make your best haste; and go not  
Too far 'i the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Ant.* Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

*Mar.* I'm glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Come, poor babe:—  
I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits o' the  
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd and so becoming:<sup>41</sup> in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

sufficed for Shakespeare's dramatic art purpose in some of these kind of scenes. See Note 55, Act v., "All's Well."

(34) *Shed water out of fire.* 'Dropped tears from burning eyes.'

(35) *When I have said, cry, Woe!* 'When I have spoken all, do you cry, Woe!'

(36) *A thousand knees, &c.* There is a wild exaggeration, a sublime extravagance in Paulina's diction that poetry alone can fitly give, and which Shakespeare's poetry finely gives. These "naked," "fasting," "thousand knees," how grandly superior, in their bold ellipsis, to the 'thousand kneeling men' that tame correctness would have given.

(37) *At my petition.* This has been suspected of error, and various alterations have been proposed. But Paulina has urged the king "not" to "repent," has said, "Betake thee to nothing but despair;" therefore "petition" accords perfectly well in the present passage.

(38) *Thou didst speak but well.* "But" is here used in the sense of 'no other than,' 'only.'

(39) *Perfect.* Here, and elsewhere, used by Shakespeare for 'well assured,' 'well informed,' 'certain,' 'confident.'

(40) *Our ship hath touch'd upon the deserts of Bohemia?* That Shakespeare found Bohemia stated to be a country where ships could sail to, in the story whence he derived the plot of his play, was quite sufficient for him to adopt it thus; he was not troubled with the "geographical error" with which his commentators twit him, and which he well knew, in a romantic tale or play, detracts nothing from the truth of romance. See Note 1 of this Act. Moreover, for the comfort of those who are more solicitous respecting such nice points, we may observe that the author of "Consuelo" has attempted to save Shakespeare's credit in this particular, by recording that Ottokar II. possessed, in addition to Bohemia, Austria, Carniola, Istria, Styria, part of Carynthia, and even a sea-port which he purchased on the Adriatic; this sea-port being possibly the little port of Naon, bought by King Ottokar with the ostentatious view of asserting that his dominions extended to the shores of the Adriatic.

(41) *Becoming.* This epithet has been deemed a misprint, and other words have been proposed as substitutes; but we take it to be used here to express 'beseeeming,' 'comely,' 'of gracious appearance,' 'befitting the occasion.'





*Shepherd.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee  
here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying,  
I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee.

*Act III. Scene III.*

BURGESS





Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,  
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 There weep, and leave it crying, and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
 I pr'ythee, call 't. For this ungentle business,  
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself; and thought  
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd<sup>42</sup> by this. I do believe  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!<sup>43</sup>

[Laying down the child.

There lie; and there thy character: there these;<sup>44</sup>

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
 pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—poor  
 wretch,<sup>45</sup>

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
 To loss<sup>46</sup> and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—  
 The day frowns more and more:—thou'rt like to  
 have

A lullaby too rough:—I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day.—[*Hunting and roaring  
 heard.*] A savage clamour!—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase:<sup>47</sup>  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten  
 and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out  
 the rest; for there is nothing in the between but  
 wildness wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—  
 Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains<sup>48</sup>  
 of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?

They have scared away two of my best sheep, which  
 I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if  
 anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing  
 of ivy.<sup>49</sup>—[*Seeing the child.*]<sup>50</sup> Good luck, an't be  
 thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne;  
 a very pretty barne!<sup>51</sup> A boy or a child, I wonder?<sup>52</sup>  
 A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape:<sup>53</sup>  
 though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-  
 gentlewoman in the scape. I'll take it up for pity:  
 yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even  
 now.—Whoa, ho, ho!

Clo. [Within.] Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing  
 to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come  
 hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by  
 land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now  
 the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot  
 thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how  
 it rages, how it takes up the shore!—but that's not  
 to the point. Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor  
 souls! sometimes to see 'm, and not to see 'm; now  
 the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and  
 anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust  
 a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land  
 service,—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder  
 bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his  
 name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—but to make an  
 end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned  
 it:<sup>54</sup>—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the  
 sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman  
 roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring  
 louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw  
 these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,  
 nor the bear half dined on the gentleman—he's at it  
 now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the  
 old man!<sup>55</sup>

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side to  
 have helped her: there your charity would have  
 lacked footing.

(42) *Squar'd*. 'Regulated,' 'made to square my conduct.'

(43) *Blossom, speed thee well!* See Note 25 of this Act.

(44) *There thy character: there these*. "Character" is here used for the writing, whereby Antigonus declares the babe's identity, and desires she shall be named Perdita. "These" refers to Queen Hermione's mantle and jewel, the gold and other contents of the "fardel" mentioned in Act v., sc. 2. They are what he hopes will cause this pretty one to be bred up well, and yet still remain hers; the gold spent in rearing her, the mantle and jewel kept as proofs of her royal birth. We explain this, because the passage has been differently interpreted.

(45) *Poor wretch*. "Wretch" is used here and elsewhere by Shakespeare for an epithet of tender commiseration.

(46) *Expos'd to loss*. See Note 59, Act ii.

(47) *This is the chase*. He first hears the clamour of the hunt, and then seeing the bear, says, "This is the beast which is being hunted."

(48) *Boiled brains*. In the "Tempest," Act v., sc. 1, Shakespeare has "thy brains, now useless, boil'd within thy skull;" and "seething brains," explained in Note 1, Act v., "Midsummer Night's Dream." Here we take "boiled brains" to signify 'brains inapt to judge wisely, but active to work rashly.'

(49) *Browsing of ivy*. This point is taken from the story of

"Dorastus and Fawnia;" where we find "the sheepe was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede."

(50) [*Seeing the child.*] In previous editions this has been given [*Taking up the child*]; but the words afterwards, "I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till," &c., show that the shepherd leaves it where it is for the moment. 'There is no stage direction in the Folio.

(51) *A barne*. Barne, or 'bairn,' is still used in North Britain for a child; and is supposed to be derived from 'born.'

(52) *A boy or a child, I wonder?* In some English provinces, "child" was used to designate a female babe.

(53) *Some scape*. Shakespeare uses the word "scape" here and elsewhere, as well as "escape," in a sense derived from the French word *escapade*, a 'prank,' an 'irregularity,' a 'wild freak.' See Note 13, Act iv., "Measure for Measure;" and Note 17, Act iv., "All's Well."

(54) *Flap-dragoned it*. Swallowed it, as toppers swallow a flap-dragon. See Note 24, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(55) *To have helped the old man!* It has been observed that the shepherd could not know that Antigonus was "old;" but it is possible that this word occurred in the Clown's description, and was omitted by the Folio printer: and even as the description stands, it gives the effect of one who was unable to escape or



*Shep.* Heavy<sup>56</sup> matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>57</sup> for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:<sup>58</sup>—open 't. What's within, boy?

nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,<sup>61</sup> but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest dis-



*Clown.* How now! canst stand?

*Autolycus.* Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly.

*Act IV. Scene II.*

*Clo.* You're a made old man:<sup>59</sup> if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next<sup>60</sup> way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires

cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

*Clo.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't.<sup>62</sup> [Exeunt.]

defend himself, conveying the impression of age to the shepherd hearer.

(56) *Heavy.* Here used in the sense of 'sad,' 'grievous,' 'sorrowful.'

(57) *A bearing cloth.* A mantle or robe in which a child was borne to the baptismal font.

(58) *Changeling.* A child left by the fairies in exchange for one they took away. See Note 5, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(59) *You're a made old man.* The Folio misprints 'mad' for

"made;" Theobald's correction. The sentence involves a similar idiom to the one pointed out in Note 25, Act iv., "All's Well."

(60) *Next.* Here used for 'nearest.'

(61) *Curst.* Used here for 'mischievous,' 'savage.'

(62) *And we'll do good deeds on 't.* Not only does Shakespeare here record the strong feeling of reverence for the rites of sepulture among the poor, but he takes occasion to inculcate a lovely lesson of simple piety and morality—that the truest celebration of a piece of good fortune is to perform some good act in token of gratitude.



## ACT IV.

*Enter TIME, as Chorus.*

*Time.* I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror<sup>1</sup>

Of good and bad; that make and unfold error,—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried<sup>2</sup>  
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour<sup>3</sup>  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am,<sup>4</sup> ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale  
The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it.<sup>5</sup> Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between.<sup>6</sup> Leontes leaving,<sup>7</sup>—  
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,<sup>8</sup>  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel  
I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering:<sup>9</sup> what of her ensues,  
I list not prophesy;<sup>10</sup> but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's  
daughter,  
And what to her adheres,<sup>11</sup> which follows after,  
Is th' argument<sup>12</sup> of Time. Of this allow,<sup>13</sup>  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A room in the palace of*  
*POLIXENES.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Pol.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more

importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything;  
a death to grant this.

*Cam.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country;<sup>14</sup>  
though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad,  
I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent  
king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling  
sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-ween to  
think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out  
the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need  
I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better  
not to have had thee, than thus to want thee:<sup>15</sup>  
thou, having made me businesses, which none, with-  
out thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay  
to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the  
very services thou hast done; which if I have not  
enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be  
more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my  
profit therein, the heaping friendships.<sup>16</sup> Of that  
fatal country Sicilia, prythee speak no more; whose  
very naming punishes me with the remembrance of  
that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled  
king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious  
queen and children are even now to be afresh  
lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince  
Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their  
issue not being gracious, than they are in losing  
them when they have approved<sup>17</sup> their virtues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince.  
What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown:  
but I have missingly noted,<sup>18</sup> he is of late much  
retired from court, and is less frequent to his<sup>19</sup>  
princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

*Pol.* I have considered so much, Camillo, and  
with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my  
service which look upon his removedness;<sup>20</sup> from  
whom I have this intelligence:—that he is seldom  
from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man,  
they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the  
imagination of his neighbours, is grown unto an  
unspeakable estate.<sup>21</sup>

(1) *Both joy and terror.* Elliptically expressed; "that" being understood as repeated, and 'am' understood as supplied, before "both"; thus:—"That am both joy and terror," &c.

(2) *Untried.* Here used for 'undetailed,' 'unparticularised,' 'undescribed.' By suffering sixteen years to elapse between the third and fourth acts of this drama, Shakespeare did not so much violate the rules of past dramatic lawgivers, as he made a new law for himself, and anticipated a plan adopted by modern dramatists in pieces where more than one epoch is taken for dramatic time.

(3) *In one self-born hour.* Used to express 'in one and the same hour.'

(4) *Let me pass the same I am.* "Pass" is here used in its senses of 'pass by, or on,' and 'pass for.'

(5) *As my tale now seems to it.* 'As the tale I have previously told seems "stale" (old, or gone by) to "this present" time and its incidents.' Be it remarked that the use of the word "tale" here makes for our belief that the title of "The Winter's Tale" refers especially to the first three acts of this play. See Note 2, Act ii.

(6) *Such growing as you had slept between.* "As" is here used for 'as if,' 'as though.'

(7) *Leontes leaving,—th' effects of, &c.* The Folio prints this passage without any stop after "leaving"; and, with a full stop after "himself," begins again, "imagine," with a large I. Mr. Staunton was the first to perceive that the phrase is parenthetical, and gave the right punctuation.

(8) *Imagine me.* "Me" is here used idiomatically. See Note 33, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice."

(9) *Wondering.* Here used for admiration. See Note 4, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."

(10) *I list not prophesy.* 'I care not to prophesy'; "list not" means 'choose not,' 'am not inclined.' See Note 44, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

(11) *And what to her adheres.* 'And that which concerns her, or pertains to her story.' See Note 58, Act iii., "Twelfth Night."

(12) *Argument.* Used for 'theme,' or 'subject.'

(13) *Allow.* Here used for 'approve.'

(14) *It is fifteen years since, &c.* In accordance with what Time as Chorus has just said, and with what is twice stated as the intervening period in Act v., sc. 3, "fifteen" should be 'sixteen' here; but the Folio prints "fifteen," and as we know that Shakespeare sometimes has these variations in such particulars, where the speaker may be supposed to talk unprecisely, we leave the text unaltered. See Note 29, Act i., "Measure for Measure"; and Note 31, Induction, "Taming of the Shrew."

(15) *Thus to want thee.* "Want" is here used in the sense of 'stand in need of,' 'be without.' See Note 27, Act ii., "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(16) *Friendships.* Here used for 'friendly benefits,' 'tokens of friendship.'

(17) *Approved.* Used for 'proved.'

(18) *Missingly noted.* 'Noted, while missing him.'

(19) *Less frequent to his.* "To" is here elliptically used for 'in attention to,' 'in application to.'

(20) *Look upon his removedness.* 'Watch him in his retirement.' See Note 36, Act i., "Measure for Measure."

(21) *An unspeakable estate.* This shows that the old shepherd has used the "gold" he found with Perdita.



*Cam.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my intelligence: but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither.<sup>22</sup> Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>23</sup> with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best Camillo!<sup>24</sup>—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—BOHEMIA. *A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy<sup>25</sup> over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>26</sup>

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging<sup>27</sup> tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.<sup>28</sup>

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>29</sup>

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;<sup>30</sup> but now I am out of service:

[*Singing.*] But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

(22) *But, I fear, the angle that plucks, &c.* "But" is here used in its rarely employed sense of 'moreover,' 'besides,' as derived from the Saxon *botan*, to boot. Those who have proposed to change "but" here to 'and,' would banish from Shakespeare's text one of the many valuable philological links which his fine and varied diction affords; and were we to adopt all the rash changes made from time to time by so-called emendators, who either are incapable of understanding or do not take the pains to trace out his meaning, we should long ere now have lost a multitude of curious niceties in the English language, traceable almost solely through his writings. Most carefully, on the contrary, should be preserved the peculiarities of his style; forming, as it does, an inestimably precious point of connection between the antique Saxon English of Chaucer and others, and the more copious language of advanced times. "Angle" is here used with a play on the word; in its sense of 'fishing apparatus,' figuratively employed for the attractions of the Shepherd's daughter, and in its remote reference to the pun between the Latin words *Angli*, English, and *angeli*, angels. See Note 45, Act i., "Merry Wives."

(23) *Question.* Here used for 'discourse,' 'examinatory conversation.'

(24) *My best Camillo!* See Note 49, Act i.

(25) *Doxy.* A vulgar name for a coarse girl; a wench.

(26) *The red blood reigns in the winter's pale.* 'The warm colouring of spring supersedes the winter's cold tints.'

(27) *Pugging.* A cant word for thieving; as 'prigging' is now.

(28) *A quart of ale is a dish for a king.* Not only is "dish" idiomatically used for the contents of a dish, but it was formerly used for a vessel to contain liquid; as our grandmothers said, 'a dish of tea' for 'a cup of tea.'

(29) *Aunts.* A cant name for common women.

(30) *Three-pile.* Meaning 'three-piled velvet.' See Note 93, Act iv., "All's Well."

(31) *My traffic is sheets; when the kite, &c.* Master Autolycus' way of saying that he steals the larger pieces of linen hung out to dry upon the hedges, and leaves the smaller ones for kites to fly off with, for building their nests; linen having been found thus used, as a lining to their nests.

(32) *Autolycus.* Son of Mercury; and so expert a thief, as to be enraptured with the superior dexterity of Sisyphus, who once outdid him in an expert trick. Autolycus, son to the god of thieves and thievery, and himself a noted thief, was deservedly taken by

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget,  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds,<sup>31</sup> look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;<sup>32</sup> who being, as I am, littered under Mercury,<sup>33</sup> was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison;<sup>34</sup> and my revenue is the silly cheat:<sup>35</sup> gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.<sup>36</sup>—A prize! a prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods;<sup>37</sup> every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

*Aut.* [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's<sup>38</sup> mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do 't without counters.<sup>39</sup>—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me<sup>40</sup> four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers,—three-man songmen<sup>41</sup> all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means<sup>42</sup> and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.<sup>43</sup> I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;<sup>44</sup> mace, dates,—none, that's out of my note; "nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger,"<sup>45</sup>—but that I may beg; "four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Shakespeare as name-giver to his most delectable of rogues and vagabonds.

(33) *Under Mercury.* This, besides meaning that Autolycus was a descendant of the god of thieves, has allusion to the belief that to be born while certain planets are predominant affects the disposition. See Note 51, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(34) *With die and drab I purchased this caparison.* 'By dicing and drabbing I came to this attire'; which attire we afterwards find he designates as "these rags."

(35) *The silly cheat.* A technicality in coney-catching (or thieving) jargon for 'petty theft.'

(36) *I sleep out the thought of it.* Exquisitely characteristic of this careless, merry rascal; and too true, alas! of thousands of untaught ragamuffins, whose ignorance is more their hardship than their fault.

(37) *Every 'leven wether tods.* 'Every eleven wethers yield a tod'; which is twenty-eight pounds' weight of wool. The worth of a tod of wool was about twenty to twenty-two shillings in Shakespeare's time.

(38) *Cock.* Here used as a familiar abbreviation of 'woodcock'; then used as an equivalent for a simpleton. See Note 27, Act iv., "Twelfth Night." A woodcock-spaniel, or spaniel used in shooting woodcocks, is still familiarly called a 'cock-spaniel.'

(39) *I cannot do 't without counters.* Those who, like the Shepherd-Clown, found reckoning too much for their unaided brains, had recourse to counters as arithmetical helps. See Note 72, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(40) *Made me.* "Me" is here used idiomatically. See Note 8 of this Act.

(41) *Three-man songmen.* Singers of catches in three parts.

(42) *Means.* Tenors. See Note 91, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(43) *Sings psalms to hornpipes.* The adoption of popular gay tunes for the purposes of religious worship, by putting solemn words to them, has been a practice continued to later times from those of the Puritans, and no wonder that its incongruity struck the good taste and feeling of our poet sufficiently to make him satirise it.

(44) *Warden pies.* Pies made from a large kind of pear then called warden pears (from the Saxon *wearden*, to preserve or keep), and now called baking pears. It has always been the custom to "colour" them: formerly, with "saffron"; latterly, with cochineal.

(45) *A race or two of ginger.* "Race" is root or spray-formed piece; Spanish, *raiz* or *rayz*, root.







J.D. WEDGON FINEC

C. LOT TRAM SCHEFF

# FLORIAN AND PERDITA.

*Perdita. "How your unusual mood's to part of you  
 The flower of the shepherdess, by the flower  
 Flaming in the light of day."  
 Florian. "How your mood's to part of you."*

CHAS. WOOD, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



*Aut.* [*Groveling on the ground.*] Oh, that ever I was born!

*Clo.* I' the name of me,<sup>46</sup>—

*Aut.* Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clo.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

*Aut.* Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas! poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.<sup>47</sup>

*Aut.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a foot-man by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

*Aut.* Oh, good sir, tenderly, oh!

*Clo.* Alas! poor soul!

*Aut.* Oh, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now! canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

*Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you—that kills my heart.<sup>48</sup>

*Clo.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames:<sup>49</sup> I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clo.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.<sup>50</sup>

*Aut.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;<sup>51</sup> then a process-server,—a bailiff; then he compassed a

motion<sup>52</sup> of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clo.* Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig:<sup>53</sup> he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

*Aut.* Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing, too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,<sup>54</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings.*] Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent<sup>55</sup> the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—BOHEMIA. A lawn before a Shepherd's cottage.

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Flo.* These your unusual weeds<sup>56</sup> to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

*Per.* Sir, my gracious lord,<sup>57</sup>  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>58</sup> it not becomes me,—  
Oh, pardon, that I name them!—your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land,<sup>59</sup> you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up;<sup>60</sup> but that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders<sup>61</sup>

(46) *I' the name of me.* "Me" is sometimes thus used in a petty oath or exclamation, as a compromise with a more solemn adjuration. For instance, we find—"Before me, she's a good wench." "Twelfth Night," Act ii., sc. 3.

(47) *A million of beating may come to a great matter.* A joke somewhat similar to that pointed out in Note 4, Act iv., "Comedy of Errors"; and helping to explain the gist of the one there.

(48) *Kills my heart.* Shakespeare elsewhere repeats this expressive phrase for occasioning poignant grief.

(49) *Troll-my-dames.* A corruption of *Trou-madame*, the name of a game then known also as 'pigeon-holes,' from the arches through which the balls have to be driven, being somewhat like the cavities in a dove-cote; and in later times known as 'bagatelle.'

(50) *Yet it will no more but abide.* The Clown probably uses the word "abide," as thinking it means something less than "stay"; or he uses "but" with the effect of 'but just,' 'but barely.'

(51) *An ape-bearer.* One who carried about an ape, taught it tricks, and showed it for money: some of these tricks are alluded to in comedies of the period.

(52) *Compassed a motion.* Obtained possession of or managed to

acquire a puppet-show. See Note 10, Act ii., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(53) *Prig, for my life, prig.* This slang word for a 'thief' has survived to the present time.

(54) *Let me be unrolled.* 'Let me be no longer enrolled among vagabonds'; 'Let me be taken from the roll, or list, of rogues.'

(55) *Hent.* Lay hold of, handle. See Note 74, Act iv., "Measure for Measure." This stanza forms part of a song in a collection of ballads, called "An Antidote against Melancholy," 1661.

(56) *Weeds.* Garments.

(57) *Sir, my gracious lord.* See Note 81, Act i.

(58) *Your extremes.* His excessive praise, and his extravagance in disguising himself as a rustic swain, and in decking her as a goddess.

(59) *The gracious mark o' the land.* The object of the hope and pride.

(60) *Most goddess-like prank'd up.* Whom you have dressed up, or decked out, like a goddess. "You have" is understood as repeated before "most."

(61) *Feeders.* Used with a play on the word; in its sense of



Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attir'd : sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.<sup>62</sup>

*Flo.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Per.* Now Jove afford you cause !

Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now :—their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,—



*Perdita.* These are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. *You are very welcome.* Act IV. Scene III.

To me the difference<sup>63</sup> forges dread ; your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did : oh, the Fates !  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence ?

*Flo.* Apprehend<sup>64</sup>  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour, nor my thoughts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

*Per.* Oh, but, sir,  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king :  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak,—that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.<sup>65</sup>

'eaters,' and in its sense of 'graziers,' or 'sheep-feeders.' See Note 47, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(62) *Sworn, I think, to show myself a glass.* Hamner and others have changed "sworn" to 'swoon' here ; but to our minds the latter word would have an affected and exaggerated sound in the mouth of Perdita,—who is composed of simplicity, rectitude, and innate dignity. The construction, as the passage stands, is not inconsistent with Shakespeare's style ; who often, as we have shown in many notes, has an understood nominative in a sentence such as this. The whole tenor of Perdita's present speech is to "name" Florizel's "extremes" ; and she dwells upon his conduct throughout ; finally saying, that by his unbecoming attire he seems determined to show her reflectedly how unbecoming is her own.

With this interpretation, the phrase "to show myself a glass" is used figuratively, 'to mirror,' 'to show by reflection or by parallel image' ; but with the interpretation necessary if 'swoon' be adopted, we should have to imagine Perdita talk of showing herself a looking-glass, of looking at herself in an absolute dressing-glass.

(63) *The difference.* The difference between the prince's rank and her own.

(64) *Apprehend.* This word is here used in its sense of 'fear,' 'dread,' as refers to the preceding speech ; and in its sense of 'conceive,' 'have perception of,' 'entertain idea of,' as refers to the word "jollity."

(65) *Must change this purpose, or I my life.* This affords an example of Shakespeare's elliptical style ; "change" being used





*Autolycus.* Lawn as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow.  
*Act IV. Scene III.*





*Flo.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts,<sup>66</sup> I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;<sup>67</sup>  
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We too have sworn shall come.

*Per.* O Lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:  
Address yourself<sup>68</sup> to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO  
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and other  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;<sup>69</sup>  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;  
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,  
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire  
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Per.* [To POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome:  
It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day.—[To CAMILLO.] You're  
welcome, sir.—  
Give me those flowers, there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue:<sup>70</sup> these keep  
Seeming and savour<sup>71</sup> all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol.* Shepherdess  
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

in the sense of 'alter' as regards "purpose," and in the sense of  
'exchange for death' as regards "life."

(66) *With these forc'd thoughts.* "Forc'd" is here used in the  
same sense of 'perverted from truth,' 'false,' which we pointed out  
in Note 46, Act ii.

(67) *Be merry, gentle.* It has been tastelessly proposed to change  
the word "gentle," here, as not being sufficiently substantive; but  
it is precisely in Shakespeare's style to use adjectives substantively  
—"gentle" for 'gentle one,' as, just before, "my fair" for 'my fair  
one'; and soon after, "sweet" for 'sweet one.'

(68) *Address yourself.* 'Prepare yourself,' 'apply yourself.'

(69) *Both pantler, butler, cook.* Shakespeare has occasionally  
used "both" for more than two objects named.

(70) *Rosemary and rue.* The former was held by ancient herbalists  
to strengthen the memory, and it was used both at marriages and  
funerals, as a herb of "remembrance"; the latter was called also  
herb of "grace," and was used by exorcists.

(71) *Seeming and savour.* Goodly appearance and sweet scent.

(72) *Gillyflowers,* formerly spelt 'gillyvors,' 'gelothers,' or 'gillo-  
fers,' and derived from the French *girofles*, was used for the whole  
tribe of pinks, carnations, and sweetwilliams.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,<sup>72</sup>  
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*Per.* For I have heard it said,<sup>73</sup>  
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating Nature.<sup>74</sup>

*Pol.* Say there be;  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art  
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather; but  
The art itself is Nature.

*Per.* So it is.

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Per.* I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>75</sup> in earth to set one slip of them;  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore  
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold,<sup>76</sup> that goes to bed wi' the sun,  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
Become your time of day;—and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maiden buds growing:—O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's waggon<sup>77</sup> daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,

(73) *For I have heard it said.* "For" used as 'because.'

(74) *An art which, in their piedness, shares, &c.* An art which, in  
producing their variegation, or "streaked" colour, assumes Nature's  
province. This, effected by artificial means, is what Perdita in-  
stinctively dislikes; and which she associates with the practice of  
painting the cheeks, a practice that Shakespeare elsewhere, as well  
as here, takes occasion strongly to denounce.

(75) *Dibble.* An implement used for piercing holes in the earth  
when setting slips of flowers.

(76) *The marigold.* It has been said that here Shakespeare  
means the sun-flower; and a passage from Lupton's "Book of  
Notable Things" is quoted in corroboration:—"Some call it  
*Sponsus Solis*, the Spouse of the Sunne, because it sleeps and is  
awakened with him." But the sun-flower merely turns towards  
the sun; whereas "the marigold" closes its petals at sunset, and  
opens them filled with dew at sunrise, exactly as poetically de-  
scribed in the text.

(77) *Dis's waggon.* Pluto's car or chariot. Proserpina, daughter  
of Ceres, was beheld by the grim god gathering flowers with her  
companions in the fields of Enna, in Sicily; and was by him borne  
away to become his consort and queen of the shades below.



But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes<sup>78</sup>  
Or Cytherea's breath;<sup>79</sup> pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength,—a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! Oh, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Flo.* What, like a corse?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your  
flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Flo.* What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,<sup>80</sup>  
And own no other function:<sup>81</sup> each your doing,  
So singular<sup>82</sup> in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.<sup>83</sup>

*Per.* O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,  
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,  
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
You woo'd me the false way.

*Flo.* I think you have

(78) *Violets, dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, &c.* This passage has been much literalised by the animadversions of the commentators; some of whom accuse Shakespeare of "mistaking Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes," and complain that "sweeter than an eyelid is an odd image"; while others point out that "the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas," and inform us that "the beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair"; quoting in confirmation a passage translated from Hesiod:—

"Her flowing hair and sable eyelids  
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath  
Of balmy Venus."

But Shakespeare, with his magic poet-wand, by the single little three-lettered word "dim," conjures before our sight the ineffably lovely hue of violets and violet-coloured eyes; by the epithet "sweeter," a mingling of all that is combinedly exquisite in perfume and in beauty; in the word "lids," that which suggests lips resting upon the eyes and inhaling fragrance while caressing them. It is the privilege of poetry to express by implication that which, reduced to bald explanation, loses its finest aroma of signification.

(79) *Cytherea.* One of the names of Venus; so called, from her rising from the sea near to the island of Cythera. See Note 46, Induction, "Taming of the Shrew."

(80) *Move still, still so.* We have before remarked upon Shakespeare's felicitous use of an iterated word. See Note 15, Act i. Here, the iteration of "still," in the peculiar way that he has used it conjointly with the two monosyllables "move" and "so," gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of.

(81) *And own no other function.* One of the rare instances where Shakespeare uses the verb "own"; for which he generally employs "owe."

(82) *Singular.* Here, and elsewhere, used for 'singularly excellent,' 'select.'

(83) *All your acts are queens.* This has been printed 'All your

As little skill to fear<sup>84</sup> as I have purpose  
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:  
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
That never mean to part.

*Per.* I'll swear for 'em.

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself,<sup>85</sup>  
Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something

That makes her blood look out:<sup>86</sup> good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clo.* Come on, strike up!

*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,  
To mend her kissing with.

*Mop.* Now, in good time!<sup>87</sup>

*Clo.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our  
manners.<sup>88</sup>—

Come, strike up. [*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds  
and Shepherdesses.*]

*Pol.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep.* They call him Doricles; and boasts himself  
To have a worthy feeding:<sup>89</sup> but I have it  
Upon<sup>90</sup> his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth.<sup>91</sup> He says he loves my daughter:  
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Pol.* She dances featly.

*Shep.* So she does anything; though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

acts are queen's,' and explained to mean, 'all your acts are the acts of a queen.' But the whole sentence shows its interpretation to be—'The grace with which you perform every act is so choice in each particular, that it crowns whatever you may be at each present moment doing, and renders all your acts queens.'

(84) *As little skill to fear.* The word "skill," here, has the effect of being used for 'cause,' 'reason'; but, considering the sentence in context with Perdita's preceding speech, and moreover, considering the way in which the expression "in skill" is used as explained in Note 27, Act ii., we incline to think that "skill" here means 'design,' 'intention,' 'aptitude.'

(85) *Nothing she does or seems but smacks, &c.* "Seems" has here been changed to 'says'; but Shakespeare uses the verb "to seem" very peculiarly; and, in the present passage, he permits the unusual construction "nothing she seems" (intervened as it is by the verb "does," which takes off the harsh effect) to express 'nothing in her looks or appearance.' "Smacks" means 'has a taste, a quality.'

(86) *That makes her blood look out.* The Folio prints 'on 't' for "out," Theobald's correction. A similar misprint to the one indicated in Note 71, Act iii., "Twelfth Night." The effect of the sudden flush of colour that springs into her cheeks at her lover's words, is far more vividly given by the expression "out" than 'on 't'; and we therefore believe it to have been what Shakespeare wrote.

(87) *In good time!* Equivalent to the French phrase, *à la bonne heure*; which may be used either as a simple assent (see Note 30, Act iii., "Measure for Measure"), or, as here, for a scoff, tantamount to—"Well done, impudence!"

(88) *We stand upon our manners.* 'We are on our good behaviour.' (89) *And boasts himself to have a worthy feeding.* "He" is elliptically understood before "boasts." "Worthy" may mean of good worth or value in itself, and of equal worth with the young shepherdess's dowry; while "feeding" may mean pasture-land or pasturage. There is a possibility, however, that "worthy feeding" signifies 'good education,' 'superior training,' 'worthy bringing up.' See Note 58, Act ii., "All's Well."

(90) *But I have it upon.* It has been plausibly suggested that "but I" is a printer's transposition for 'I but.'

(91) *Sooth.* An old word for 'truth.' See Note 71, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

so without ribaldry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings,"<sup>92</sup> "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap<sup>94</sup> into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."



*Shepherd.* Come, your hand;—  
*And, daughter, yours.*  
*Polixenes.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
 Have you a father? *Act IV. Scene III.*

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes,—no milliner can so fit his customers<sup>92</sup> with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;

*Pol.* This is a brave fellow.<sup>95</sup>

*Clo.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?<sup>96</sup>

*Serv.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points<sup>97</sup> more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,<sup>98</sup> cambrics,

(92) *No milliner can so fit his customers.* Formerly men pursued the trade of milliners; and we see in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act iv., sc. 3, that a man brings the cap that Petruchio is to buy for Katherine. He is there called a "haberdasher;" which was used indifferently with 'mercier' and "milliner" to express a dealer in ribbons and small articles of dress for women.

(93) "Dildos" and "fadings." There are ballads extant that show these words to have been actually used as burdens to songs.

(94) *Gap.* It has been suggested that this is a misprint for 'jape,' which was an old word for a 'jest.' But "gap" is said to have meant a parenthesis; and here we think it is used to express a significant pause, a meaning stop or halt. This accords with the word "stretch-mouthed" just before: and it agrees with the sense

in which Shakespeare employs "gap" elsewhere, for a pause, an interval, a breach.

(95) *This is a brave fellow.* "Brave" is here used as the Italians use their word *bravo*, and the French their word *brave*; meaning 'excellent,' 'capital.'

(96) *Unbraided wares.* 'Undamaged,' 'unfaded,' 'genuine,' 'warranted good.' A variety of authorities have been cited to show that "braided" bore the sense of 'faded' and 'unguaranteed;' and Shakespeare himself uses the word "braid" for 'false,' 'deceitful.' See Note 22, Act iv., "All's Well."

(97) *Points.* Here used punningly, in the double sense of legal niceties and of tagged laces. See Note 63, Act i., "Twelfth Night."

(98) *Inkles, caddisses.* "Inkles" are 'tapes.' See Note 28,



lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand,<sup>99</sup> and the work about the square<sup>100</sup> on 't.

*Clo.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*Per.* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes. [Exit Servant.]

*Clo.* You have of these pedlers,<sup>101</sup> that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

*Per.* Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;<sup>102</sup>  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;<sup>103</sup>  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs,<sup>104</sup> and stomachers,<sup>105</sup>  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks<sup>106</sup> of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come buy.

*Clo.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mop.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more.

*Clo.* Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,<sup>107</sup> to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues,<sup>108</sup> and not a word more.

*Mop.* I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,<sup>109</sup> and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clo.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

*Aut.* And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clo.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.<sup>110</sup>

*Clo.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop.* Pray, now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a'-life;<sup>111</sup> for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.<sup>112</sup>

*Mop.* Is it true, think you?

*Aut.* Very true; and but a month old.

*Dor.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut.* Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish,<sup>113</sup> that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not<sup>114</sup> exchange troth with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true, too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it,<sup>115</sup> and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clo.* Lay it by, too: another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why, this is a passing merry one,<sup>116</sup> and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.

*Dor.* We had the tune on 't a month ago.

*Aut.* I can bear my part: you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.<sup>117</sup>

Act iii., "Love's Labour's Lost." "Caddisses" are 'worsted galloons'.

(99) *The sleeve-hand.* What is now called the 'wrist-band.'

(100) *The square.* The plaits round the bosom were sometimes gathered into a square form; as we see in some of the paintings by the old masters.

(101) *You have of these pedlers.* "You" is used idiomatically in this sentence, to generalise an instance: "you have" meaning 'there be,' or 'there are.' "Of" is used for 'certain of,' or 'many among.'

(102) *Cyprus black as, &c.* See Note 73, Act ii., "Twelfth Night."

(103) *Gloves as sweet as, &c.* See Note 60, Act iii., "Much Ado."

(104) *Quoifs.* Caps, head-dresses.

(105) *Stomachers.* Ornamented breast-pieces; worn attached to the front of a gown, on the bodice.

(106) *Poking-sticks.* Small pieces of metal heated in the fire, and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

(107) *Kiln-hole.* The receptacle for fuel under a stove or furnace; from the Saxon *cylm*, a stove. A fire-place. To watch this was part of the duty of farm-servants; and therefore it afforded a good place for gossiping. Mistress Ford advises Falstaff to "creep into the kiln-hole," "Merry Wives," Act iv., sc. 2.

(108) *Clamour your tongues.* A 'clam' is a technicality in bell-ringing; abbreviated from "clamour," and meaning a general clash, or grand final peal. It has an excellent effect in the Clown's mouth, as conveying a hint that the girls should have done with their chattering noise; and that it was an expression then in use, we find from a passage cited by Mr. Hunter from Taylor, the Water Poet:—"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues."

(109) *A tawdry lace.* An ornament for the neck or waist; deriving its name originally from St. Audrey, or Ethelreda (see Note 76, Act iii., "As You Like It,") who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a judgment upon her for having been fond of wearing necklaces when she was young. 'Tawdries' was sometimes used for necklaces in general.

(110) *Of charge.* Here used for 'of importance,' 'of weighty consequence,' 'of momentous value.'

(111) *A'-life.* An asseveration used by Beaumont and Fletcher as well as by Shakespeare. It is an abbreviation of 'as life,' or 'as I love my life'; according to others, 'at life,' or 'at life's worth.'

(112) *Carbonadoed.* See Note 94, Act iv., "All's Well."

(113) *Another ballad, of a fish.* It was then a fashion to turn all extraordinary events into ballads; and in 1604 there was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

(114) *A cold fish, for she would not, &c.* "For" is here used in the sense of 'because.'

(115) *Five justices' hands at it.* "At" is here used for 'to'; meaning 'it is attested by the signature of five justices.'

(116) *A passing merry one.* "Passing" used for 'surpassingly,' 'exceedingly.'

(117) *Have at it with you.* A phrase implying readiness to undertake something proposed. See Note 112, Act iv., "Taming of the Shrew."



## SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;  
Where, it fits not you to know.  
D. Whither? M. Oh, whither? D. Whither?  
M. It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:  
D. Me, too, let me go thither.  
  
M. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:  
D. If to either, thou dost ill.  
A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.  
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;  
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:  
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:  
my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk,<sup>118</sup> and  
we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack  
after me.—Wench, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler,  
let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls. [*Exit*  
with DORCAS and MOPSA.

Aut. [*Aside.*] And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Singing.*] Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedler;  
Money's a meddler,<sup>119</sup>  
That doth utter<sup>120</sup> all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters,<sup>121</sup> three  
shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that  
have made themselves all men of hair,<sup>122</sup>—they call  
themselves Saltiers:<sup>123</sup> and they have a dance which  
the wenches say is a gally-mawfry of gambols,<sup>124</sup>  
because they are not in't; but they themselves are  
o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that  
know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too  
much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary  
you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us:<sup>125</sup> pray,  
let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

(118) *In sad talk.* "Sad" used for 'grave,' 'serious,' 'sedate.'  
See Note 26, Act i., "Much Ado."

(119) *Money's a meddler.* "Meddler" is here used for 'dealer.'  
See Note 58, Act iv., "All's Well."

(120) *Utter.* "Sell," "vend." See Note 87, Act v., "Love's  
Labour's Lost."

(121) *Three carters.* This was proposed to be changed to 'three  
goatherds,' in order to make it tally with "let's see these four  
threes of herdsmen," which occurs soon after. But it is just in such  
passages as these that Shakespeare's would-be improvers give  
signal and additional proof of their inferiority of judgment. See  
Note 110, Act ii., "Merchant of Venice;" and Note 64, Act v.,  
"Twelfth Night." He makes these variations of set purpose, in  
characteristic accordance with nature. The farm-servant knows  
precisely what are the several callings of the rustics who personate  
these "men of hair," and designates them specially; but the king,  
hearing chiefly the repetition words, "shepherds," "neat-herds,"  
and "swine-herds," speaks of the whole twelve as "these four  
threes of herdsmen."

(122) *Men of hair.* Dressed up in goatskins. This species of dis-  
guise and personification formed a favourite one among entertain-  
ments formerly. There is an account of a mumming dance of this  
sort, attended by a serious accident, which occurred at the French  
court in 1392, as related by Froissart in his usually graphic style;  
and Lord Bacon, in his Essay on "Masks and Triumphs," says of  
antimasks—"They have been commonly of fools, satyrs, baboons,  
wild men, &c."

(123) *Saltiers.* The servant's blunder for "satyrs;" but it has  
extra effect, from its bearing the sense of 'vaulters,' 'leapers,' or  
'jumpers,' as derived from the Latin *saltator*, when we bear in  
mind that the servant farthermore says respecting the feats of  
these men, "Not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and  
a half by the squire."

(124) *A gally-mawfry of gambols.* 'A hotch-potch of hoppings.'  
See Note 13, Act ii., "Merry Wives."

Serv. One three of them, by their own report,  
hath danced before the king; and not the worst of  
the three but jumps twelve foot and a-half by the  
squire.<sup>126</sup>

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men  
are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant with twelve Rustics, habited like  
Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. [*To Shep.*] Oh, father, you'll know more of  
that hereafter.<sup>127</sup>—

[*Aside.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part  
them.

He's simple and tells much.<sup>128</sup> [*To Flo.*] How now,  
fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love as you do,<sup>129</sup> I was wont  
To load my she with knacks:<sup>130</sup> I would have  
ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him.<sup>131</sup> If your lass

Interpretation should abuse, and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited<sup>132</sup>

For a reply,—at least if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts she looks from me<sup>133</sup> are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,

But not deliver'd.—Oh, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir,<sup>134</sup> who, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand,—this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's  
bolted<sup>135</sup>

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

(125) *You weary those that refresh us.* A succinct and courteous  
style of saying, 'By keeping them waiting outside, you tire those  
who exert themselves to entertain us.'

(126) *Squire.* A foot-rule, or square-rule. French, *esquierre*. See  
Note 116, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(127) *You'll know more of that hereafter.* Polixenes says this in  
reply to something the Shepherd has asked him during the dance.

(128) *He's simple and tells much.* These few words show us that  
the king has been cross-questioning the old Shepherd as he pro-  
posed, and with the success he then anticipated. See passage com-  
mented on in Note 23 of this Act.

(129) *Handed love as you do.* "Handed" is peculiarly used here:  
it means, 'held familiarity with love,' and also implies 'held my  
love by the hand;' showing that Florizel has kept Perdita's hand  
in his, ever since he took it when they were about to dance together,  
and he said, "Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair, that never  
mean to part."

(130) *To load my she with knacks.* Shakespeare elsewhere uses  
"she" substantively, to express the woman specially beloved. See  
Note 114, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost." "Knacks" are trifles,  
small ornaments.

(131) *Nothing marted with him.* "Marted" is 'bought,' 'pur-  
chased,' 'trafficked.'

(132) *Straited.* 'Put to straits or difficulties;' 'perplexed.'

(133) *The gifts she looks from me.* Shakespeare sometimes uses  
the verb to "look" without the usual accompaniments of 'out,' or  
'for.' See Note 73, Act iii., "All's Well." Here "looks" is used  
for 'looks for.' The proof here given that Florizel thoroughly  
appreciates the singleness and nobility of Perdita's character,  
proves him to be worthy of her; and forms one of those subtle  
touches which the dramatist so well knows how to put into the  
mouths of certain of his personages, bearing tribute to the ex-  
cellence of both speaker and object of his speech.

(134) *Before this ancient sir.* See Note 62, Act i.

(135) *Bolted.* Sifted.

*Pol.* What follows this?—  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to 't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men,—the earth and heavens, and  
all:—

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force<sup>136</sup> and know-  
ledge

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them  
Without her love; for her employ them all;<sup>137</sup>  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better;  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargain!—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Flo.* Oh, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Flo.* I have: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knows he of this?

*Flo.* He neither does nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of a son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?<sup>138</sup>  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.* No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: reason my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Flo.* I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Pol.* Let him know 't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Pr'ythee let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to  
grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not.—  
Mark our contráct.

*Pol.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can  
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh  
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force,<sup>139</sup> must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

*Shep.* Oh, my heart!

*Pol.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,  
and made  
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt never see this knack<sup>140</sup> (as  
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off:<sup>141</sup>—mark thou my words:—  
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl,<sup>142</sup> for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-  
ment,<sup>143</sup>—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him, too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,

(136) *Force*. Shakespeare elsewhere uses this word to express 'power,' 'influence,' 'beneficial efficacy,' 'favourable agency,' 'essential excellence,' 'virtuous property;' and here he employs it to express these in combination.

(137) *I would not prize them without her love; for her employ them all*. Elliptically expressed; 'would' being understood before "employ."

(138) *Dispute his own estate*. 'Discuss his own condition.' For Shakespeare's use of the word "dispute" in this sense, see Note 46, Act iv., "Twelfth Night;" and for his use of "estate" for 'general condition,' see Note 59, Act iii., "Merchant of Venice."

(139) *Of force*. A form of 'perforce;' 'of necessity,' 'of course.'

(140) *No more shalt never see*, &c. Rowe omitted the word "never" here; and it is likely that the printer of the first Folio inserted it by mistake. Nevertheless, the repeated word in the sentence, the double negative, and even the exceptional length of the line, are all of them sufficiently in accordance with Shakespeare's style to make us leave the text as it stands.

(141) *Far than Deucalion off*. The Folio prints "far" here 'farre;' which was a mode of writing 'farrier,' the ancient comparative of "far," instead of the more modern 'farther.' Deucalion, son to Prometheus, saved his life, and that of his wife Pyrrha, by taking refuge on Mount Parnassus, when Jupiter sent a deluge upon the earth to destroy mankind. He is here alluded to as typifying the general ancestor of the human race; and not even kindred farther back removed in period and consanguinity than that between Deucalion and mankind will the speaker hold to exist between his son and himself.

(142) *Churl*. Here used in its sense of 'rustic,' 'countryman,' 'peasant.'

(143) *You, enchantment*. By this name, and "fresh piece of excellent witchcraft" just before, applied to Perdita by Polixenes, the poet makes us feel the spell which her artless fascinations exercise over the king; all the more forcible in its effect from being thus reluctantly acknowledged—as if in spite of himself.





*Autolycus.* [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.

*Camillo.* How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Autolycus.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Act IV. Scene III.*





Or hoop his body<sup>144</sup> more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to 't.<sup>145</sup> [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!  
I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.<sup>146</sup>—[To FLORIZEL.] Will 't please you,  
sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!  
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.<sup>147</sup>—[To  
FLORIZEL.] Oh, sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,<sup>148</sup>  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,<sup>149</sup>  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels in dust.<sup>150</sup>—[To PERDITA.]

Oh, cursèd wretch,  
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst  
adventure

To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?  
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd:<sup>151</sup> what I was, I am;  
More straining on, for plucking back; not following  
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech,—which I do guess  
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

(144) Or hoop his body. The Folio prints 'hope' here for "hoop;" Pope's correction.

(145) A death as cruel for thee as thou art tender to 't. Here "to 't" means 'compared with it;' an ellipsis of comparison like the one pointed out in Note 133, Act ii., "All's Well."

(146) Looks on alike. It has been proposed to insert 'all,' or 'both,' after "on" here; but Shakespeare uses the verb to "look" peculiarly, as we observed in Note 133 of this Act; and in the present passage "looks on alike" is used as implying the "his court" and "our cottage" just named.

(147) Nor dare to know that which I know. By such quiet touches as these Shakespeare teaches morality, and not by parading lessons. Had the old Shepherd had moral courage to speak out that which he knows, to declare simply that Perdita is none of his daughter, no shepherd's child, but an infant found with certain writings and rich belongings, he would have been spared the fears he here expresses. But Shakespeare not only thus instils moral precept; he also, as a dramatist, makes his characters act characteristically, and thereby fulfils the art-necessity of protracting the final evolution of his plot.

(148) Of fourscore three. Instance of a similar contraction with the one pointed out in Note 48, Act iv., "All's Well."

(149) To die upon the bed my father died. "On" is understood after "died;" an ellipsis, like the one before met with in this play. See Note 99, Act i.

(150) Where no priest shovels in dust. It was the custom in the burial service, before the time of Edward VI., for the priest to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross. The old Shepherd's dread lest he should be denied the rites of sepulture, and have but

Flo. I not purpose it.  
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.  
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be  
thus!<sup>152</sup>

How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith; and then,  
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,  
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—  
From my succession wipe me, father; I  
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.  
Flo. I am,—and by my fancy:<sup>153</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.  
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,  
I needs must think it honesty.<sup>154</sup> Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more), cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need,<sup>155</sup> I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. Oh my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita.<sup>156</sup>—[Taking her aside.  
[To CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by-and-by.

a felon's fate, is in close keeping with his former pious resolve to give burial to the remains of Antigonus. See Note 62, Act iii.

(151) Delay'd, but nothing alter'd. Here "delay'd," besides meaning 'deferred or postponed in my intentions,' means 'temporarily checked, baffled, hindered, or frustrated in them.' See Note 26, Act iv., "All's Well."

(152) How often have I told you 'twould be thus! The repetition of this earnest reminder to the prince of her having always striven to show him how unlikely it was that his purpose should prosper, marks the noble indignation of Perdita at the king's charge that she has sought to win Florizel, and is in strict harmony with her royal nature. It is from this imputation that she is most solicitous to free herself: it is this which most keenly wounds her; and she remains quietly downcast, with a majesty of silent reserve worthy of Hermione's daughter.

(153) And by my fancy. Here "fancy," as so often elsewhere, is used for 'affection,' 'love.'

(154) But it does fulfil my vow, I needs, &c. 'As' is understood after "but." This elliptical mode of Shakespeare's is admirably characteristic of the hurried manner of an eager or agitated speaker.

(155) Opportune to our need. The Folio prints 'her' for "our;" Theobald's correction.

(156) Hark, Perdita. Here is a perfect, though apparently slight example of Shakespeare's dramatic art. By Florizel's taking Perdita apart we are made to perceive how he sees that she stands silently—as it were irresponsively and unassentingly by—while he speaks to Camillo; and how he hastens to confer with her, and convince her of his unswerving faith, and persuade her to his views

*Cam.* He's irremovable,  
Resolv'd for flight.<sup>157</sup> Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious<sup>158</sup> business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*]

*Cam.* Sir, I think  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

*Flo.* Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.<sup>159</sup>

*Cam.* Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king,  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration, on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forfend! your ruin); marry her;  
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)  
Your discontenting<sup>160</sup> father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.<sup>161</sup>

*Flo.* How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

*Cam.* Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:  
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do,<sup>162</sup> so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Cam.* Then list to me:  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself and your fair princess  
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes:  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see  
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping

His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,  
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess;<sup>163</sup> o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—the one  
He chides aloof, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought, or time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the king,<sup>164</sup> your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting<sup>165</sup>  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.

*Cam.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain  
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;  
But, as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who  
Do their best office,<sup>166</sup> if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be: besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.<sup>167</sup>

*Cam.* Yea, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years  
Be born another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
She is i' the rear of our birth.<sup>168</sup>

*Cam.* I cannot say 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Per.* Your pardon, sir, for this;  
I'll blush you thanks.<sup>169</sup>

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita!—  
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The med'cine of our house!—how shall we do?

moreover, it affords opportunity for Camillo's soliloquy, which tells the audience his plan.

(157) *He's irremovable, resolv'd for flight.* "Irremovable" may here be used adverbially for 'irremovably;' but if we take it as an adjective, we must understand "he's" as repeated before "resolv'd."

(158) *Curious.* Here used for 'particular,' 'requiring special care.' See Note 46, Act i., "All's Well."

(159) *Recompens'd as thought on.* Elliptically expressed, meaning 'recompens'd as highly as they are estimated.'

(160) *Discontenting.* Used here for 'discontented.' See Note 97, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(161) *To qualify and bring him up to liking.* 'To pacify, and bring him round to approving the marriage.'

(162) *Accident is guilty to what we wildly do.* A similar form of construction to the one pointed out in Note 38, Act iii., "Comedy of Errors." "The unthought-on accident" is the unforeseen discovery made by his father.

(163) *Your fresh princess.* Shakespeare, ever felicitous in his

choice of epithets, has twice during the present scene applied that of "fresh" to Perdita with exquisite appropriateness. It serves to set her in her clear-complexioned, clear-souled purity and brightness before us, with the bloom of a country maiden's cheek, and the white temples of the born princess.

(164) *Sent by the king.* 'That you are' is elliptically understood before "sent."

(165) *Every sitting.* Every audience or interview. The royal council-days were called "sittings" in Shakespeare's time.

(166) *Your anchors; who, &c.* "Who" is here used for 'which;' as elsewhere 'which' is used for "who."

(167) *Not take in the mind.* "Take in" was an idiom for 'conquer,' 'overcome,' 'defeat.' We meet with this idiom elsewhere used by Shakespeare.

(168) *I the rear of our birth.* The Folio prints 'i' th' reare 'our birth.'

(169) *Your pardon, sir, for this; I'll blush, &c.* The Folio places a comma at "sir" and at "this;" and some editors place a semicolon at "sir," instead of at "this." But we think the semicolon should



We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.<sup>170</sup>

*Cam.* My lord,  
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.  
[*They talk aside.*]

*Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have  
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a  
riband, glass, pomander,<sup>171</sup> brooch, table-book, ballad,  
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to  
keep my pack from fasting: they throng<sup>172</sup> who  
should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed,<sup>173</sup>  
and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which  
means, I saw whose purse was best in picture;<sup>174</sup> and  
what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My  
clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable  
man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that  
he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune  
and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to  
me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: 'twas  
nothing to cut a purse,—I would have filed keys off  
that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my  
sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it.<sup>175</sup> So  
that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most  
of their festival purses; and had not the old man  
come in with a whoobub<sup>176</sup> against his daughter and  
the king's son, and scared my choughs from the  
chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.*]

*Cam.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being  
there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.<sup>177</sup>

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King  
Leontes,—

*Cam.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Per.* Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

come after "this," meaning, for blushing him thanks instead of  
speaking them.

(170) *Nor shall appear in Sicilia.* "So" may be understood after  
"appear;" for "like Bohemia's son" is implied in this sentence,  
as "his court" and "our cottage" are implied in "looks on alike."  
See Note 146 of this Act.

(171) *Pomander.* A little ball made of perfumed paste; and  
worn in the pocket, hung from the neck, or attached to the wrist.  
The word was an English corruption of the French name *pomme*  
*d'ambre*, an ambergris apple.

(172) *They throng.* It has been suggested that "throng" should  
here be "thronged;" but in narrative writing a deviation is often  
made into the present tense by other writers besides Shakespeare.  
See Note 38, Act i., "Tempest."

(173) *As if my trinkets had been hallowed.* In allusion to the  
strings of beads or rosaries, which, touched by some relic, were  
sold, as possessing peculiar sanctity.

(174) *Was best in picture.* "Was plumpest in appearance."

(175) *The nothing of it.* A pun similar to the one pointed out in  
Note 56, Act ii., "Much Ado."

(176) *A whoobub.* What is now called a 'hubbub.' The original  
word is said to be derived from the phrase 'the whoop is up,'  
meaning, 'the hue-and-cry is making.'

(177) *That doubt.* Referring to one supposed to be expressed by  
the prince during their conference apart.

(178) *Discase thee.* Strip thee of thy skin; take off thine outer  
garments. Prospero says, "I will discase me" ("Tempest," Act v.,  
sc. 1), when he exchanges his magic robes for the "hat and rapier,"  
of his former self as Duke of Milan. See also Note 51, Act i.,  
"Taming of the Shrew."

*Cam* [*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*] Whom have we here?  
We'll make an instrument of this; omit  
Nothing may give us aid.

*Aut.* [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now,—  
why, hanging.

*Cam.* How now, poor fellow! why shakest thou  
so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal  
that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty,  
we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee<sup>178</sup>  
instantly (thou must think there's a necessity in 't),  
and change garments with this gentleman: though  
the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold  
thee, there's some boot.<sup>179</sup> [*Giving money.*]

*Aut.* I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know  
ye well enough.

*Cam.* Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is  
half flayed<sup>180</sup> already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside.*] I smell  
the trick on 't.

*Flo.* Despatch, I pr'ythee.

*Aut.* Indeed, I have had earnest;<sup>181</sup> but I cannot  
with conscience take it.

*Cam.* Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy<sup>182</sup>  
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;  
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming;<sup>183</sup> that you may  
(For I do fear eyes over)<sup>184</sup> to shipboard  
Get undescried.

*Per.* I see the play so lies  
That I must bear a part.<sup>185</sup>

*Cam.* No remedy.—  
Have you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall have no hat.—  
[*Giving it to PERDITA.*]

Come, lady, come.<sup>186</sup>—Farewell, my friend.

(179) *There's some boot.* Meaning, there's something additional,  
over and above the advantage of the exchange.

(180) *Half flayed.* Playing on the word "discase," used pre-  
viously; "case," being an old word for 'skin.' See Note 29, Act v.,  
"Twelfth Night."

(181) *I have had earnest.* Used punningly; in its sense of 'money  
received in token that a bargain is ratified,' and in reference to his  
having asked, "Are you in earnest, sir?"

(182) *My prophecy.* Alluding to his having said, "Your fair  
princess (for so, I see, she must be)."

(183) *And, as you can, disliken the truth of your own seeming.* 'And,  
as well as you can, make yourself unlike your own identity of  
appearance.'

(184) *(For I do fear eyes over.)* "Over" has been altered to 'ever,'  
to 'over you,' and to 'over's;' but Shakespeare often uses such  
words as these so elliptically—especially in the present play and  
some others—that we think "over" here may be employed to  
signify 'over us,' or 'over what we are doing.' Be it remembered  
that in the first scene of this Act Polixenes has said to Camillo, "I  
have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness;"  
therefore, "eyes over," in reference to these, may be meant to  
express 'spying eyes,' 'watching eyes.'

(185) *I see the play so lies, &c.* The reluctance shown by Perdita  
to join in the scheme of proposed flight, disguise, and consequent  
deception thereby entailed, is delineated with a force none the less  
remarkable from the extreme delicacy of the depicting, and which  
serves strikingly to characterise this transparent-natured creature.  
It shows the true royalty of spirit in her, as well as the lily recti-  
tude of this paragon of pastoral princesses.

(186) *Come, lady, come.* It is noteworthy that Camillo has



*Aut.* Adieu, sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!  
Pray you, a word. *[They converse apart.]*

*Cam.* *[Aside.]* What I do next, shall be to tell  
the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed the better.

*[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.]*

*Aut.* I understand the business, I hear it: to  
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is  
necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite  
also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see  
this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.  
What an exchange had this been without boot! what  
a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do  
this year connive at us, and we may do anything  
*extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of  
iniquity,—stealing away from his father with his  
clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of  
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not  
do't: <sup>187</sup> I hold it the more knavery to conceal it;  
and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

*Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: <sup>188</sup>*  
every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-  
ing, yields a careful man work.

*Clo.* See, see; what a man you are now! There  
is no other way but to tell the king she's a change-  
ling: <sup>189</sup> and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clo.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shep.* Go to, then.

*Clo.* She being none of your flesh and blood,  
your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and  
so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by

him. Show those things you found about her; those  
secret things, all but what she has with her: this  
being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea,  
and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no  
honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go  
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

*Clo.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off  
you could have been to him; and then your blood has  
been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce. <sup>190</sup>

*Aut.* *[Aside.]* Very wisely, puppies.

*Shep.* Well, let us to the king: there is that in  
this fardel <sup>191</sup> will make him scratch his beard.

*Aut.* *[Aside.]* I know not what impediment this  
complaint may be to the flight of my master.

*Clo.* Pray heartily he be at 'palace. <sup>192</sup>

*Aut.* *[Aside.]* Though I am not naturally honest,  
I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my  
pedler's excrement. <sup>193</sup> *[Takes off his false beard.]*—  
How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Aut.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the  
condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling,  
your names, your ages, of what having, <sup>194</sup> breeding,  
and anything that is fitting to be known? discover.

*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me  
have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and  
they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them  
for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; there-  
fore they do not give us the lie.

*Clo.* Your worship had like to have given us one,  
if you had not taken yourself with the manner. <sup>195</sup>

*Shep.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier.  
See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfold-  
ings <sup>196</sup> hath not my gait in it the measure <sup>197</sup> of the  
court? receives not thy nose court-odour from  
me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?  
Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from  
thee thy business, <sup>198</sup> I am therefore no courtier? I

gradually increased in respect towards Perdita, throughout this  
long and very fine scene. He begins by being struck with her love-  
liness and grace, paying her a direct compliment upon them, which  
she waives aside with the playful ease of a high-born lady. He  
next calls her "the queen of curds and cream;" and, subsequently,  
"fortunate mistress;" but here, at last, he addresses her as  
"lady." Thus subtly does Shakespeare draw his most beautiful  
characters; not only by their own words and deeds, but by that  
which is said of them, and by the impression they produce on  
others. Moreover, this little touch of Camillo's finally calling  
Perdita "lady," forms not only a spontaneous homage to her native  
refinement, but it is exquisitely characteristic of the veteran resider  
in courts; who, seeing that she will inevitably become the wife of  
the heir-apparent to the throne, almost unconsciously gives her a  
title befitting her prospective rank.

(187) *If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king  
withal, I would not do't.* The word "not" has been transposed by  
various editors, to various places in this sentence; some placing it  
after "thought," some after "were." But it appears to us that, as  
the text stands, Autolycus means to say, "Even if I thought it were  
a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do it;"  
but as it would be only a piece of spydom, and keeping the prince's  
flight a secret will be a piece of worse mischief, he decides upon  
"the more knavery" of the two. There is an effect of antithesis  
between "a piece of honesty" and "more knavery;" but it is  
really a comparison between two knavish acts. Shakespeare some-  
times has these apparent antitheses. See Note 100, Act i., "Twelfth  
Night."

(188) *A hot brain.* An active brain, an alert brain; a brain of  
lively and vigorous warmth. See Note 48, Act iii. What exquisite  
wit and humour there is in the expression, "a careful man," put  
into Autolycus' mouth!

(189) *There is no other way but to tell the king, &c.* Most true to

Shakespeare's philosophy of "good in everything" is the making  
this lout of a shepherd-Clown have just the spark of sense to per-  
ceive that in their present strait honesty is the best policy. See  
Note 147 of this Act.

(190) *By I know how much an ounce.* Here Hamner and others  
introduced 'not' between "know" and "how;" but Shakespeare  
often puts these kind of sentences into the mouths of his blun-  
derers, or introduces them in passages where he wishes to give a  
humorous effect; by giving the form of a commonly known phrase,  
yet varying in a word or so, and thus producing the impression of  
the usual phrase itself. See Note 47, Act iv., "All's Well."

(191) *Fardel.* A bundle; a parcel; a package. Italian, *fardello*,  
a burden, a bundle.

(192) *Pray heartily he be at 'palace.* This elisional abbreviation,  
omitting 'the' before a noun, is still in English provincial use,  
especially in Yorkshire.

(193) *Pedler's excrement.* Pedler's beard; which he has worn as a  
disguise. See Note 36, Act v., "Love's Labour's Lost."

(194) *Of what having.* Of what property or possession. See Note  
13, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(195) *Taken yourself with the manner.* "Taken with the manner"  
is a legal technicality for 'taken in the fact.' See Note 31, Act i.,  
"Love's Labour's Lost."

(196) *These enfoldings?* It must be remembered that Autolycus  
has on Florizel's upper garment; which, though it be but the  
shepherd's tunic or cloak that the prince wore at the rustic festival,  
yet has a sufficiently superior appearance to warrant Autolycus in  
asking whether it have not an "air of the court."

(197) *The measure.* The pace, the step.

(198) *For that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy, &c.* "For that"  
is here used for 'because;' "insinuate," for 'insinuate myself  
into thy confidence;' and "toze" for 'pluck' or 'draw out.' In  
"Measure for Measure," Escalus, threatening the Duke with



am courtier cap-à-pé;<sup>199</sup> and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

*Shep.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Aut.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not, an't like you.

*Clo.* Advocate's the court-word for pheasant:<sup>200</sup> say you have none.

*Shep.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

*Aut.* How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shep.* His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.<sup>201</sup>

*Clo.* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.<sup>202</sup>

*Aut.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why, sir?

*Aut.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious,<sup>203</sup> thou must know the king is full of grief.

*Shep.* So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Aut.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,<sup>204</sup> let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*Clo.* Think you so, sir?

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit<sup>205</sup> can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane<sup>206</sup> to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-

whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clo.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*Aut.* He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>207</sup> shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,—where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,<sup>208</sup> I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive.

*Shep.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep.* Ay, sir.

*Aut.* Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

*Clo.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.<sup>209</sup>

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clo.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know

torture by the rack, says, "We'll touze you joint by joint;" where it means 'pull,' 'drag,' 'stretch.' In the Folio, this word is printed "towze" in "Measure for Measure," and "toaze" in the present play: but we believe that the same term is meant by the author in both passages. In former days little consistency was maintained in orthography.

(199) *Cap-à-pé*. From head to foot. Originally a French term. In the times of Norman chivalry, a knight was said to be armed "cap-à-pé" when clad in a complete suit of armour; and since then the term has been more generally applied.

(200) *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant*. The Clown takes "advocate" to mean some thing, not some person, that will gain them favour with the king; as it was a frequent fashion, when addressing a great man, to take some offering of game, or other delicacy, and present it to him by way of conciliating his good graces. That "a pheasant" formed a usual propitiatory offering of this kind, we gather from an anecdote in the "Hundred Merry Tales," entitled, "Of mayster Skelton that brought the bysshop of Norwiche ii. fesauntes;" and it is probable that this, being a popularly known jest, the Clown's fancying that "advocate" must be a courtly epithet for "a pheasant," as meaning that which was to plead their cause and win them success (in coarser terms, 'a bribe'), would be at once comprehended by the audience for whom Shakespeare wrote.

(201) *His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely*. The commencement of this speech shows that Florizel's shepherd-attire was of stuff sufficiently fine, and of make sufficiently graceful, to suit with a festival occasion, and to seem deserving the epithet

"rich" in the old Shepherd's eyes. His remark touching the inconsistency of the stranger's garments, and his mode of wearing them, is in strict accordance with the shrewd instinct that frequently distinguishes unlettered men.

(202) *By the picking on's teeth*. A habit of the time among "fantastical" fashionables; as we conformingly learn from a passage in the speech commented on in Notes 6, 7, and 8, Act iii., "All's Well."

(203) *Capable of things serious*. "Capable" is here used for 'able to understand,' 'capable of comprehending.' See Note 20, Act i., "All's Well."

(204) *In hand-fast*. This, and its synonyme, main-prise, are legal technicalities for being delivered into the custody of a friend, on bail or security being given.

(205) *Wit*. Here used for 'skill in cruelty,' 'barbarous invention.'

(206) *Germane*. 'Akin,' 'related.'

(207) *The hottest day prognostication proclaims*. 'The hottest day predicted by the almanack.' In Shakespeare's time, calendars were published under this title:—"An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595."

(208) *Being something gently considered*. 'If I be somewhat genteelly remunerated.' Autolycus shows that he knows a "court-word" for a hiring fee, as well as the Clown; 'a consideration' being a polite word for a handsome bribe.

(209) *Though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it*. A pun on the word "case;" in its sense of 'condition' or 'predicament,' and in that of 'skin.' See Note 180 of this Act.





Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold.

Act IV. Scene III.

'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*Clo.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*Shep.* Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—SICILIA. A room in the palace of LEONTES.

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.*

*Cleo.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass: at the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

*Leon.*

Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much,





*Leontes.* My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?  
*Florizel.* She is,  
When once she is my wife. *Act V. Scene I.*





That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*Paul.* True, too true,<sup>1</sup> my lord:  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leon.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought; now, good now,  
Say so but seldom.

*Cleo.* Not at all, good lady:  
You might have spoken a thousand things that would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*Paul.* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again.

*Dion.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?<sup>2</sup>  
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good,—  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to 't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.—[*To LEONTES.*] Care not  
for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Good Paulina,—  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour,—Oh, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives: therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corse, and on this stage  
(Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd,  
Begin, "And why to me?"<sup>3</sup>

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.<sup>4</sup>

*Leon.* She had: and would incense<sup>5</sup> me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so.  
Were I the ghost that walk'd I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift<sup>6</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, "Remember mine."

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paul.* Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave?

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

*Paul.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cleo.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paul.* Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront<sup>7</sup> his eye.

*Cleo.* Good madam,—

*Paul.* I have done.<sup>8</sup>  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*Leon.* My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

*Paul.* That  
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access  
To your high presence.

*Leon.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gent.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leon.* His princess, say you, with him?

(1) *True, too true.* The first "True," in the Folio, forms part of the preceding speech. Theobald made the transposition.

(2) *The former queen is well.* It was customary to say of the dead that they were "well;" at peace, at rest.

(3) *Begin, "And why to me?"* The Folio prints this line, 'And begin, why to me?' Steevens made the transposition; which we adopt as being the least variation from the original of the many proposed readings of this passage. We believe that here the word "appear," while forming part of the parenthesis, has the effect of being understood in conjunction with the previous and succeeding context; and though not absolutely being one of the verbs to which "sainted spirit" is the nominative, yet, from its position,

giving that impression to the hearers of the whole sentence. This kind of construction is not without example, and in this very play. See Note 75, Act i.

(4) *She had just cause.* The printer of the First Folio inserts 'such' after "just;" probably from the word having caught his eye from the line above.

(5) *Incense.* Used here for 'instigate,' 'incite.'

(6) *Rift.* Sometimes, as here, used where now 'rive' would be used; meaning 'split,' 'burst,' 'break.'

(7) *Affront.* Used for 'confront,' 'meet.'

(8) *I have done.* These words, in the Folio, form the conclusion. of Cleomenes' previous speech. Capell made the transposition.

*Gent.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*Paul.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone, so must thy grave<sup>9</sup>  
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ so<sup>10</sup> (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme), "She had not been,  
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you have seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.<sup>11</sup>

*Paul.* How! not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]

Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our prince  
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st  
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess,—goddess!—Oh, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,

(9) *Grave.* This word, on the authority of a note in Lord Ellesmere's folio copy, has been changed in some editions to 'grace,' but there are many reasons why the original should be preserved. It forms a corresponding image with the previous phrase, "the most peerless piece of earth;" it affords befitting antecedent to "colder than that theme;" and it has fine poetic propriety in itself, as embodying the collective beauties of the supposed dead queen in her "grave," and impressing upon Paulina's hearers the point of which she wishes them to be convinced—that Hermione's remains repose in the "grave."

(10) *Said and writ so.* The "so" here relates to what follows the parenthesis.

(11) *Of who she but did follow.* "Who" instead of 'whom' was a grammatical licence then permitted. See Note 14, Act iv., "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

(12) *Once more to look on him.* "On him" has been altered here

Amity, too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.<sup>12</sup>

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,<sup>13</sup>  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,<sup>14</sup>  
And those that bear them, living.

*Leon.* Oh, my brother!  
(Good gentleman), the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th' adventure of her person?

*Flo.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

*Flo.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her, thence  
(A prosperous south wind friendly) we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness: my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here where we are.

*Leon.* The blessèd gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gent'e nan;<sup>15</sup> against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd  
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,

to upon,' in order to avoid the redundancy of "him" in the same sentence with "whom;" but we have other instances of pleonastic construction in Shakespeare, which was not then considered a defect in style. See Note 83, Act ii., "As You Like It."

(13) *At friend.* An idiomatic expression, meaning 'at amity,' 'on terms of friendship.' Shakespeare elsewhere has a somewhat similar idiom, "to friend;" which will be noticed and explained when it occurs.

(14) *The sceptres.* The way in which Shakespeare poetically impersonates "sceptres" here, as royal rulers, yet veils the impersonation by the words "those that bear them," is noticeable as affording a specimen of his peculiar construction and ingenuities of style.

(15) *You have a holy father, a graceful gentleman.* "Holy" is used for 'virtuous,' 'righteous'—see Note 10, Act v., "Tempest;" "graceful," for 'full of grace and graciousness.'



That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge  
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question.<sup>16</sup> Never saw I  
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!<sup>17</sup>  
The heaven sets spies upon us, and will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—  
The odds for high and low's alike.<sup>18</sup>

Leon. My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once,<sup>19</sup> I see by your good father's  
speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth<sup>20</sup> as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,<sup>21</sup>  
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time<sup>22</sup>  
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,<sup>23</sup>  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,<sup>24</sup>  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made.<sup>25</sup>—[To FLORIZEL.] But  
your petition  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand  
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—SICILIA. Before the palace of LEONTES.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this  
relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,  
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he  
found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we  
were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,  
methought I heard the shepherd say he found the  
child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the  
business;—but the changes I perceived in the king  
and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they  
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear  
the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their  
dumbness, language in their very gesture; they  
looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one  
destroyed; a notable passion of wonder appeared in  
them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more  
but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy

(16) *In question.* 'In conversation,' 'in course of examination.'

(17) *Oh, my poor father!* This exclamation, the first words uttered by Perdita in the present scene, serves to show her beautiful nature. She has stood silent while the prince gives his version of their flight, taking no part in the fluent fabrications which he pours forth as a necessary consequence of their disguise (see Note 38, Act iii., "All's Well"); and now her first expressed emotion is one of tenderness for the only father she has known, immediately followed by a sentence that shows she feels how little the clandestine course they have pursued, together with the falsehoods it involves, are likely to be blessed by Heaven's sanctioning their union.

(18) *The odds for high and low's alike.* A phrase borrowed from playing at dice; one of the names for which, when false, was "high and low." See Note 51, Act i., "Merry Wives." The phrase is here used figuratively; meaning, the chance is as bad for us now that we appear in the character of prince and princess, as when we were shepherd and shepherdess.

(19) *When once she is my wife.* That once, &c. This passage serves to show the word "once" used in the sense of some special time indefinitely stated, some particular period left undecided. See Note 39, Act iii., "Merry Wives."

(20) *Worth.* Shakespeare uses this word with large diversity of

signification; and here he employs it for 'rank,' 'wealth,' 'worldly position or estimation.'

(21) *Visible an enemy.* Used for 'appearing as a visible enemy,' or 'appearing visibly as an enemy.' See Note 157, Act iv.

(22) *Remember since you owed no more to time, &c.* "Since" is peculiarly used in this sentence, to express 'the period when,' 'the epoch at which,' the entire sentence meaning—'Remember when you were no older than I am now.'

(23) *With thought of such affections.* This phrase, as employed here, affords a striking example of Shakespeare's elliptical style; "such affections" involving the sense of 'such youthful affections as then glowed within you.'

(24) *Sir, my liege.* A similar form of address to the one explained in Note 81, Act i., and Note 57, Act iv.

(25) *I thought of her, even in these looks I made.* This answer of Leontes, instinct with tender memory of his wife and mysterious attraction towards his unknown daughter, excited by view of that face bearing likeness to the mother's, is not only perfect Shakespeare in hallowed sentiment, but it serves to show his supreme skill in taking a story, and besides purifying it of its grossnesses, superadding refinements and beauties wholly new; for the original counterpart of the plot at this juncture is in revolting contrast with Shakespeare's delicacy in its management.



or sorrow,<sup>26</sup> but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.—Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

The news, Rogero?

*Sec. Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.<sup>27</sup>—Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

*Third Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant<sup>28</sup> by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature,<sup>29</sup> in resemblance of the mother; the affection<sup>30</sup> of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences,—proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*Sec. Gent.* No.

*Third Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.<sup>31</sup> Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "Oh, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping<sup>32</sup> her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit<sup>33</sup> of many kings' reigns. I

never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.<sup>34</sup>

*Sec. Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

*Third Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear:<sup>35</sup> this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his,<sup>36</sup> that Paulina knows.

*First Gent.* What became of his barque and his followers?

*Third Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh! the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her<sup>37</sup> in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

*First Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

*Third Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confessed and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears,—for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there<sup>38</sup> changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

*First Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,<sup>39</sup>

(26) *Could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow.* "Importance" is here used for 'import'; and the meaning of the whole sentence—"could not have said whether the quality of the passion that agitated them were that of joy or sorrow."

(27) *Ballad-makers cannot be able, &c.* Alluding to the custom that prevailed in Shakespeare's time of turning into ballads all extraordinary occurrences. See Note 113, Act iv.

(28) *Pregnant.* 'Full of self-evident fact.' See Note 6, Act ii., "Measure for Measure."

(29) *The majesty of the creature.* "Creature," here, besides its usual English acceptation, is employed somewhat in the way in which the Italians use their word *creatura*, for 'offspring,' 'child.'

(30) *Affection.* Here used for innate tendency, propensity, or disposition. See Note 8, Act iv., "Merchant of Venice."

(31) *Favour.* Countenance, look, aspect, appearance.

(32) *Clipping.* Embracing, folding in the arms. From the Saxon, *clippan*, to strain closely.

(33) *A weather-bitten conduit.* "Weather-bitten" was changed in the Third Folio to 'weather-beaten,' which is the more usual expression; but Shakespeare's epithet is far more forcible, conveying, as it does, that appearance of being gnawed away in patches, which many old pieces of sculpture long exposed to weather present. "Conduits" or fountains were formerly often made in shape of a human figure. See Note 19, Act iv., "As You Like It."

(34) *Undoes description to do it.* "Do" has here been changed to 'draw' and to 'show' by some emendators; while others have imagined some such word as 'justice' to have been omitted by the Folio printer after "it." But we take the sentence to be one of those where Shakespeare, by the introduction of one word, infers another similar one; and that here "description" immediately preceding "do" causes the latter to stand for 'describe,' while

there is a kind of play between the words "undoes" and "do" maintained by using "do" instead of 'describe.' The way in which the latter of the two "its" in this sentence, while referring to "encounter" also refers to "description," affords an example of Shakespeare's very peculiar constructional style.

(35) *Torn to pieces with a bear.* "With" used for 'by.' See Note 73, Act iv., "Taming of the Shrew."

(36) *Rings of his.* "His" here, in Shakespeare's way of using a pronoun relatively to a not immediately preceding antecedent, of course refers to "Antigonus," and not to "the shepherd's son." See Note 36, Act i., "Taming of the Shrew." We point out these obvious instances, as they serve to illustrate those which are less so, and to support our interpretation of the latter.

(37) *And so locks her.* Here "locks" in the present tense, after "lifted" in the past tense, affords an instance of Shakespeare's frequent practice when narrating an incident. See Note 172, Act iv.

(38) *Who was most marble there.* "Who" in this sentence is used elliptically for 'those who' (see Note 53, Act i., "All's Well"); and the whole sentence means—"even those who were of the hardest nature;" "those least easily penetrated, and susceptible of emotion."

(39) *Julio Romano.* The introduction of this compliment to the greatest artist of his time by Shakespeare has been stigmatised as "a strange absurdity" on the score of anachronism; but "Julio Romano," taken as a type of artistic excellence, in a play where so many realities are assembled as idealisations, has thorough propriety. To those who perceive how the poet can adhere to strictest accuracy where accuracy is needful to art-verity and can also make accuracy subservient to typical truth in productions purely romantic, there is no more violence offered to imaginative credence by assembling together in "The Winter's Tale," Apollo's oracle, an







HERMIONE AND LEONTES.

*Paulina.*  
Nay, present your hand ;  
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age  
Is she become the suitor ?

" WINTER'S TALE," Act V., Scene III.



who, had he himself eternity,<sup>40</sup> and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer,—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

*Sec. Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house.<sup>41</sup> Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*First Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Aut.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

*Shep.* Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir. You denied<sup>42</sup> to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince

my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clo.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous<sup>43</sup> estate as we are.

*Aut.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shep.* Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.<sup>44</sup>

*Clo.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins<sup>45</sup> say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, son?

*Clo.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,<sup>46</sup> and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture.<sup>47</sup> Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.<sup>48</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—SICILIA. *A chapel in PAULINA'S house.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* Oh, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

*Paul.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd  
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-  
tracted

allusion to Judas Iscariot, an Emperor of Russia, a Puritan who "sings psalms to hornpipes," "one Mistress Tale-Porter," "Whitsun-pastorals," a baptismal "bearing-cloth," Bohemia as a maritime country, Delphos as an island, and Julio Romano as flourishing in times when pagan gods were oracularly consulted, than by congregating in a poetical forest lions, goats, serpents, lambs, oaks, olives, palm-trees, osiers, &c., where all these things, each in their several introduction, serve the art-purpose of vividly idealising the subject treated. See Note 16, Act i., "As You Like It."

(40) *Eternity.* Here, as elsewhere, used by Shakespeare for 'immortality.'

(41) *Removed house.* 'Remote house;' 'house in a retired or secluded situation.' See Note 20, Act iv.

(42) *Denied.* Refused.

(43) *Preposterous.* See Note 1, Act iii., "Taming of the Shrew."

(44) *We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.* This speech of the old Shepherd harmonises pleasantly with one he utters previously; which we discussed in Note 62, Act iii.

(45) *Franklins.* 'Freeholders;' 'yeomen.' They ranked above villains or serfs, but not as gentlemen.

(46) *A tall fellow of thy hands.* A phrase similarly played on

elsewhere. See Note 60, Act i., "Merry Wives." "Tall" is used partly in its sense of 'bold,' 'stout,' 'courageous,' and partly in allusion to stature; while "of his hands" was an expression equivalent to 'of his size.' Autolycus, in his reply, slyly takes the phrase in its meaning of 'active and bold with thy hands,' as applicable to diligence in thieving.

(47) *The queen's picture.* Here the word "picture" is applied to what has been previously called a "statue." That which is intended to be understood is one of those pieces of painted sculpture which the ancients produced, which art in all ages since has occasionally executed, and which were known in Shakespeare's time, as we find by a passage from one of Ben Jonson's plays, that stigmatises them as evidences of bad taste:—

*Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

*Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Rut.* That's right! all city statues must be painted, Else they be worth naught in their subtle judgments."

(48) *We'll be thy good masters.* 'We'll be thy patrons.' To 'be good lord or good master' to a person, was an idiomatic phrase for affording protection, for being his benefactor. See Note 126, Act ii., "All's Well."



Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble:—but we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not

Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol.* Oh, not by much.

*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence;



*Leontes.* Her natural posture!—  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione.  
*Act V. Scene III.*

That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely,<sup>(49)</sup> apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA draws back a curtain, and discovers  
HERMIONE standing as a statue.]

I like your silence,—it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*Leon.* Her natural posture!—  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes  
her

As she liv'd now.<sup>(50)</sup>

*Leon.* As now she might have done;  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!  
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it? Oh, royal piece,  
There's magic in thy majesty; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

*Per.* And give me leave  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that

(49) *Lonely.* The Folio misprints this "Lonely."

(50) *Makes her as she liv'd now.* Elliptically expressed; mean-

ing — 'makes her as she would have looked had she liv'd now.'





*Hermione.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!

*Act V. Scene III.*

R.

LINTON





I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul.* Oh, patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol.* Dear my brother,<sup>51</sup>  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),  
I'd not have show'd it.

*Leon.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy  
May think anon it moves.

*Leon.* Let be, let be.—  
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>52</sup>—  
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done:  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,  
As we are mock'd with art.<sup>53</sup>

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain:<sup>54</sup>  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* Oh, sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together!  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own  
With oily painting.<sup>55</sup> Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

*Per.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker-on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*Leon.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak as move.

*Paul.* It is requir'd  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;  
Or those that think<sup>56</sup> it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leon.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music, awake her; strike!— [*Music*,  
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel.<sup>57</sup> Come;  
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:  
[*HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal*  
Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double.<sup>58</sup> Nay, present your hand:

(51) *Dear my brother.* A similar form of construction to the one pointed out in Note 15, Act ii.

(52) *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already.* The passionate eloquence of this abrupt break in Leontes' speech is lost upon those who suppose the sentence to be a portion of a speech left unfinished by an omitted line, which they attempt to supply. Moreover, its style of diction is in characteristic accordance with that which is given to Leontes throughout—disjointed, and full of sudden starts. See Note 27, Act ii. Mr. Staunton avers that "would I were dead," here is an imprecation, equivalent to 'would I may die,' or 'may I die;' but though the citations he adduces confirm his assertion that a similar form of phrase was thus used in Shakespeare's time, and by Shakespeare himself, they do not strictly conform in construction with the present phrase. In the only two other passages where Shakespeare uses the precise phrase, "would I were dead," it obviously means, 'I wish that I were dead,' 'I desire to die;' moreover, the "that" in the line under consideration makes against the theory of "would I were dead" bearing the sense of an imprecation; for when Shakespeare employs this form of sentence, "but" is differently followed, as—"The gods rebuke me, but it is," &c. ("Anthony and Cleopatra," Act v., sc. 1); or—"Oh, day and night, but this is," &c. ("Hamlet," Act i., sc. 5). We take the imperfectly-expressed sentence to imply—"Would I were dead with her, but that methinks already she moves and breathes, and lives again to me!" The whole gist of his brokenly panted-forth speech confirms this view of his meaning; he is wholly possessed by the growing conviction that what he looks upon moves, breathes, exists. The very variety of interpretations which have been given to this line by various commentators upon it, form one tribute to its might of significant impression; it speaks the language of heart-born passion, and awakens heart-response from each person that considers it, in accordance with each person's individual nature.

(53) *As we are mock'd with art.* 'As we are thus mocked by art.' Leontes refers to the contradiction in the first clause of his speech:—"The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." "With" was often used for 'by.'

(54) *I'll draw the curtain.* Paulina's anxiety on this point serves to manifest her dread lest Hermione's firmness should fail her during this agitating scene; while all that she else says helps gradually to lead Leontes towards the fact that his wife indeed lives.

(55) *With oily painting.* This, and the words "fine chisel" in the previous speech, are calculated to keep well before our mind the point of a coloured statue being intended; and although it has been said that Shakespeare erred in making Julio Romano a sculptor, when he was, in fact, a painter, yet those who know how even to this day Italian ornamentation combines the two branches of art, can well believe that the poet was correct in representing the artist as executing a work requiring this twofold accomplishment. That such painted sculpture was in familiar use in England at the period when Shakespeare wrote, we have notable evidence in his own monumental bust at Stratford-upon-Avon; which was, according to Britton's account, "formed out of a block of soft stone, and originally painted in imitation of nature; the hands and face flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the doublet or coat scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown or tabard without sleeves," &c.

(56) *Or those that think.* The Folio prints 'on' here for 'or;' Hammer's correction.

(57) *Strike all that look upon with marvel.* Shakespeare occasionally uses "look upon" unaccompanied by a following noun; in the sense of 'look on,' or 'enact the looker-on.'

(58) *You kill her double.* The adjective "double" used adverbially for 'doubly.'





















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